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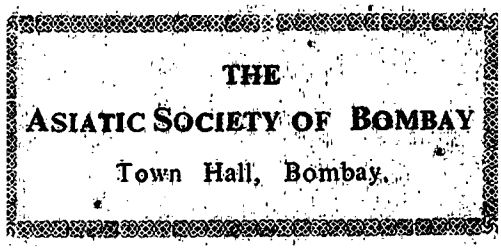

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TO THE TWENTIETH VOLUME.

PUNCH Has completed his TWENTIETH VOLUME, an event worthy of the Year that has seen the Crystal Palace.

Though the work already accomplished might fairly represent the labours of a life, PUNCH is yet in his infancy; for having just completed twenty, he is now entering on twenty-one. If the past has been but the promise of his youth, it may well be asked, with astonishment, what will be the performance of his years of maturity?

To the self-respecting People of England, with affectionate and admiring hearts now mingling in amity and brotherhood with men of all climes in that Crystal Palace, PUNCH offers his own Collection,—the accumulation of vast Intellectual Wealth, and the produce of the richest Mines of Wit, brought together by the combined resources of Art and Industry.

As in the Great Hive to which the World's Bees have contributed their labours, PUNCH has here concentrated the treasures of his own hive, in which, though there may be a little taste of the sting, there is no lack of the honey.

His Exhibition has the same object in view as that now collected in the Crystal Palace, to which he stood Sponsor, and gave the name,—

THE ADVANCEMENT AND HAPPINESS OF MANKIND,

With the Peace and Goodwill of all Nations.

VOLUME THE TWENTIETH.

THE ROMANCE OF CHILDE JOHNSON IN PURSUIT OF A PATENT.

HILDE JOHNSON was a venturous wight as ever bearded wizard,
Slew Giant, or drove trusty lance through Dragon's greedy gizzard;
The fairy, hight Invention, gave her CHILDE a certain treasure,
Which to maintain and guard, required a desperate kind of measure.

This was to seek a parchment stamped with signs of purport latent,
A magic scroll—a talisman—a thing yclept a Patent:
To gain this prize a pilgrimage was doomed to be his portion,
Through Dens and Caves of Roguery and Castles of Extortion.

CHILDE JOHNSON braced his armour on with courage tough as leather,
And gather'd all the means he could contrive to scrape together;
For well he knew that monsters would at every turn invade him,
To baulk his quest and ruin him, if he 'd no purse to aid him.

To Chancery's Court of Cozenage first undauntedly he hies him;
A harpy straight swoops down on him—but that could scarce surprise him;
Next journeying 'twixt Home Office Den and fell Crown Lawyer's Chambers,
Foul vultures tear him at each step o'er which he creeps or clambers.

To Palace of the QUEEN OF HEARTS has JOHNSON now to walk on;
Then, souse upon him, darts again Home Secretary Falcon.
He next to Ravens' Patent Nest in Lincoln's Inn proceeding,
Is seized by those rapacious birds, and undergoes more bleeding.

Once more to Crown-Attorney's Lair, and Secretary's Eyry,
Fares this much-suffering favourite of Invention, crafty Fairy;
Once more unto the QUEEN OF HEARTS does sturdy JOHNSON wend him,
And hawk and wolf of Government anew attack and rend him.

The Signet's Haunt next JOHNSON braves, where Griffins grim and savage,
Slaves to the monster Privy-Seal, the CHILDE despoil and ravage;
The Patent Ravens now again, with bill, and stamp, and docket,
Engrossings, fees, and recipes, come picking at his pocket.

The Rats and Mice of Hanaper, the various other Vermin
That nestle in the Woolsack and that hang about the Ermine,
And sub-Chaff-Wax-and-Sealer-Fleas complete the spoliation,
And JOHNSON drained well nigh to death comes out of his probation.

The CHILDE, in spite of Monster, Ogre, Cockatrice, and Dragon,
Has got the Patent Talisman—and much he has to brag on!
Sing, Ho for JOHNSON! gallant CHILDE, and persevering fighter—
The prize is gained—and JOHNSON is three hundred pounds the lighter.

Good luck to JOHNSON! may the palm so hardly won, avail him;
And, should his rights invaded be, his talisman ne'er fail him;
'Gainst wiles of legal conjurers may it prove a safe assurance,
And not betray the CHILDE, at last, to Whitecross Street and durance!

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

THE Clown at Astleys has been entertaining a distinguished circle during the holidays.

MR. DUNUP visited his "uncle" on Christmas Eve, at the latter's "little box" in the New Cut, where MR. DUNUP pledged the cup of friendship (a silver one that was given him by his godmother).

MR. WHIRLEGIG was among the visiters at the palace—the gin palace—on Boxing-day.

THWACKINS, the well-known beadle, transacted business at all the public departments in the evening, and at about 11 P. M., having forgotten his own station, he was temporarily admitted into that of the police, by the proper authorities.

MR. BRIEFLESS, following the fashion of the day, has been giving some private theatricals at his Chambers in the Temple. The entertainment consisted of a monopolylogue, in which MR. BRIEFLESS sustained the characters of his own clerk and his laundress, the audience being on the other side of the outer door, and listening to the performance through the letter-box. Among the visiters we observed several of the learned gentleman's creditors, including two or three of the most respectable tradesmen of the neighbourhood.

G. F. MUNTZ, ESQ., M.P., ON BLACKGUARDISM.

MR. MUNTZ has written a long letter to the *Times*, on the convertibility of the National Debt into Bank-notes. It is well known that there are men of paper and men of gold; we are only to be saved by papyrus from bankruptcy—we can only exist as an honourable nation upon the precious metal! Marvellous is it, that the art of money—so necessary to human doings—should not become a fixed science. With a principle as deep as life, it would seem to partake of the mystery of being. We really know nothing about it: the vital spark and the vital guinea appear alike to baffle research: all we know is, their inevitable importance.

However, waiving a consideration of the subject of money, come we to one of those profound discoveries—accidentally struck forth by Mr. MUNTZ—like chance hits by the alchemists. In conclusion, and touching his hat to the *Times*, the philosopher of Birmingham says—

"Please to avoid blackguardism, or I shall soon convince you that I can call things by their right names as well as anybody."

Then why, in the name of that quality that MR. MUNTZ deprecates, why avoid blackguardism; when blackguardism deals in the best and plainest utterance of truth? How much of the evil and folly of life do we owe to verbal sophistication! What gainers should we be by a daily handful of the salt of blackguardism? The blackguard—we mean the MUTNZ blackguard—is not a foul-lipped, irreverent brawler; but a plain, straightforward, honest presence. He does not reek in an alley, but shares the well with Truth: coming out of it, to speak clean honesty, by calling things "by their right names;" and not confounding meanness and rascality with any holiday alias soever. Therefore, more blackguardism, Mr. MUNTZ—more, and still more.

Financial Economy.

IT is not often we are enabled to compliment the Government on any matter of economy, but we think the plan it generally adopts of issuing medals for victories some twenty or thirty years after they have taken place, is deserving of the very highest praise of every financial economist. By the time they are issued, nine-tenths of the noble warriors who contributed to the victories are dead, and, consequently, that is a saving of so many medals to the Government. This economical plan, however admirable, is capable, we think, of still greater improvement. Only let the issue be delayed some ten or twenty years longer, and then no medals would be required at all, as there is not the slightest doubt that, at that advanced period, not a single survivor of any one of the victories, which the medal was supposed to commemorate, would be in existence. The saving to the Government would be immense—not less, probably, than £200, or, perhaps, as much as £300!

THE YANKEE VOLUNTEERS.

"A Surgeon of the United States Army says, that, on inquiring of the Captain of his Company, he found *that nine-tenths* of the men had enlisted on account of some female difficulty."—*Morning Paper.*

YE Yankee volunteers!
It makes my bosom bleed
When I your story read,
Though oft 'tis told one.
So—in both hemispheres
The women are untrue,
And cruel in the New,
As in the Old one?

What!—in this company
Of sixty sons of MARS,
Who march 'neath Stripes and Stars,
With fife and horn,
Nine-tenths of all we see
Along the warlike line
Had but one cause to join
This Hope Forlorn!

Deserters from the realm
Where tyrant VENUS reigns,
You slipped her wicked chains,
Fled and outran her.
And now, with sword and helm,
Together banded are
Beneath the Stripe and Star-
embroidered banner.

And is it so with all
The warriors ranged in line,
With lace bedizened fine
And swords gold-hilted—
You, lusty corporal,
You, Colour-man who gripes
The flag of Stars and Stripes—
Has each been jilted?

Come, each man of this line,
The privates strong and tall,
"The pioneers and all,"
The fifer nimble—
Lieutenant and Ensign,
Captain with epaulets,
And Blacky there, who beats
The clanging cymbal—

O cymbal-beating black,
Tell us, as thou canst feel,
Was it some LUCY NEAL
Who caused thy ruin?
O nimble fifing JACK,
And drummer making din
So deftly on the skin,
With thy rat-tattooing.

Confess, ye volunteers,
Lieutenant and Ensign,
And Captain of the line,
As bold as Roman—
Confess, ye grenadiers,
However strong and tall,
The Conqueror of you all,
Is Woman, Woman!

No corslet is so proof,
But through it from her bow,
The shafts that she can throw
Will pierce and rankle.
No champion e'er so tough,
But 's in the struggle thrown,
And tripped and trodden down
By her slim ankle.

Thus, always it was ruled,
And when a woman smiled,
The strong man was a child,
The sage a noodle.
ALCIDES was befooled;
And silly SAMSON shorn,
Long, long, ere you were born,
Poor Yankee Doodle!

PUNCH'S SERMONS TO TRADESMEN.

A GOSSIP BY WAY OF PREFACE.

PURITY of life may sweetly show itself in purity of goods. A man—a trading-man—may have his conscience beautifully asserted in even a groat's worth of commodity; as, indeed, and piteous it is to ponder it, he may give a twist to his probity in the paper that screws up a pennyworth. Even at a counter a man may weigh his name, precious in the balance as a diamond, and weighed withal as tenderly; and with scales in hand, and falsehood in the way of weight or impurity in one of them, he may turn an hourly profit on the lightness of his reputation.

Meanwhile, there is an invisible shopman or clerk who will keep the books. Yes; he will write, interline in the colourless milk of conscience—to come out black enough some day—the truth of the matter; will register the fraud to be reckoned in the after-time as a set-off against the achieved and funded profit.

And having uttered these serious, solemn notes of preparation—these cries of "silence," modulated we hope with a grave harmony—we fall back in our chair, cross our legs, link our fingers athwart our placid abdomen, and very confidently beg to be permitted to tell a story. A short story.

In our early days of ink-bottle we wrote a little book—a beautiful little marrowy book. Is it vanity, gross self-love, to say so? May not the parent delight in the memory of his little one, laid years ago within the grave? May not the author, the father of a charming little subject, decorously drest in ink and paper, lament the lost beauty of his offspring dead, ere, cutting its teeth, it made the smallest mark in the world? Having written a dead book, shall the mortal author be denied the consolation of epitaph or monody? We hope not. Any way, it is a sweet consolation to know that no book dies—whether it just sighs, kicks, and expires in the arms of a review; or drops apoplectic from the press—that somebody is not left behind to weep, aye, to bleed for it.

Perhaps the largest, handsomest, and, withal, most inviting cheese and butter shop—with Spanish hams in festoons from the rafters—hams that SANCHO might bury his nose and cheeks in—is the shop, No. ——, in —— Street, as you turn to the left, on your way to the Bank, when proceeding thither to receive your hard-earned dividend. An admirable shop! RABELAIS would have smacked his lips like a whip, at the sides of bacon crowding the premises.

We were sold at that shop. Politely flung into a scale that went to the earth with a growl and a grunt, as, some five hundred copies strong, we suddenly asserted our gravity in the balance.

"Do famous for the pigs' cheeks," said the Master Butterman, looking down upon the paper that thickly clothed our spiritual intelligence, further arrayed in handsome print.

There was scarcely a sentence of that immortal little book—for because it is dead to the present world, we believe it to be immortal to future generations,—scarcely a thought, that, as it flashed from its brilliant source, we did not consider a spick and span sunbeam for a benighted and grateful country. How our heart was poured into that book! And the book would be—famous for pigs' cheeks!

We were taken to a ware-house—or rather a bone-house—reaching far and darkly from the back of the shop. The place was cold and damp, with a sickening smell of mildew. After a short time, so low miserable, and degraded did we feel, that the prospect of being again restored for a while to society, even in the company of pigs' cheeks, brought a cheery sense of holiday with it. We remembered that pet crocodiles—sacred sinecurists of certain temples—were wont to carry precious jewels at their ears. Well, then, we would be content to enfold, with intellectual glory, a pig's cheek.

Yet awhile, and we discovered that we lay in the literary dead-house; an off-tenement appertaining to the butter-shop. As we became accustomed to the gloom, we distinguished to our astonishment, and—no, we will not suppress the malice of the truth—to our consolation, that we had for companions many printed reams, avowedly produced to flutter in the highest circles, and bask in the most fashionable drawing-rooms. Why, there was—but no; we will not name names; and yet to think that *his* leaves, especially made to be rustled by, at least, a princess should, like our swinish selves, finally associate with pig's-cheek!

Time wore on; and it struck, of course, twelve. It was legitimate midnight; and it seemed to us that, just as exhalations and jack-o'-lanterns arise from marsh and swamp, and flicker from bog to bog—so did lights, of all hues, lights without destroying heat, arise from every heap of paper. The ink—the printer's ink—seemed to us to undergo spontaneous combustion; and to burn the colour of the mind of the writer.

But the strongest, and the most vivid fires arose from some fifty old ledgers lying scattered in a corner. Some lines burned brimstone blue—others blood-red; whilst the figures, still keeping their numeral shape, twisted and moved like fiery snakes of all colours.

A few minutes, and as though the thing grew into form from the exhalations of the ledger page, a little imp sat upon every book; an imp, with avarice, craft and cruelty, in his metal-coloured face; that would now look like a shilling; now grow into a sovereign; now shrink into a fourpenny-bit; and now swell to a coarse, copper penny-piece.

Imps of all trades were there. The Baker-Imp who grinds his alum to make his bread; and selling the staff of life, makes the staff carry a mischievous weapon for the bowels of him who trusts to it.

The Grocer-Imp who enriches his chocolate with brick-dust; and with a morning draught conveys the materials of a vault.

The Milk-man Imp with chalk against his customer, and chalk inside him.

The Confectioner-Imp, who paints Twelfth Cakes with emerald green (a beautiful change for coppers, in an arsenite development), and—especially in holiday-times—plays HEROD among the innocents.

The Publican-Imp, whose head of beer is green copperas—whose ale is sharpened with the fiery edge of vitriol, and whose grains-of-paradise are gifts of the serpent.

Enough. We say it—Imps of all trades were there; and every Imp, in his turn, delivered a discourse upon the wisdom and the profit of his former doings. And every discourse is as fresh in our memory as the New-Year greeting of our friends of yesterday. Assured of this, we shall faithfully report—in the course we heard them—SERMONS TO TRADESMEN.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

NORTH-WEST passage to which we allude, and the difficulties of getting through which are equal to anything ever attempted by the great explorers of ancient and modern times, is the North-West Passage that runs from the Strand in a Nor-Westerly direction, and is known by the name of the Lowther Arcade. At the present period of the year the passage is so thoroughly blocked up that the navigation, which is at all times difficult, becomes almost impossible.

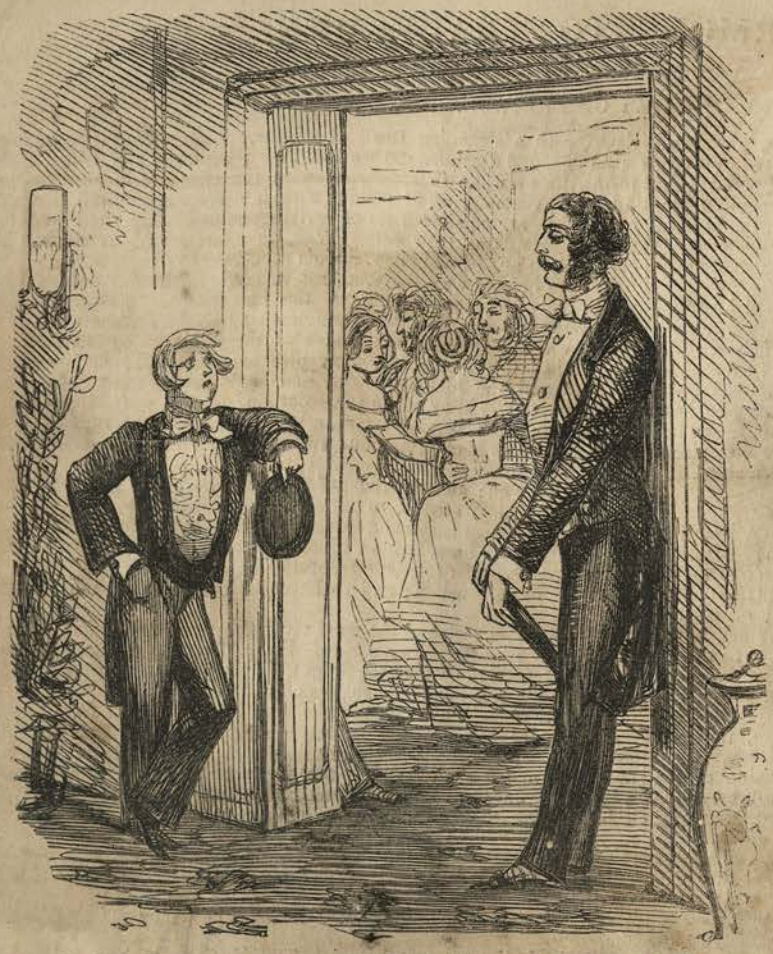
At this time of the year the attempt to perforate the passage is more than usually arduous, for the wild inhabitants of the place—of whom there are several—dispose the objects around in huge masses; the object, obviously, being to prevent those who venture within the limits of the passage from finding their way out again. We are convinced that, were CAPTAIN COOK now alive, he would prefer going twice round the world to forcing his way once through the Arcade of Lowtherland.

THE WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE.

WE read in *Household Words* that, amongst the various articles left in the railways and never reclaimed, was "*One Iron Wheel.*" Now it is very difficult to imagine a gentleman travelling about with an iron wheel, and leaving it behind him. If it had been his carpet-bag, or his wife, or even his umbrella, we might be able, perhaps, to account for the extraordinary absence of mind; but we can as easily conceive a person leaving his boots behind him as an iron wheel! The only solution for the mystery, which we can suggest, is the probable supposition that the absent gentleman in question was busy reading *Punch's Almanack*, and that he was so convulsed with laughter—so lost to a sense of everything around him, excepting the rich fun he was revelling in—that the wheel completely ran out of his mind, and has never come back since. This proposition sounds to us so much like the truth, that we have our serious misgivings whether, if the owner of the "Iron Wheel" were to bring an action against *Mr. Punch* for compensation, he would not have to recover heavy damages.

SLEEP AT WILL.

THE general expression is "from pillar to post," but there is a morning newspaper so especially soporific that the expression really should be altered to "from *Post* to *pillow*."



Juvenile Oxford Man (who does not think Vin Ordinaire of himself.) "A—WERE YOU AT EITHER UNIVERSITY?"
Awful Swell. "YA-AS—WHEN I WAS A—BOY!" [OXFORD MAN *departs in a Hansom.*

THE DULL METALL'D RAZOR.

SEE the case fill'd with razors, selection 's begun;
The steel must be shear in the favourite one;
A thousand strange methods to try it we know:
To draw it about on the hand to and fro.
While, with blade like a mirror, engraved with a crest,
And an ivory handle, the whitest and best;
Scarcely showing the breathing, so quickly 'tis clear'd,
The dull metall'd razor first starts for the beard.
Now, the lather 's mix'd up, to the soap-box we rush;
For five minutes full we work hard at the brush;
We lather, and lather, and lather away,
'Till no more of the stuff on the visage will stay.
While, passing it first o'er the magical strop,
The blade into very hot water we pop.
When fairly prepared, we the process begin,
And the dull metall'd razor is put to the chin.

Grown aged, used up, and turned out of the set,
Worn out, but with somewhat of sharpness left yet;
While its owner its former achievements can trace—
How it oft cut his chin, and rasped always his face;
While the sore he remembers, the weapon he scorns,
And the dull metall'd razor now cuts all his corns.
'Till at last getting jagged, like a saw in its edge,
Thrown aside and neglected, it lies on a ledge;
Dull, rusty, and ne'er from the dampness now shut,
It hacks at the wood it no longer can cut.
Now, blunt and neglected, its value all gone,
In the very same house where so brightly it shone,
When the oyster-knife, lost, is delaying the spread,
The dull metall'd razor is used in its stead.

Dash Our Wig.

MODERN ingenuity, not satisfied with adapting the principles of ventilation to ordinary rooms, has applied them to upper stories, and the result is that Ventilating Hats and Ventilating Wigs are becoming very general. We should be afraid that so much ventilation about the poll would subject one occasionally to a severe blow on the head, but perhaps a Ventilating Wig is desirable for the supply of fresh (h)air to be derived from it.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

THE BARON OF BEEF had the honour of dining the Royal Party on Christmas Day.

THE INFANTRY TROWSERS.

A CIRCULAR has just been issued from the Horse Guards by the Adjutant-General on the subject of the summer trowsers of the Infantry, of which it appears the dye is so fleeting, that the hues run into each other, and whole regiments are seen marching with what may be termed literally, "flying colours." Though the Adjutant-General is "not particular to a shade," he is anxious that the word uniform should not be altogether a misnomer, and that there should be something like uniformity in the colour of the Infantry trowsers.

It appears that those dyers who have hitherto undertaken to dye for their country, have succeeded very badly, as far as military inexpressibles are concerned; for, to the inexpressible horror of the colonel, the legs of his men are as variegated as the rainbow. It has been suggested that ducks are the only articles that can stand washing and rain without change in their appearance; but these are so expensive that the wearing of ducks by the army leads to the making ducks and drakes of the public money.

As the military authorities are endeavouring to obtain uniformity of colour in the dress and accoutrements of the infantry, we would suggest that some attention ought to be paid to the moustachios of the cavalry, which present every shade, from the chesnut on the tree to the carrot on the dinner table. We are aware that everything possible is done to obtain a darkness of colour by aid of the famous *cire*, sold for the purpose; but since the *cire* has failed, why not go a little further, and try the regular *cirage?*

Drainage of London.

THERE has been, it seems, lately, a rather considerable drain of specie at the Bank. It is a great pity that this is almost the only efficient drain that we ever hear of in the City.

CLOWNS OF QUALITY.

AT this festive season of the year, it is pleasing to see that "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin," exhibited in a very remarkable manner by the British nobility. Whilst the merry-andrews at the various theatres are laudably exerting themselves to afford harmless diversion to the British public, we observe with delight that some of the most illustrious members of the Peerage do not hesitate to make the same praiseworthy endeavours in their peculiar sphere, which, like the comic arena at MR. BATTY'S, would appear to be circular.

The *Morning Post* represents the DUKE and DUCHESS OF NORFOLK as amiably engaged in "entertaining a select circle at Arundel Castle." The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, also, is stated by our fashionable contemporary to be "surrounded by a small circle at Strathfieldsaye." No one, of course, would take the Hero of a Hundred Fights for a mathematical point, and imagine him to constitute the centre of a circle in that sense: and it is obvious that their GRACES OF NORFOLK cannot be mere radii of a geometrical figure. They are evidently employed in contributing to the amusement of the company which forms their circumference; and thus we find that the Drive in Hyde Park is not the only Ring in which the elegant aristocracy of this country are in the habit of making a pleasant and lively exhibition of themselves.

Disagreeables of the Season.

THE MOST UNBEARABLE OF CHRISTMAS WEIGHTS.—The heavy Christmas Bills.

THE WORST PRODUCTION OF A CHRISTMAS PEN.—An over-fattened production bound in sheepskin.

THE MOST UNPLEASANT THING TO PERUSE.—An edition of HOG(G) composing several large volumes of fat.

PROPOSAL FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Mr. Punch. "GOOD BYE! A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU—(IN MELIPOTAMUS)."

THE SERVANTS' GUIDE TO NEWGATE.

A GENTLEMAN living in the suburbs, contrived, the other day, to get hold of a handbill, distributed about amongst areas and kitchens by a different sort of gentleman residing in the neighbourhood. The document might be described as the production of an artist in his way; that is to say, a cunning master of fence. Let the readers of *Punch* judge of this work of genius for themselves; for here it is; notoriety only being withheld from the composer by the omission of his exact address; and the substitution of an *alias* for the name of the individual, whom perhaps it would not be using much too strong language to term a ragamuffin:—

J. SWAGSHAM,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL RAG MERCHANT,

Open from 7 in the Morning until 10 at Night.

The National Exhibition of 1851.

Ladies and Gentlemen of every condition
Look out next year for the great Exhibition
Save up your waste, all the odds and ends
And bring them to SWAGSHAM the best of all friends.
To Housewives and Servants, and there you will get
A much better price than you ever got yet;
He 'll buy any thing whether ragged or old,
His shop is the true California of gold.
The peoples own Savings Bank, open every day
And no fear of the Secretary running away.
Brass, Iron, or *Copper*, it matters not what
Linen or colored rags as much as you have got
Horse-hair, Kitchen-stuff, Bones, or broken Flint-glass,
The price that they 'll fetch your belief will surpass,
For a lot of White Rags now depend upon it
You will get enough cash to buy a new bonnet
Dress-makers' cuttings will turn into shawls
(Don't keep them they harbour the bugs in the walls)
Sacking, Bagging, and Bed-ticking, dirty and old,
Worn out Blankets that is not worth a pin to behold
Bring them to me, and although it seems funny
I will soon turn the lot into good ready money
The winter is coming, do think of the cold,
Clear out all your hoardings, and that will bring gold,
Bring all your rubbish down to J. SWAGSHAM's abode
At the rag warehouse near the main road,
Bring as much as you like, and come EARLY OR LATE,
There is ever ready money, and just honest weight
J. SWAGSHAM is waiting with cash every day,
And only wants customers to take it away;
Keep on doing that while the present year goes
And when the next comes you will have plenty of clothes.

Observe the astonishing List of Prices.

4d. to 6d. per lb. for white linen *not torn up*	1d. for 3 lbs. of dressmakers' cuttings
3d. per lb. for new white cuttings	2d. for 3 lbs. of *coal sacks*
2½d. per lb. for *clean white rags*	2d. for 5 lbs. of bones
1½d. per lb. for dirty white rags	8s. per cwt. for marrow bones
¾d. per lb. for old fustian, *bed-ticking* and old coats	½d. per lb. for broken flint glass
½d. per lb. for dirty, coloured, or woollen rags	½d. per lb. for *steel*
2d. per lb. for *old blankets*	4½d. per lb. for *clean brass and pewter*
	5½d. per lb. for *braziery copper*
	6½d. per lb. for *clean copper*
	4d. to 6½d. per lb. for *horse hair*

THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR KITCHEN STUFF AND DRIPPING.

BE CAREFUL AND MARK THE ADDRESS.

Near the Turnpike.

WINE AND BEER BOTTLES BOUGHT AND SENT FOR IN ANY QUANTITY.

All kinds of Soda Water, Doctors', Sauce and Perfumery Bottles bought; Plated Metals, and Livery Buttons bought; Wax or Sperm Ends, Old Parchment, Waste Paper, &c.

N.B.—A good price given for all kinds of Wearing Apparel, Old Boots, Shoes, &c.

MR. SWAGSHAM, "the best of all friends to Housewives and *Servants*," calls his establishment a "Savings' Bank." A "Stealings' Bank" would be the more correct description of this institution for promoting the snapping up of unconsidered trifles. Whatever might be the intentions of MR. SWAGSHAM, his advertisement offers a direct encouragement to servants' converting as much as possible of their employers' property into waste and pickings. Our worthy rag-merchant, however, by no means leaves his hints and suggestions ambiguous. He is not only open to bones and rags, and broken bottles, but to "Brass, iron, or copper, *it matters not what*." It may be doubted if his proposals would have been rendered any more explicit by the addition of the following lines to the above expressive poetry:

"When to SWAGSHAM's you come, you may have your face masked,
For he takes what you bring, and no questions are asked.
Whether crockery or plate, whether salver or platter,
There 's your price for the goods—how you've got them, no matter.

In conclusion, *Mr. Punch* would remark, that if anybody loses his spoons, the most likely place to find them, provided they are not melted, would be a mercantile establishment, such as MR. SWAGSHAM's, should there exist that blessing in the neighbourhood.

DOGGREL ON DUELLING.

To fight a duel is a very foolish action,
Particularly with a view to satisfaction;
A pretty sort of satisfaction it is to be shot!
For if you fight, of course you 're as likely to be hit, as not.
Suppose you happen to have half-an-ounce of lead
Driven, by a scruple of gunpowder, through your silly head,
Then, there 's an end of you—if what you believe 's *not* true—
And if it *is*—so much the worse for you!
Suppose the bullet lodges—as it may—
In your hip-joint, or knocks your jaw away,
A nice satisfaction, indeed, you derive from the strife,
Having to live in misery, a mutilated object, all your life.
Or, in case the ball goes crashing through your leg,
Being forced to have your limb cut off, and hobble through the world on a wooden peg.
Take the other alternative: suppose you are missed,
And instead of being hit yourself, kill your antagonist,
A deal of satisfaction, again, forsooth, you get thereby;
The country, immediately, you are obliged to fly,
And, like a thief or a swindler, go abroad and hide,
Unless you choose to surrender for wilful murder to be tried.
And there you are, in the felons' dock, looking like a goose;
And your satisfaction consists in having run your neck into a noose;
Or, if you escape the gallows, getting imprisoned at least a year,
Deprived of every comfort, not even allowed a drop of beer;
Or, even if you are acquitted, having your lawyer's bill to pay;
And that is anything but satisfaction, I should say.
Not to mention the reflection, which must be the reverse of pleasant,
That you have gone and shot a fellow-creature like a pheasant,
Or a partridge; and here you are, with his blood on your head,—
Not a comfortable thing to think upon when you go to bed.
Besides, it is childish, as well as savage, to want to shoot a man for "chaff,"
At which, if you 've any sort of character, you can afford to laugh,
Instead of foolishly calling him out, and risking your precious hide,
And thus, perhaps, in attempting murder, committing suicide.

Our Golden Opportunities.

THERE is so much precious ore being brought from California, that people are begining to fear gold may become a drug as well as a metal. Already gold fish are quoted at Hungerford market lower than silver, the recent importations having acted even upon the finny tribe, and those with silver scales have had the balance turned in their favour. In Europe, we go to great expense in watering the road to lay the dust; but the gold dust of California is so valuable, that no watering carts are employed, and when a man comes home from a dusty walk he has only to shake his coat, to shake a good round sum into his pocket. In California the housemaids stipulate for the dust as a perquisite, and the "regular dustman" of the place pays an enormous sum for the privilege of acting as "dust contractor to the district."

THE EXCITEMENT IN BELGRAVIA.

MR. BUTCHER *and* MASTER BUTCHER-BOY.

"NOW, BILL, HAVE YOU TOOK THE LEG OF MUTTON TO 29, AND THE SWEETBREAD TO 24?"

"YES, MASTER."

"WELL, NOW YOUR WORK IS DONE—YOU 'LL TAKE THIS BIT OF CHALK AND CHALK UP 'NO POPRY.' DO YOU EAR?"

"WHY, MASTER?"

"WHY? BECAUSE 'POPES IS ENEMIES TO BUTCHER'S MEAT ON FRIDAYS,' AND BRITONS WILL HAVE NONE OF 'EM." [*Exit* BILL.

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

LUDGATE HILL.—A MYSTERY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. MEADOWS	*A Country Gentleman.*
PRIGWELL	*With a heavy heart and light fingers.*
BROWN	*Friends of each other.*
JONES	*Friends of each other.*
BLIND VOCALIST	*Who will attempt the song of "Hey the Bonny Breast Knot."*

The Scene represents Ludgate Hill in the middle of the day; Passengers, Omnibuses, &c. &c., passing to and fro.

MEADOWS *enters, musing.*

Meadows. I stand at last on Ludgate's famous hill;
I've traversed Farringdon's frequented vale,
I've quitted Holborn's heights—the slopes of Snow,
Where Skinner's sinuous street, with tortuous track,
Trepans the travelier towards the field of Smith;
That field, whose scents burst on the offended nose
With foulest flavour, while the thrice shock'd ear,
Thrice shocked with bellowing blasphemy and blows,
Making one compound of Satanic sound,
Is stunned, in physical and moral sense.
But this is Ludgate Hill—here commerce thrives;
Here, merchants carry trade to such a height,
That competition, bursting builders' bonds,
Starts from the shop, and rushing through the roof,
Unites the basement with the floors above;
Till, like a giant, that outgrows his strength,
The whole concern, struck with abrupt collapse,
In one "tremendous failure" totters down!—
'Tis food on which philosophy may fatten.
[*Turns round, musing, and looks into a shop window.*

Enter PRIGWELL, *talking to himself.*

Prigwell. I've made a sorry day of it thus far;
I've fathomed fifty pockets, all in vain;
I've spent in omnibuses half-a-crown;
I've ransacked forty female reticules—
And nothing found—some business must be done.
By Jove—I'd rather turn Lascar at once:
Allow the walnut's devastating juice
To track its inky course along my cheek,
And stain my British brow with Indian brown.
Or, failing that, I'd rather drape myself
In cheap white cotton, or gay coloured chintz—
Hang round my ear the massive curtain-ring—
With strings of bold, effective glassy beads
Circle my neck—and play the Brahmin Priest,
To win the sympathy of passing crowds,
And melt the silver in the stranger's purse.
But ah! (*seeing* MEADOWS) the land of promise looms before me:
The bulging skirts of that provincial coat
Tell tales of well-filled pocket-books within.
[*Goes behind* MEADOWS *and empties his pockets.*
This is indeed a prize! [MEADOWS *turns suddenly round.*
Your pardon, Sir;
Is this the way to Newgate?

Meadows. Why, indeed
I scarce can say; I'm but a stranger here,
I should not like to misdirect you.

Prigwell. Thank you,
I'll find the way to Newgate by myself. [*Exit.*

Meadows (*still musing*). This is indeed a great Metropolis.

Enter BLIND VOCALIST.

Blind Vocalist (*singing*). Hey, the bonny! (*Knocks up against* MEADOWS, *who exit*). Ho! the bonny—(*A passenger knocks up against the* BLIND VOCALIST *on the other side*). Hey, the bonny—(*A butcher's tray strikes the* BLIND VOCALIST *in the chest*)—breast knot. *As he continues singing "Hey, the bonny! ho, the bonny," the* BLIND VOCALIST *encounters various collisions, and his breath being taken away by a poke or push between each bar, he is carried away by the stream of passengers.*

Enter BROWN *and* JONES. *Meeting, they stop and shake hands most cordially for several minutes.*

Brown. How are you, JONES?

Jones. Why, BROWN, I do declare
'Tis quite an age since you and I have met.

Brown. I'm quite delighted.

Jones. I'm extremely glad.
[*An awkward pause.*

Brown. Well! and how are you?

Jones. Thank you, very well;
And you, I hope are well?

Brown. Quite well, I thank you.
[*Another awkward pause.*

Jones. Oh!—by the way—have you seen THOMSON lately?

Brown. Not very lately. (*After a pause, and as if struck with a happy idea*). But I met with SMITH—
A week ago.

Jones. Oh! did you though, indeed?
And how was SMITH?

Brown. Why, he seemed pretty well.
[*Another long pause; at the end of which both appear as if they were going to speak to each other.*

Jones. I beg your pardon.

Smith. You were going to speak?

Jones. Oh! nothing. I was only going to say—
Good morning.

Smith. Oh! and so was I. Good day.
[*Both shake hands, and are going off in opposite directions, when* SMITH *turns round.* JONES *turning round at the same time they both return and look at each other.*

Jones. I thought you wished to speak, by looking back.

Brown. Oh no. I thought the same.

Both together. Good bye! Good bye!
[*Exeunt finally; and the conversation and the curtain drop together.*

A Bear on the Age of Ladies.

WHEN the census is taken, next March, the ladies will be called upon to answer the delicate—or indelicate—question, What is their age? A correspondent, signing himself "BRUIN," wonders why the fair sex is generally so reserved on this point, because none of them, after they cease to be children, are so old as they look.

A CHRISTMAS ASPIRATION.

HENRY THE FOURTH'S favourite aspiration was, that every Frenchman might have his "*poule au pot*." Now a chicken is all very well—especially a French chicken, which, it is well known, is the largest of the whole chicken tribe—but there is yet a nobler bird, and one far dearer to an Englishman's taste—than the very finest French chicken in the world. This leads us to our aspiration, which *Mr. Punch* hopes may soon become a household matter-of-fact, so as to be quoted by future generations as the habitual "pot-luck" of every Englishman on New Year's Day. Our aspiration is, that it may be said of every one on that happy occasion—"*Chacun à son Goose.*"

THE MUSIC OF THE MATTRESSES.

AMONG the objects of interest about to be sent to the Great Exhibition is a musical bed, which, we presume, is intended to be adapted for the playing of various melodies. Of course, when the bed is to speak for itself, it will strike up "Down, derry down," or if it is designed to call the sleeper at a certain hour, it will burst out into "Wake, dearest, wake," at the appointed moment. We doubt very much whether a musical bed will be the best for promoting a refreshing night's sleep, but as a mode of taking a few bars' rest, the arrangement may be very agreeable. Perhaps, however, by the aid of the compositions of our old friend SEBASTIAN BACH, the bed may be set to music in such a way as to send the occupant speedily to sleep, though the danger would then be to get him to wake again, if the music should continue. Considering, however, the noise that must accompany the performance of a musical bed, we think there are sound objections to the invention.

BURNING DAYLIGHT.

THERE is an alliteration between Puseyism and punning, which reminds us of a lady's remark, that the Tractarian candles are really wicked.

A GRUNT FROM THE NEW FOREST.

THE subjoined petition is to lie at the Billy Rufus, and the other principal alehouses in and about the New Forest, Hampshire, that the inhabitants of the locality may put their marks to it, or their names, if able to write:—

"*Mayt plaze yure Madjusty,*

"We the underzined rezidunts, in and anigh the Nu Vorrust, Hamshur, zee by the *Tymes* pyaaper, az how there 's a tawk about inclosun the zed Vorrust.

"Plaze yure Madjusty, we hopes yu wun't be perswaided to goo for to do no zitch thing, as 'tood be terreably agin the cumfurt and happinus and rites of we yure petishners.

"We trustes yure Madjusty gis no ear to the tales they tells about we; zayun az how we stales yure Madjusty's timbur, and porches yure geam, and kills yure dere; wheras we never picks up a stick but wot valls from the trees, and never touches nare a morsel o mate beyond Nu Vorrest mutton.

"There was that are Maajor Vreshvield zent down in these here parts, a few year ago, to rake up sitch stories agin us; and zeveral on us was had off to Winchester Jaail, till zizes come; when they was honnerably a Quitted, being tried by a Gury o theer Peers, who know'd well that they never took nothun but wot they 'd a rite to help themselves too, time out o mind. Zo much for Maajor; and we wound up by burnun of un in effigee at Ringood.

"We thinks yure Madjusty never zee a Nu Vorrest Pigg, else you 'd never think of suffern a thing to be done as ood spile that beautiful breed o annimals.

"We umbly besaches yure Madjusty not to give in to them as is a puttun of yee up to do away wi the Old Vorrust, which affoords honust employment to zo many of yure Madjusty's industerus and respectabul zubjecs. We beggs yu won't purmitt this heer mizure to be carried out, interfeerun wi our livin, and spilun the veace o the countery. And yure Petishners, as in dooty bound, will ever pray; and drink your Madjusty's health in many a gain o good strong bere, vrom this time footh, vor evermoor."

The Schoolmaster Abroad in the City.

AN ox, the other Monday, gave an instructive practical lesson to the Corporation of London. Having been driven mad by cruelty, he broke away from the great cattle-market, smashed two windows, ran against two cabs, and injured the horses, upset numerous trucks, and oyster and fruit stalls, gored a man in the stomach, and tossed one woman and knocked down another. The ox would probably have succeeded in demonstrating to the civic legislature the necessity of removing Smithfield Market, if it had only met with an alderman in its way.

A WORD FOR MR. BENNETT.

WHATEVER we may say about the conduct of MR. ST. BARNABAS BENNETT, there is, at any rate, no doubt that he is adverse to the display of one very great virtue—resignation.

PARLIAMENTARY OBSTRUCTIVES.

WE regret to see a spirit of obstructiveness prevailing in the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament. It was always a matter of great difficulty to carry anything through the House, but the difficulty of the passage will be henceforth still greater, for there is now a preliminary obstruction added to those of the House, in the shape of a blocking up of the street that leads to it. Parliament-street is in a state of siege, or rather it is in a state of desolation, for this once busy haunt of man is now apparently deserted, nothing being visible above ground, for it is exclusively in the hands of those who are occupied in undermining it. The Queen cannot go to open Parliament, because the Commissioners of Sewers have chosen to open Parliament-street itself as a vast ravine, and shut it up as a public thoroughfare. The truth is, that the Commissioners hurl open defiance from their yawning abysses to the whole metropolis. A visit to the Californian diggings, as a mere matter of curiosity would be a piece of sheer Quixotism, when the London diggings are so numerous that we can scarcely walk half a mile in town without tumbling upon or into one or more of them.

THE DAY AFTER THE REVEL.

ROLL, roll the pill of calomel,
And mix the sable draught,
We've loved the Christmas feast too well—
Too much have cramm'd and quaffed.
Ah! put my flannel nightcap on,
Bind up this aching head;
I'm not at home, mind, all day, JOHN:
To bed, to bed, to bed!

Oh, gracious! that snap-dragon's snap
Is rankling very sore;
I've been a very foolish chap,
And won't do so no more.
Good LINDLEY MURRAY, pardon grant,
Thy rules if I infringe;
Talk grammar, anyhow, I can't,
With this stomachic twinge!

Oh, turkey, beef, plumb-pudding, mince!
Oh, brandy, wine, and rum!
Next day what miseries, to convince
Your hapless victim, come.
Bring the hot water for my feet,
Take down the gruel, do—
Yah! I 'd as soon be hanged, as eat;
Here comes my physic—Ugh!

FAST CHURCHMEN.—The priesthood at Rimini are going it "like winking!"

A FOREIGNER'S NOTION OF THE WINDOW-TAX.

All Luxuries are taxed in England. Now, as light in England is a luxury, (as the very derivation of the word, *Lux*, implies), it is charged accordingly, and has to pay a very heavy duty. The reason of its being a luxury, is because there is so very little of it; and the numerous fogs that prevail in England, three hundred days out of the year, are the simple causes of its extreme scarcity. The English Government may be said, not only figuratively, but almost literally, to be founded on darkness, since the principal source of its revenue is derived from fogs. This accounts for the little zeal that English ministers display for the enlightenment of the people, and the contemptible sum that is expended in England every year upon Government Education: for, from the above fact, it is clear as the sun at noon-day (we mean, of course, noonday in France) that it is the interest of Government to keep the poorer classes as much as possible in the dark.

Only let the English people be once properly enlightened, and you may take our word for it that they will never continue to pay the enormous taxes that weigh upon their houses, their lands, and their incomes, and which depress their energies, and their spirits, even more heavily than their joys.—*Extract from the Presse, or the National, or any French Paper.*

"Put Out the Light."

One of Mr. Bennett's principal reasons for resigning his "perpetual" curacy has been the objection raised to his using candles. This is certainly giving up his living for a very light cause. It is strange that a few long-fours or short-sixes should cause such a "flare up" in the establishment, and place Mr. Bennett in a state of sixes and sevens with his bishop.

QUITE A TOSS UP BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

It was a favourite saying of Napoleon's that "a Market should be the Louvre of the People." The City Corporation, however, thinks otherwise, and, with regard to Smithfield, evidently think, from the number of deaths that occur, that "a Market should be the Morgue of the People."

VERY RIDICULOUS.

We frequently hear of men gaining the confidence, and the hearts, and the money, of unsuspecting people from the cleverness with which they carry out "a false front of hypocrisy." Now this has always appeared to us most supremely ridiculous, for we never could understand the possibility of any one gaining the slightest credit, from the fact of his wearing *a Dickey*—which we take to be the "false front" alluded to—and which, though strongly marked with "hypocrisy," is more likely, we should imagine, to excite suspicion than confidence, or at all events, not sufficient to induce you to press the man who wears it to your bosom. There are many mysteries in society, and this "false front" is one of them!

Papal Aggression on Punch.

A New Year's jovial arrival suggests the mention of the medical fact, stated in the old song, that "*Punch* cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic; and it is allowed to be the very best of physic;" so that it is infinitely superior in every way to the Roman Pretender's prescription of bishop.

New Patent Cab.

Mr. Punch was driven home, the other evening, by a cabman, who demanded only four shillings for going six miles! *Mr. Punch* will not say that his generosity was not excited by this unparalleled circumstance, of a cab-driver being content with his fare; but he mentions it, just to introduce the suggestion that it would really be a capital speculation to start a Patent Honesty Cab, during this New Year of the Great Exhibition. There is little fear that the patent would be infringed.

"The Sleeper Awakened."—By the Christmas Waits.

A Two-year-old, just entered for the Emperor's Cup.—The French Republic.

CHRISTMAS IN THE MINORIES.

"I wish you a Merry Christmas."

A wrong has been done to the great-hearted principals of a vast Rabbinical Firm in the Minories. We have had

Christmas with the Scavengers—
Christmas with the Turncocks—
Christmas with the Costermongers—
Christmas with the Pickpockets—
But—we have not had—
Christmas with Noses!—

This is really too bad; but it would seem that the Firm of Noses—foreseeing, or rather foresmelling, the Gentile neglect they would suffer—did themselves anticipate their glorification of Christmas; as showers of verses thrown into railway cabs and omnibuses did copiously testify.

Now, if there be anything sincere—anything tr[illegible]—any emotion that really calls for the admiration of a clothes-buying public, it is The Poetical Thanksgiving by Jew Tailors, for the Love and Mercy divinely associated with Christmas. On such a theme—and for such a money-making purpose—Judas Iscariot were worthy to be the Laureate.

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A VISION OF THE NEW YEAR.

A MELTING SIGHT.

ROMAN miracles are as plentiful, just now, as pantomimes. We have recently had a "winking picture," and at present the papers are full of the most glowing accounts, in France, of a "bleeding picture." A correspondent of the *Times* suggests that the moisture in question, which is sworn to be blood, is probably nothing more than the pitch, which has been mixed with the colour. This seems to be a very natural solution, for the miracle, in the description, was coloured up to such a tremendous pitch, that we do not wonder at a little of it melting!

OUND my December Portal
Clustered the Christmas screen.
The laurel's gloss immortal—
The mistletoe's pale green.

On the red beads of the holly
The yule-log's blaze was bright,
As it laughed out warm and jolly
In the dark face of the night.

Was I awake or sleeping,
That I looked across the floor,
And saw two bright eyes peeping
Through the dark leaves round the door?

That I saw two bright eyes peeping
Above a baby chin,—
And heard a sweet voice cheeping,
That asked, "May I come in?"

And the Christmas green dividing,
A baby came to view—
Then up the floor trode, striding
As I ne'er saw baby do.

From its brow so sweet and solemn
It shook the frosted hair—
Then I saw it bore a volume,
That I wondered it could bear.

O'er the covers clasped and moulded,
Of wondrous show and size,
Its little hands it folded,
And it looked into my eyes.

When, sudden, the night-wind bore me
The midnight bells so clear;
And I knew that the child before me
Must be the new-born Year.

With sidelong ear he listened—
And, as the steeples round
Clashed twelve, his deep eye glistened
To the music of the sound.

And, with inner motion gifted,
The awful book of doom
Its monstrous covers lifted,
Like the stones above a tomb.

And the infant Year, rejoicing
In the page, unblurred and clear,
Stood up before me, voicing
The words that you shall hear:—

"The century is sundered,
The Old Year, just dropped through,
Was the last of the old half-hundred,
And I am the first of the new.

"We Eighteens opened bloodily;
The first-born of our race
Felt the war-fire glow ruddily
On his cradle and his face.

"Thirteen of us bore sword and flame,
Relentless through the world;
Till by the Fourteenth of our name
The battle-flags were furled.

"Since then we have been peaceful years;
Good have we seen and done;
Yet most of us, in toil and tears,
A heavy course have run.

"Pale Forty-five and Forty-six
Brought famine on the land;
And Forty-seven, of railway tricks
Beareth the shameful brand.

"Then Forty-eight, a drunken year,
O'er Europe played the devil;
And Forty-nine has had to bear
The headache of *his* revel.

"And the late Fifty stood half-way,
Perplext 'twixt gleam and gloom;
Shaded with sorrow past away,
And sunned with joys to come.

"But I am all the Future's own—
These favoured hands shall bring
The Dove-eyed Peace and Commerce, grown
A giant 'neath her wing.

"Before me, in a tournament
Of peaceful emulation,
In arts, not arms, on triumph bent,
Shall nation strive with nation.

"Spread wide for me, ye crystal roofs!
Oh noble strife begin!
With peace on earth, good-will to men,
The New Year cometh in."

LOW LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

To the Editor of "The Builder."

SIR,

I WISH you would find some remedy for an error in the construction of houses, whence, I believe, arises great part of the trouble and annoyance which we experience from servants. Kitchens underground, it strikes me, are at the root of most of the evil. Why? Because the occupants of those subterranean recesses are out of sight. If it were not for SALLY'S sally-port at the area-door, the cat would never run away with so many legs of mutton. Neither would the kitchen be subject to that military occupation which is so exhausting to the larder, and destructive of the peace, of families. Nor would the policeman be seduced—by Irish stew, love, and bubble-and-squeak—from the beat of duty. In short, Sir, I say that the area-steps afford to every species of rogue and depredator a *facilis descensus Averni*. And this leads me to the point. If we will immure our domestics in the realms below, so that we may revel above them in the abodes of bliss, what can we expect but that the poor devils will behave as such? Some people call me a leveller. I am so, Sir, to the extent that I should like to see servants and their masters on the same floor. You know I hate flunkeyism; and flunkeyism, Sir, let me tell you, is the vulgarity which—on either side—makes the difference between the parlour and the kitchen.

I am, Sir, &c.,

PUNCH.

GROSS SUPERSTITION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—That a Bishop with a revenue of some £20,000 a year can be an imitator of the Apostles!

THE ORCHESTRA OF ALL NATIONS.

ACCORDING to the *Exhibition Express*, musical instruments will occupy about 3400 feet at the Exhibition. "No class of musical instruments," says our contemporary, "will, we believe, be unrepresented;" so that, from the Brobdignagian organ to the Liliputian penny whistle, we shall have a collection of all the armoury of ORPHEUS. The Jew will contribute his harp, the Chinese his gong, the Ethiopian (serenader) his banjo and his bones, and *Mr. Punch* will, of course, send his drum and Pandean pipes. Thus will be collected the materials of an orchestra, comprising every species of instrument in the world, since not even the Scotch bagpipe will be excluded. There is no sense at all in showing musical instruments, unless the sense of hearing is appealed to; therefore these must, of course, be played, if any idea is to be given of their merits.

In order that their respective powers may be exhibited at once, it will be necessary that each should play a different tune at the same time; which will produce a concert very appropriate to a World's Fair; but which, we are afraid, it will not be possible exactly to describe as the Harmony of All Nations.

Crochet for Ladies.

TAKE a small thread of fact. Spin it out as long as you can, and wind it about as rapidly as possible over the reel of fancy; tangle it up with the aid of a variety of meshes; put it about the ears of as many of your female friends as will stand to have the operation performed, and the result will be a splendid piece of crochet work which will be of the utmost service as a pattern—to be universally avoided.

THE SENSE OF BEING MARRIED.

(Paragraph for a Ladies' Page.)

OUR old friend, LORD CAMPBELL, says that, in Scotland, a man can scarcely tell whether he is married or not. How different is the case in this happier part of the kingdom! Here, every moment of a husband's domestic life is a sensible assurance of the fact, that he is blest with a wife. When he comes down in the morning—if he can possibly have forgotten that fact—he finds his newspaper aired for him, his egg and toast ready, his tea made, and his kettle simmering on the fire. All these preparations for his comfort have been made by her. And there she sits, ready either to divert him with pleasant observations, or, if he is inclined to read, to busy herself with the arrangements of the table, and not only to remain silent herself, but also to keep the children, if there are any, from disturbing him too.

Should he have committed a slight imprudence overnight, and have a headache in consequence, she condoles with him, and administers his soda-water. When he rises to go out, his boot-hooks are at hand; so are his boots, probably warmed: when he returns, the best dinner the house can afford awaits him. If he expresses a wish, he finds that it has been anticipated; if he makes a remark, it is assented to. The stocking he puts on has been darned or marked by her: every change of linen reminds him that she sewed on the buttons. Yes; well does the Englishman know that he is married, by feeling, at every turn, the sweet pressure of the conjugal tie.

THE POPE'S BELLS IN ENGLAND.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* writes on what he apparently considers a most clamorous and deepening nuisance, that of bells—Roman Catholic bells, hung over Catholic churches and chapels—bells "which are rung, with a slight intermission, from morning till night." He says there is an unrepealed enactment against the hurly-burly of Popish bells; but adds, "it is evaded by placing bells on the roof under a wooden covering," which the straightforward simplicity of the spiritual sons of the POPE insist is not "a steeple,"—the thing forbidden by the statute: the law, no doubt, never heeding the nuisance of the bells; but only applying to the mischief of the thing they were rung under!

Now, DOCTOR WISEMAN may have a special end in view in these thorough-going clappers. It is well known that bells—Catholic bells—ring away demons; and indeed clear the air of all influences working against his Holiness the POPE. And, at the present time, with the English Protestants in all places, clamouring against the scarlet insolence of his Holiness, *alias* Flunkiness, there may be a sublime antagonism in the vibration of bell-metal. Against the speeches of MC NEILE and ASHLEY, what so seraphically eloquent as the iron tongues sounding from under the wooden coverings of St. Tibbs and St. Fibs? "The bells," said a certain bishop of Chalons, "the bells, placed like sentinels on the towers, watch over us, and turn away from us the temptations of the enemy of our salvation, as well as storms and tempests. They speak and pray for us in our troubles; they inform Heaven of the necessities of the earth!" But then these bells, to be spiritual guards and protectors, must be duly baptised—called ANNA, STEPHANIA, DEODATA, MARIA—the saintly names bestowed at times by royal sponsors. Now, have the POPE'S bells in England, complained of by Correspondent, been christened? If so, who were their godfathers and godmothers? Sought out, they might haply surprise us by their rank and lustre.

Be this as it may, according to Correspondent, we are threatened with the condition of the Ringing Island of RABELAIS. The matter was more economically ordered, according to the *Acta Sanctorum*, in the time of ST. PATRICK, for he had only one bell; what then?—that bell was heard in every corner of the Emerald Isle; a bell of so seraphic a reputation, that when—in a holy rage of piety—it once cracked itself, even as a saint in his eloquent zeal may break a blood-vessel,—an angel descended, and repaired the flaw; no doubt closing it with a piece of the music of the spheres, condensed into harmonious silver for the occasion, and visible in *that* day!

However, the bells will no doubt be provided against when the Minister opens his mouth in February. LORD JOHN'S tongue, we hope, against all the iron tongues of NICHOLAS WISEMAN! Meanwhile, end we this short chapter on the POPE'S bells in England with a few words from glorious old LATIMER—"The devil should have no hiding-place in England, if ringing of bells would serve. But it is not that that will serve against the devil: yet we have believed such fooleries in times past, but it was but mocking, it was the teaching of the devil. And no doubt we were in a miserable case, when we learned of the devil to fight against the devil!"

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.—The tax-gatherer calling upon a blind person for the payment of the Window-Tax.

WHO'S WHO IN 1851.

WHO, when I feel a little ill,
Sends me a daily draft and pill,
Followed by a tremendous bill?
My doctor!

Who preaches self-denying views,
Charges a heavy rate for pews,
And calls on me for Easter dues?
My parson!

Who, when a law-suit I have won,
For a large sum begins to dun,
To which the "extra costs" have run?
My lawyer!

Who, for my trousers, which, with straps,
Have cost him half-a-sovereign, p'raps,
Down in the bill two guineas claps?
My tailor!

Who, when I wish of beef a stone,
Composed of wholesome meat alone,
Sends me at least three pounds of bone?
My butcher!

Who, when I send a joint to bake,
Away from it contrives to take
Enough a hearty meal to make?
My baker!

Who lends my *Times* to read in town,
And when I at the lateness frown,
Tells me the engine's broken down?
My newsman!

Who coolly pawns my "other" shirt,
And tells me, with assurance pert,
She's only dropped it in the dirt?
My laundress!

Who peeps in every private note,
Wears my best neckcloth round his throat,
And at the "swarry" sports my coat?
My footman!

Who brings my shaving water late,
And with a basket-full of plate
One morning doth evaporate?
My valet!

Who flirts with soldiers dressed so fine,
And leaves that sweetest pet of mine
To tumble in the Serpentine?
My nursemaid!

Who comes to make a formal call,
Merely to criticise us all,
When severed by the party wall?
My neighbour!

Who's who, or where shall he be sought,
Who may not now and then be caught
At something wrong in act or thought?
Why! No one!

Omnibus Dialogues.

SINCE the alteration in the fares, omnibus conductors name their customers after the distances they are going. We heard an omnibus-driver the other day enquire of BILL (all omnibus conductors seem to have been christened BILL) "how many he had got *inside*?" when BILL answered thus: "I've got six short 'uns, and two long 'uns; but if you drives werry quick past the Circus, we may make 'em all long 'uns."

APOLOGY FOR MESMERISM.

IT is absurdly incredulous to deny the possibility of *clairvoyance*, when we know from every trade-report that cotton, sugar, and a variety of other substances, are capable of "looking up" without eyes.

PUNCH'S SERMONS TO TRADESMEN.

TO THE BAKER.

"People may go to Church together, and be all of one mind as much as they please,—I am apt to believe that when they pray for the Daily Bread, the Bishop includes several things in that Petition which the Sexton does not think on."—MANDEVILLE.

AILY Bread, my friends, is a phrase round as the world; and in significance deep as its bowels. Daily Bread, in its figurative condition, is the jellied bird's-nest of the Mandarin of Pekin,—Daily Bread is the diurnal turtle of the Alderman of London.

Daily Bread may also be considered in five relations:—

I. Daily Bread of the born rich: Daily Bread that awaits their waking every morning without a thought of the loaf; even as mother's milk awaits unconscious babyhood.

II. Daily Bread of the worker, prosperous and rejoicing in a big loaf: bread delicious; with enough labour in it to give sweetness to every mouthful.

III. Daily Bread of the worker, pinched and stinted: bread that is not Daily Bread in the fullness of its sense; but rather Daily Crumb.

IV. Daily Bread of the workman without work; that is, the Daily Bread in the bakers' windows wistfully considered: Daily Bread that is the daily heart-ache of husbands and wives and little ones; the widowed and the fatherless.

V. Daily Bread that is the fitful crust and crumb of daily wrong-doing: the loaf with hempseed ground in its flour; seed that may, in a marvellously short time, become correctional oakum.

Now, Daily Bread, my friends, in these relations, may speak to the moral and bodily man with a sweetly solemn—with a pitying—with an awful voice. It may preach tenderness and gratitude to the rich; sympathy to the prosperous; hope to the struggling; promise, with an uplifting thought of after-manna, to the destitute; and penitence to the wicked. And, my friends, let these voices enter your hearts, and "do their spiriting." Your hearts I leave to the after-influence of these voices; and now let me address myself to the dealer in Daily Bread—Daily Bread in its reality—ay, to Daily Bread in its veritable crust and crumb.

Master Baker, stand forth! Alone, let us take a turn or so in the fields. It is seed-time, and, blithely as hope, the sower casts the grain abroad; and every grain, to grow, must be sound at heart. If musty or ant-bitten, it will rot in the dark earth; if true at the core, the grain will quicken and put forth its blade of tender green.

Another turn, and the wheat is up; is waving in the airs of spring. Another, and the ears hang thick, and the farmer begins to count his gains. Another, and we hear the sickle biting the golden crop. Man has worked, and God has blessed his labour. A thousand shocks of corn are the glorious trophies of that well-won field. Oh Master Baker, does not your heart try to leap—but cannot, it is too big—with thankfulness? You could drop upon your knees among the stubble, Oh Master Baker, and send up whisperings of gratitude,—up, up, with the lark above you,—the lark that sings, and sings the anthem of the harvest.

Oh Master Baker, you are overwrought by the heavenly goodness, the divine beauty, that lies around you. Yes, you are; it may be—nay, I will be positive, you are—a civic baker; a baker unused to the deep delights, in their ravishing fullness, of country life. The sight of that field, so full of goodness, of natural truth, has been too much for you. Let us return to your shop.

We are home again; and now let us descend to your bakery. Why, what is this? Baker, it dwells within us to compel your utterance. So, you turn pale, and your knees knock, as at the accusing inquest of weights. Speak! What thing is this?

Baker. Alum.

And this?

Baker. Chalk.

And this?

Baker. Lime.

And this? And this? And this?

Baker. Starch, plaster, pulp of potatoes, mashed beans, subcarbonate of—

That will do. And, Baker, for what purpose have you these commodities?

Baker. For what? Why, please your goodness, Sir, and don't I sell the best wheaten bread? We 've always had 'em, Sir; father had 'em before me; though, perhaps, he used 'em with a smaller hand than his son; but then, Sir, sons live in other times than their fathers. Now, when I look at the alum and my eldest boy, SAM; when I consider the chalk, and think of Bob; when my mind wanders to the plaster, and I remember the cleverness of JACK; for, Sir, that 's it—

What 's it?—

Baker. Why, that 's it. As the world comes to more brains, it comes to cheat the cleverer. The baker of to-day despises the baker of his ancestors. Alum is only another word for brains, and chalk means intellect. That 's a truth—

Silence, Oh Baker, and no enthusiasm!

Baker. I must. A truth, as true as the counter.

Truth, Oh Master Baker! And have you forgotten the field of wheat? The field of truth? Did not every grain of wheat become wheat? Was it changed, juggled into weeds—was it transformed to beans—did it bulge into potatoes? More: did one wholesome grain become a grain of poison? Did not wheat return wheat, ay, forty, fifty-fold—pure and profitable? Oh Master Baker, a field of corn is GOD'S field; but your loaves—loaves with alum, chalk, and plaster—are loaves of the Devil.

Yes, of the Devil, Oh Master Baker; and the Devil wears his ugliest horns, shows his hoof at the worst, and arms his tail with its sharpest barb, when—entering the anatomy of a baker—he sells the infernal loaf, the loaf damned with chalk and plaster, for the best wheaten bread.

And, Oh Master Baker, dealer in chalk, plaster, and so forth, what an admirable book-keeper is the Devil! Not the benefit, the after-benefit of a single loaf will you lose. Does not your alum "increase your yield" of bread, and shall it not be put to your eternal profit? And then alum, taken with Daily Bread, tells its daily tale upon the stomach of the customer; a matter to be faithfully recorded.

Consider this, Oh Master Baker; and thinking of that lovely field of wheat, think for a moment upon the fiery poppies that here and there burned among the stalks, and so thinking, take heed of your after-conscience.

And when, in the fulness of the till, you—(I speak to the honest Baker)—retire from business, think how sweet—how comforting will be your Sunday visits to your parish church. For you, Oh Master Baker, have trodden alum under your feet—you have never dealt in plaster—you have manfully eschewed clay—you have defied the profitable temptation of bean-flower—of potato-pulp—of rice—of chalk. You have not vended a diurnal flam for a household truth; you have sold the wheaten-stuff as it was grown by earth and heaven; and thus, with no wrong upon your conscience—with no diseased stomach of man or child to lay to your account—with no iniquity of adulteration to answer for,—you may, with a light heart, Oh Master Baker, think of every loaf of your past life with a serene heart, and, so thinking, with a pure and hopeful spirit make that universal petition—words that are as the throbbings of the hopeful human heart—

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

THE FOGY'S HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ON New Year's Eve the ringers kept
Me waking with their mirthful din,
When I, alas! would fain have slept
The Old Year out, the New Year in.

To TOM, who longs to be a man,
Those chimes sound merrily, no doubt,
And glad the heart of MARY-ANNE,
Whose mind is bent on coming out.

Each New Year's peal the young folk rings
The nearer fun, which TIME delays;
But fogies—such as he who sings—
The farther from their happy days.

QUANTITY OF RAIN.

A METEOROLOGICAL Amateur assures us that at least two inches of rain fell on last Friday evening. He ascertained this fact by sitting in the first row of the pit of the Haymarket Theatre. The night was a very wet one, and as every one brought in a drenched umbrella, the water kept dripping down to the foremost part of the pit, where it collected in a narrow gutter just in front of the orchestra. The slanting descent of the Pit favoured, of course, the collection of the water, and, our Correspondent says, that towards the fifth act of *Virginius* the gutter, which was a sad inconvenience all the evening to his hat and boots, was full two inches deep, for he measured it with the ferule of his *parapluie*. He recommends a better system of drainage for the pits of our Theatres, for though it may be highly pleasing to a manager to see an overflow in his house, it is not exactly so agreeable to those who have to sit for five or six hours with their feet in it.

MR. BRIGGS, STIMULATED BY THE ACCOUNTS IN THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE DARING FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP AT AYLESBURY, AND EXCITED BY MR. HAYCOCK'S CLARET, TRIES WHETHER HE ALSO CAN RIDE OVER A DINING-ROOM TABLE.

IGNATIUS IN LIVERPOOL.

FATHER IGNATIUS, late the HON. and REV. MR. SPENCER, has been assaulted in the streets of Liverpool. This is very bad—a violence to be repressed, and punished. Nevertheless, a FATHER IGNATIUS *may* commit the first offence. For is it not an assault upon the feelings of Protestant England when FATHERS IGNATIUS and LOYOLA flaunt it in the streets in all the pride—the Church pride—of Roman Catholic ascetics? Seeing, as we have seen, black-robed priesthood stealing along our daily path—gliding by with unmistakeable looks as to their purpose, that of spiritual and social domination in free England,—we would advise the offenders to be a little less ostentatious in their mode of offence. They—so spiritually refined, so morally purified—ought not to tempt the prejudices of the vulgar! When a certain stool was thrown by a certain Scotch dame, in a certain church, at a certain priest,—the act of violence was made an act of lauded zeal by the indecency of the provocation.

Milk and Water Punch.

THE "chalk formation" is pointed to as one of the sources whence London may be supplied with pure wholesome water. All *Punch* can say is, that the water derived from the chalk will be wretchedly bad if at all like the milk which London obtains from the same material.

HOW SOMETIMES TO PROVE AN ALIBI.—By having *a lie by*.

A SONNET SCRATCHED ON A WINDOW PANE UP A COURT.

We windows of this dwelling are the eyes,
And being very small and very few,
But half resemble those which sages view,
Scanning through microscope blue-bottle flies.
More might we be; but this the Tax denies—
That seems contrived to pinch the Poor outright,
Stinting them even in Heaven's free gift of light.
From ruddy morning's dawn till daylight dies,
No ray that passes us but pays its toll.
But not alone for sight we serve: as lungs,
Air we admit to feed the living soul,
Which, breeding Pestilence like smouldering flame,
That Tax excludes, cursed by unnumbered tongues.
Let its repeal, JOHN RUSSELL, gild thy name.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE IN GOLDEN SQUARE.

DOCTOR NICHOLAS WISEMAN entertained a select party of his flock in honour of the "re-established Catholic hierarchy," and of the year 1851. The great dish for the banquet was—Bull-beef.

EXTRAORDINARY CASES OF "WINKING."

AT Rimini there is now a Virgin winking at the people. In Fulham there was once a Bishop winking at St. Barnabas.

Master Punch. "PLEASE, MR. BISHOP, WHICH IS POPERY, AND WHICH IS PUSEYISM?"

Bishop. "WHICHEVER YOU LIKE, MY LITTLE DEAR."

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE CHRISTMAS BOXES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. BRIEFLESS, (*of the Outer Bar and the Inner Temple*).
WOPSHOT, (*First Warden*).
POSTMAN, (*with a Letter of Introduction*).
THE BEADLE, (*a Staff Officer*).
SCAVENGER, (*with his Dog and his Bell*).
THE DUSTMAN, (*a Character not easily sifted*).
Waits, Second Porters, Watchmen, Second Wardens, &c. &c.

The Stage represents a Chamber in the lane of the Inner Temple. MR. BRIEFLESS *discovered poring over a law book, while a small party of mice are keeping Christmas in one corner of the room over a pound of candles.*

Mr. Briefless (*suddenly disturbed by the sound of the mice*). What noise was that? (*Listens.*) 'Tis a ridiculous *mus*
Making a musty or a mouldy meal
Upon the moulds that form my candles' store.
Such sounds as those recall me to myself,
When rapt in PUFFENDORF's perplexing pages.
Ah! when shall BRIEFLESS wear an honour'd name?
When will the hour arrive for fame at last
To thunder at the portals of renown,
And on the tardy opening of the door
Present an order for admitting one—
That one, myself—my place the foremost row
In reputation's enviable stalls?
But BRIEFLESS yet shall burst upon the world:
The roof of Westminster's time-honour'd Hall
Shall echo yet with his hot eloquence,
And the reporters' pens, like angel's wings,
Shall bear his επεα πτεροεντα up
Into the glorious sunshine of renown. [*A single knock is heard.*
What's that?—a brief perchance—or p'rhaps a bill!
Away with doubt—I'll know the best or worst.
[MR. BRIEFLESS *goes to the door, and opens it upon* WOPSHOT.
Briefless. Whom do you want?
Wopshot. I take the liberty
Of calling on you for a Christmas Box.
Briefless. Who, and what art thou?
Wopshot. I'm First Warden, Sir.
Briefless. Where are thy duties?
Wopshot. At the outer gate!
Briefless. What hast thou done for me that I should give
A Christmas Box? Say! Hast thou blown a horn
To give me warning of a foe's approach?
Has thy shrill clarion from the postern, Sirrah,
Announced the advent of some creditor?
Wopshot. I do not understand your meaning, Sir.
The usual Christmas Box is half-a-crown.
[*The* POSTMAN *appears at the door.*
Postman (*to* BRIEFLESS). A letter, Sir—and this is Boxing Day.
Briefless. I understand the hint—but prythee, tell me,
Why should I give a Christmas Box to thee?
Postman. For bringing you your letters, Sir.
Briefless (*laughing hysterically*). Ha, ha!
Didst thou but know one half what they contain;
Could'st thou imagine how thy dreaded knock
Falls on the hollow chamber of my heart,
How the warm blood rushes to all its cells,
And soon turns cold within its icy vault;
Could'st thou imagine this, you would not dare
To come and ask me for a Christmas Box.
But there 's a shilling for you—go your way.
Postman. A shilling!—why, there 's four upon the beat.
Besides the country and the foreign post.
Briefless. I'll give no more. (*Seeing the staircase filling.*) But who are these, and these?
[DUSTMEN, PORTERS, NEWSBOYS, WATCHMEN, BEADLES, *&c. &c. appear at the door, and continue increasing in numbers.*
Dustman. The reg'lar Dustman takes the liberty
Of asking for a Christmas Box.
Briefless. For what?
I have no dust, except upon my shelves.
1st Porter. I'm the Day Porter, Sir.
Briefless. What 's that to me?
I need no porterage.
Watchman. The Watchman, Sir.
Briefless. I've nothing here to watch save the dull hours,
Days, weeks, and years, that take their circling course,
And leave me—only where I was before.
2nd Porter. I'm the Night Porter—if your honour pleases.
Briefless. Just as you please.
2nd Warden. And I'm the Second Warden.
Briefless. Hence, useless second to an idle first.
But who are these that throng around my door?
Beadle. The Beadle, Sir.
Briefless. A Christmas Box for thee!
I hate the very name of Beadledom—
What hast thou done for me?
Beadle. Sir, I'm the Beadle.
Old custom bids me ask a Christmas Box.
Briefless. That custom I will honour in the breach.
What is a Beadle but a thing of shams?
His gold-laced coat and soldierly cocked hat
Proclaim the phantasm captain, while his staff,
That speaks intimidation to the boys,
Marks the stump orator.—Away!—Away!
Beadle. I'm no stump orator, though for the stumpy
I've a decided liking. Please to stump up? [*All the applicants laugh.*
Briefless. Yes, laugh at my expense, I'll suffer that;
But I'll not to your Christmas mirth subscribe
In any other shape.
A confused murmur. Shabby! Oh, shabby!
[*A bell is heard on the stairs, and the* SCAVENGER *appears with it in his hand.*
Briefless. Silence that noisy bell! What knave art thou?
Scavenger. The constant Scavenger of fifteen years.
This is the bell, and here 's the reg'lar dog.
[*Pointing to a black-eyed Poodle, who barks.*
I left a paper, Sir, with a request,
You 'd give no Box to any Scavenger
But one—who brought the reg'lar bell and dog,
And shows a medal of the death of NELSON.
Briefless. You raise confusion in my heated brain.
What 's NELSON's death to do with scavenging?
The regular dog with NELSON? And the bell,
What 's that to do with either?—least of all,
Have I to do with thee? Am I going mad?
[*The tinkling of brass is heard on the staircase, and a Brass Band appears at the door.*
Briefless. Who are these varlets?
1st Musician. Sir, we are the Waits.
Briefless. Dead weights you are upon society:
Disturbers of the peace of families:
Midnight marauders, robbing us of sleep.
1st Musician. You'll give a trifle for a Christmas Box?
Briefless. Your impudence is brazen as your horns.
Go, draw them in; for I will ne'er pull out.
Dustman (*to the assembled applicants*). Well, friends, I think we are only wasting time.
If all the world come down with no more dust
Than this here gent, as true as I 'm a Dustman,
We should be useless, and our ash quite settled.
Briefless. I tell you all at once—I'll give you nothing. [*They all groan.*
Postman, to you—I'm deaf as any post.
You, Warden, must elsewhere seek your reward.
You, most irregular of regular Dustmen,
Have not to deal with common dust in me;
I follow not the ordinary rule.
And you, Sir Porter, 'tis your trade to bear—
And disappointment is your burden now.
You, Watchman, Beadle, Scavenger, and Waits,
Have watch'd, done beadle's work, scaveng'd, and play'd
In vain for me: no Christmas Box I'll give.
Such Boxes much require shutting up.
Another Christmas you will knock in vain,
Even at my portal; for I 'll ne'er again
Open my door to such a gross abuse.
[*There is a general groan.* MR. BRIEFLESS *shuts his door; and the countenances of the applicants and the curtain fall together.*

Another Miracle.

A SACRED Picture in the Church of St. Saturnin, in the department of the Vaucluse, has for some time past dropped blood. This has been added to the authenticated miracles! The *Courier de Lyons* adds, "The blood has been analysed by two medical men, who have declared that its chemical composition exactly corresponds with that of human blood." Who could doubt it? When the juggler thought it necessary that the picture should bleed at all, he would have been a dull dog indeed if he had not provided the true thing.

WALTER SCOTT'S KENILWORTH. (ASTLEY'S EDITION).

BYRON'S *Mazeppa* has already acquired a fresh lease of popularity from the edition issued by MR. BATTY, who does not confine his attention to our poets alone, but has taken in hand one of the finest works of one of our principal prose writers. *Kenilworth*, with splendid illustrations—not in calf extra, but strong additional horse—has just been issued from the Astleian establishment, and promises an impression quite as large as any work that has preceded it. We never saw anything better done, "in boards," on any stage, and it repays one for the hot-pressing process that must be gone through by the crowds now flocking to witness it.

We went ourselves, "stitched in a neat and appropriate wrapper," a few evenings ago, and arrived just as *Amy Robsart* was desiring *Anthony Foster* to "touch not her garment lest it should go hard with his head"—a hint to that gentleman, that, to avoid one for his nob, he may as well take to his heels; which he does accordingly. *Amy* is thus left alone, when she hears a whistle, which seemed to us to come from the gallery; but we were assured, from *Amy's* own lips, that the whistle was *Leicester's* signal; and that the tremendously shrill C Sharp of an unmistakeable cat-call was "a note of his lordly music." When, however, the affectionate *Amy* rushes to meet, as she supposes, her lover, she comes suddenly upon *Varney*, whom she makes pay pretty dearly for his borrowed whistle, by the contempt she showers down upon him. *Varney* proposes that *Amy* shall pass as his wife, in the presence of the *Queen*, and, on the arrangement being scorned, he observes, that, if she "obstanately refuses, means that may be readaly conceived" must be resorted to.

The interview being brought to an unsatisfactory close, there is another whistle—a fresh note of "*Leicester's* lordly music," from the scene-shifters; and we are presented with *Amy's* boudoir, furnished with a sort of raised luncheon-tray, or low sideboard, by way of ottoman. Here *Amy* is seeking consolation from her attendant, *Janet Foster*, when *Anthony* enters with a huge golden goblet, containing "something to drink" for the unhappy *Miss Robsart*. That young lady does not seem altogether disinclined to the beverage, until *Janet*, suspecting something wrong, or perhaps relying on its being all right, insists on taking the first "pull" at the liquor. *Anthony* immediately snatches the cup from his daughter's hands, and empties about three pints of water on to the stage, declaring it to be "poison," which is carefully "mopped up" when the scene changes. The young ladies are horrified, and *Anthony* further deluges the apartment with about a gill of the tears of penitence.

Amy makes her escape; and we are introduced, in a subsequent scene, to MR. HICKS, who is riding about as *Leicester*, over difficult platforms, and canvas battlements. He is reviewing his retainers, mounted on six variegated steeds, ready for the reception of *Elizabeth*, who is served up to the public on a charger, who ought to keep steadily under a gorgeous canopy, but shows every disposition to back out of it. *Elizabeth* receives a proposal from MR. HICKS, who aspires to a share of the crown; but her Majesty declares she will have "no husband but her country, no children but her people." She then desires to be left quite alone; but as her train is made of satin, worth at least 5*s.* 6*d.* a yard, she is not permitted to enjoy solitude, involving the spoiling of her robe, which is accordingly held up by two pages, who are not only drawbacks on herself, wherever she moves, but drawbacks on her wishes for perfect privacy.

It so happens that *Amy* has found her way to the gardens of Kenilworth, and meets the *Queen*, who, being told that *Leicester* is her lover, roars out, "Who waits?" and there being plenty of eaves-droppers within ear-shot, the stage is soon filled, and poor MR. HICKS is taxed with his duplicity. Having admitted one unhappy attachment, he becomes the victim of another, for *Elizabeth*, turning to MR. R. SMITH, the riding-master of the establishment, "of whom cards of terms may be obtained," exclaims authoritatively, "My lord of Shrewsbury, attach him (meaning MR. HICKS) for high treason." Upon this MR. R. SMITH looks at MR. HICKS, and MR. HICKS, hanging down his head, looks at MR. R. SMITH, when the ceremony of attaching *Leicester* for high treason is supposed to be complete; but *Sussex*, having said a few words, which we did not quite catch, the *Queen* takes her attachment off *Leicester*, and having mounted her horse, remains most condescendingly to be lighted up with some blue fire, which is subsequently changed for a small shovelfull of red, which makes everything *couleur de rose* for the going down of the curtain.

The second act is confined to the machinations of *Varney* against poor *Amy*, in which he seeks the aid of the machinations of the stage machinist. He consults with *Foster* as to the nature of certain "masheenery" connected with the hall-staircase; and finding an arrangement similar to that of a drop for the execution of criminals, he resolves on plunging the unhappy *Robsart* into the "yawning abbess." MR. HICKS, however, having been attached and unattached for high treason by MR. R. SMITH, three or four times in the course of the evening, arrives happily in time to see *Varney* smashed by the "perilou-smasheenery" already described; and as MR. BATTY never

allows anything but virtue to triumph at Astley's, the original story is so far departed from, as to save *Amy*, who comes down a back staircase into MR. HICKS's arms; while *Queen Elizabeth* prancing on horseback into the hall—fortunately there is no umbrella-stand—the "pyrotechnic department under the management of MR. B. FENWICK" lends its aid in the form of that blue and red fire, which seem to be essential to the consummation of Amphi-theatrical happiness.

We have only to say, in conclusion, that the Astley's edition, with its good bold characters, its gorgeous illustrations, and incidental cuts—in an introduced combat—is to be ranked among the most successful of the numerous issues and re-issues of Kenilworth.

THE MYSTERY OF "CLO'."

IT seems a wonder how the cry of "Ou' clo'!" can pay—if all the "clo'" purchased are really "ou'." No great surprise would be excited by the discovery that very much of the "clo'" is, in fact, "sto'," to use an abbreviation which will be speedily explained. A not very marvellous solution of the commercial mystery of "clo'" was afforded by a police-case, which occurred at Guildhall last week, and was reported in the *Times*.

A lad of 16, named JAMES THOMAS NEWLAND, charged with robbing his employer, a warehouseman, was brought before MR. ALDERMAN FINNIS on New Year's Day—many happier and more creditable returns of the day to him! He was accompanied by MR. HENRY HART, an old clothes-man, and another person, "both," says the report, "members of the Jewish fraternity"—though it is to be hoped that the Synagogue does not fraternise with all the HART tribe. They were accused of being the receivers of stolen property—consisting of a quantity of linen and woollen goods,—in other words, of "clo.'"

The boy NEWLAND had expressed contrition for his thefts, into the commission of which he declared that he had been trepanned by Jews. This criminal HUGH OF LINCOLN, wishing to make a clean breast of the whole affair, was now placed in the witness-box, wherein he detailed the process of his undoing. He first related how, having an old jacket for sale, he saw HART in Gutter-lane one morning, and sold him the garment; how HART asked him where he worked, and he told him; what his master dealt in, and he told him ladies' collars, gentlemen's shirts and fronts, ladies' habits, and children's made-up dresses; if he ever had any soiled collars that he could sell him? and he said he had not; and how the tempter then said, "Perhaps you can get some other things, if you can't get collars;" how he at first resisted the temptation; how this was repeated day after day, till at last he yielded; and continued from time to time purloining his master's goods, and ultimately receiving the reward of his iniquity, in the truly mosaic coin, a sweated sovereign and three bad shillings. A few specimens of MR. HART'S way of doing business, as described by the witness, are richly worth extracting. The unlucky lad had at last been prevailed upon to steal some "clo'" in the shape of children's dresses;—"I took them," he said, "to a beer shop, and

"HART followed me in. He said, 'What have you got there?' I told him they were children's dresses. He said, 'What's the use of these; why don't you bring more?'"

In spite, however, of thus depreciating the articles, it seems that MR. HART could suggest some "use" for them. He would not buy them, and become—needlessly—a receiver of stolen goods. No: but when the victim, finding this, expressed the intention to "take them back, and put them into stock again,"—

"He then said, 'You must pawn them, and give me half the money, or I'll send you across the water.'"

And again:—

"He said, 'I have got two of them with me, which you must pawn.' I told him I would not do it. He said, 'There is only one step between you and a prison.'"

What follows may be anticipated:—

"I pawned them for 5s., and gave the ticket and half the money to HART. I met him again a few nights afterwards. I pawned the rest of the dresses, HART waiting outside, as before. I pledged them for 12s., and gave HART the ticket and half the money."

On another occasion, MR. HART has an article of "clo'" to pawn on his own account, and finds it convenient to make witness his agent in the transaction. Deponent demurring,

"HART then said, 'If you don't like to do it, I'll expose you, for you are nicely in my hands!'"

"Upon this," proceeded the dupe,—

"I agreed to pawn it, and he told me it was a cloak and hood, and that I was to get 10s. on it. I said, 'I don't like to pawn this,' and HART said, 'You had better do it'; it comes from JAMES WELCH AND SONS; and there is a young man there, who is a porter, and he sells me a great many things, and you might do the same.' He then said, 'I often have a few things from NEVILLE'S.'"

By this time, perhaps, it will appear not improbable that "clo'"—as to the profitable portion of the merchandise—consists largely of such commodities as "a few things from NEVILLE'S."

Well; but is this recital of disgusting villany to lead up to nothing lively? Nay—but to an excellent joke: the joke not of *Punch* but of HENRY WEBB, detective policeman, none the worse or less racy for being dry, like old port. Police Constable WEBB—whose joke was joked on oath—was on the look-out for our clo'-merchant. An individual was pointed out to him as the person he was in search of. Let the Detective proceed:—

"It was the prisoner HART. I went up to him, and spoke to him; and HART directly stopped me, and asked me in a confidential tone, if I had any 'old clo'' to sell. I told him I had not. He then asked me if I had got anything, as he was not particular what it was. I told him I had. He asked me what it was, and I told him it was an order to arrest him."

Waggish WEBB! Never was gentleman more neatly taken up than MR. HART.

ANOTHER BLOW AND GREAT DISCOURAGEMENT FOR THE HAT.

"FRIEND PUNCH,

"I am one of the sect known to thee and others by the appellation of Quakers. Thou knowest the tenacious reluctance we have to lift from our heads our hats—be it to the highest or to the lowest—to King, or Queen, or Lord Mayor. I can tell thee, friend *Punch*, that often and often has my poor head suffered from our headstrong adherence to this principle. The headaches I have endured I cannot tell thee. There is a red rim round my forehead to this present day, which no soap, or emollient, or pommade, be it ever so divine, will remove. And it is all owing—I feel it, aye, like unto an iron band round my head—to the unshapely weight of the hats we wear. Thou canst not tell the crushing load of that unseemly appendage to thy crown unless thou hast worn one, as I have done, for ten consecutive hours, at a public meeting. Therefore, Friend *Punch*, thou may'st rely on the co-operation of every true Quaker in the coming crusade thou hast suggested against the present kind of hat; which, to my fancy, partaketh far too abundantly of the appearance—yea, and the heaviness too—of the common chimney-pot. I am a candidate for a light, flexible, comfortable material, which, withal, shall not be too manifestly ugly. I implore thee to guide me, *Punch*, in this dubious matter, and to counsel me whether it would be unseemly, or exciting the little boys to too much merriment, so that they might indulge in public observations, if a Quaker were, in the full breadth of the light of day, to walk down Regent Street, in the kind of hat which thou callest a Wide-Awake. Could I venture in such a covering without subjecting myself to outward marks of indignity, or of chastisement, such as might inflict on one the necessity of purchasing a new suit of clothes? Thy advice is needed for the especial comfort and guidance, *Punch*, of

"Thy Old Friend,

"OBADIAH BROADBRIM."

THE MAN WHO NEVER LOSES.

CERTAINLY, MR. HUDSON is a wonderful man, for, according to the papers, he has won another sum in the railways of £150,000. Speculation with MR. HUDSON seems to be a winning game. Every card he plays turns up trumps. It would be curious to calculate the entire amount of his winnings this year. It would be something under a million, if not beyond, for his gains are always of a most colossal size. He is never content with anything less than £100,000, which seems to be as little to him as if you were to give a Spanish Bond, by way of Christmas Box, to ROTHSCHILD. He will be at a loss to know what to do with his money. We shall see him, one of these unhappy days when everything is below par, buying up half-a-dozen bankrupt railways, and being chairman, directors, shareholders, and everything himself, which will certainly be the best way of "making things pleasant," as he will have no one else's accounts, or goose, to "cook," but his own.

But all business, without some kind of amusement, grows very oppressive. We recommend MR. HUDSON, therefore, as soon as he has won a few more hundred-thousands, to try his hand at a little harmless fun. Why should he not, "just for the lark of the thing," carry out the testimonial that was never presented to him? He would only have to pay up the subscriptions. Suppose they cost him £90,000, or even a million, what is that to a man of his enormous wealth? He would then only have to purchase some costly work of art, to give a grand party, and to present in a glowing speech the HUDSON Testimonial to himself after dinner. Depend upon it, the joke would be tremendous, besides being a glorious satire upon the humbug of testimonials in general.

THE LOBSTERS. A FABLE.

As a young Lobster roamed about,
Itself and mother both being out,
Their eyes at the same moment fell
On a boiled Lobster's scarlet shell.
"Look," said the youngster; "is it true
That we might wear so bright a hue?

No coral, if I trust mine eye,
Can with its startling brilliance vie;
While you and I must be content
A dingy aspect to present."
"Proud heedless fool," the parent cried;
"Know'st thou the penalty of pride?

The tawdry finery you wish
Has ruined that unhappy fish.
The hue so much by you desired
By his destruction was acquired.
So be contented with your lot,
Nor seek to change by going to pot."

POLITICAL BIAS.

NOW and then we hear of the "political bias" of certain men, and certain parties. We suppose it refers to the large sums of money that are spent at elections in the purchase of votes. The "political bias" of a member so elected means, then, that he has the wealth to buy any quantity of votes at the rate of £40 (which, we are told, was the latest quotation in the bribery market at St. Albans), or whatever sum may be demanded, per vote. Constituencies so purchased, however, are as frequently sold as bought. The phrase, therefore, should be enlarged, to combine both those facts. Independent electors, when talking of their member, should not be content with dwelling upon the sterling virtues of his "political bias," but should go further, and make handsome allusion to his other accomplishment, and speak of him as "a man of a sure political bias—and sell-us."

REWARD OF THE PEN!

THE sale of *Paradise Lost* for £10—the sale of *Rasselas* to pay the funeral expenses of JOHNSON'S mother—the sacrifice of the *Vicar of Wakefield* to the pecuniary impatience of a prosaic landlady,—these stories, and a hundred others, illustrative of the small rewards and besetting poverty of the pen, are old—old as rags convertible into paper. Therefore, especially delightful is it to the impartial mind to light upon a fact of triumphant proof that, when something very handsome is not realised by a pen, it must be the constitutional fault of the penman himself; and not the unavoidable accident of the instrument he works with. Read the subjoined beautiful truth:—

"The splendid Rotton Park estate, near Birmingham, for a long period the property of the NOELS, of Worcestershire, has just been purchased by MR. GILLOTT, the steel-pen maker, for £95,000."

Let us have no more vain, offensive whimpering about the ill-rewarded office of the pen, when here it is, plain as Rotton Park oaks and acres, that pens may purchase an estate worth £95,000. Let us have no more maudlin about MILTON, GOLDSMITH, or BURNS; for is not their passing penury more than recompensed to a complaining world, by the glorification of a GILLOTT?

WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST.

BELGRAVIA has not hitherto been known as a sporting district, but the following advertisement, from a recent copy of the *Times*, would seem to show that man, in that fashionable locality, is open to the temptations of savage life, and that the Wild Sports of the West End are likely to take a prominent place in the annals of ferocity:—

RECENTLY SHOT, a Fine Fat BEAR, the GREASE of which is now SELLING at Dépôt, Terrace, Belgrave Square, in pots and bottles, from 1*s.* 6*d.* to £1 1*s.* N.B.—Another fine Bear to be shot on Monday morning, December 30, at 10 o'clock, on the premises, where the Fat may be cut off at 12*s.* per lb.; the head and skin for sale. Any gentleman desirous of shooting the Bear on the 30th instant, may, by application at the Dépôt, be supplied with further particulars.

It is really very hard upon the poor bears imported into this country, that not only their fat, but their fate should be made a source of profit; and that they should become the mark of such sportsmen as love sport for the luxury of killing in cool blood, without the excitement of the chase, its dangers and contingencies. We presume there must be candidates for the privilege of doing the butcher's work upon the poor bear, who is brought from his home at the Pole to bestow his fat on the polls of those who take it into their heads that it may offer a sort of hair-breadth escape from baldness.

The "head and skin" are also for sale; and considering how many bears we meet with in the world who seem to have no head at all, we think the offer likely to suit a great many. As to the skin, it might serve as a real bear-skin coat, but a lion's skin would be more in demand by the class of animals to whom the advertisement seems to address itself.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 11th, 1851.

TOO MANY COOKS!

HAVE read with alarm, Sir, not unmingled with astonishment, in a recent number of the *Times*, the proposal of 'A Clergyman's Wife,' that, as there is a difficulty in finding cooks at small wages, the opportunity of the Exposition should be seized hold of, for opening normal schools for cooks, under the superintendence of the *chefs* of the different restaurants, cafés, chop-houses, dining and refreshment rooms, slap-bangs, eating-houses, ordinaries, table-d'hôtes, &c. &c. &c. &c., whose *casseroles*, *marmites*, pots, pans, jacks, spits, stoves, ovens, and kettles, we may expect the Great Industrial Gathering of 1851 will set stewing, simmering, boiling, frizzling, turning, blazing, baking, and bubbling respectively.

"Sir, as a man blessed with a discriminating taste, and a respect for the great mysteries of the kitchen, I put in a solemn protest against any such most dangerous and revolutionary proceeding.

"I fear this 'Clergyman's Wife' writes under a very imperfect sense of responsibility. Does she know what she, in her kindly-meant, perhaps, but most short-sighted benevolence, may be bringing upon the country—that is, upon that portion of it which can afford to get a good dinner every day, and I do not take any other class into account?

"'We have too few cooks,' she says. Granted, at once. Out of ten houses where I dine, nine proclaim the fact, trumpet-tongued, in that unvarying saddle of mutton, faced by that immutable pair of boiled fowls, or, at this season, equally monotonous turkey. The same melancholy truth is apparent in the degraded complacency with which the men and women of our day put up with the dreary uniformity under which the British table languishes. You see the things I have described eaten day after day, week after week, year after year, with all the appearance of appetite. No one seems to imagine what a world of scientific invention of varied significance, of high dietetic art, of refined æsthetic enjoyment, lies latent in the thing 'dinner.' We are little better than culinary Red Indians; and what PENN has gone forth (save this ineffectual quill of mine) to preach to the savages the great lesson of 'what to eat, drink, and avoid?'

"We have too few cooks, then. I grant this much to the 'Clergyman's Wife.' But we *may* have too many; and we all know what *too many cooks* do.

"Bless me, Sir!—excuse this warmth; but I cannot write with patience—does the woman know what a good dinner is? Is her husband a bishop, or a dean, or a golden prebend, or a rector? No such thing, I'll be bound; but some poor, half-fed, rusty-coated curate, with six children, and the wife in question, habitually employed in making legs of mutton go impossible lengths. Some such poor, scheming, scraping, saving sort of a woman this 'Clergyman's Wife' must be—one of those benighted beings who hold that the first function of food is to satisfy hunger, and that an appetite is as necessary at table as a knife and fork.

"I say, has she any conception of Cookery *as an Art*—as *the* art of modern times? Painting is effete; Sculpture is dead; Architecture is looking for new life out of iron and glass. But COOKERY is the growth of the last century, and is still vital, every day glorifying the table with new creations. UDE is not her MICHAEL ANGELO; nor CARÊME her RAPHAEL; nor SOYER her CARACCI. These are all her '*quattrocentisti*,' her Pre-Raphaelites, mere precursors of the great lights yet to arise on the culinary world. But Cookery, as an art, is essentially self-originating and homogeneous. As there is one school of Painting for Italy, and another for Germany, and another for Spain, so with the respective schools of Cookery of the civilised countries of Europe.

Eclecticism will be as fatal to the art of the kitchen, as it has already proved to that of the painting-room. The Great Exposition will let loose upon us the manners and cookeries of many men. Each style will run the risk of contamination from those around it. The profound combination and subtly mingled succulence of the French *cuisine* will be apt to catch heaviness and over-marked tone from the stronger flavour and richer handling of the German *küchen;* while both may concur to rob the piquant and *picaresque* Spanish *cuçina* of those racy and dashing qualities which make the veritable Spanish *cordon bleu* the SALVATOR of the kitchen.

"But, if these various schools of culinary art are likely to run into each other, mischievously, even in the hands of conscientious and accomplished masters; what a chaos of consequences will result, if we turn loose a set of raw, presuming, and undisciplined British plain cooks, rudderless, into this sea of crossing currents, to find their way to some port of their own choice, by a track of their own discovering!

"I shudder to think of the possible results. Fancy the bacon and *chorizos*, of the Spanish *Olla*, finding their way into the blandness of a North German *himbeeren-suppe*, or think of detecting the *truffe de Périgord* in the unctuous recesses of a Turkish *pilaff!*

"Of such a hideous confusion of principles, such a meaningless syncreticism of opposite doctrines, and incompatible aims, the only result would be an incongruity infinitely worse than the present nullity of the British kitchen. That kitchen, if totally devoid of character, is, at least, free from pretension. But a half-taught British plain cook, with a smattering of the culinary mysteries of all nations, may be expected to be as arrogant as her productions are certain to be intolerable.

"And this will certainly be the result if the Normal Schools of Cookery—so mistakenly, though I am willing to think well-meaningly suggested by the 'Clergyman's Wife'—are brought into operation, under the demand for unskilled labour which the influx of hungry visitors is likely to create in metropolitan kitchens during the Exposition.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"ONE WHO KNOWS (AND LIKES TO KNOW)
"WHAT HE IS EATING."

CONTRACT FOR MUFFINS.

CHRISTIAN persons who are desirous of furnishing the Cardinalitial Soirées, gratis, with this truly popular article of consumption, are requested to send sealed tenders to the Secretary of the Area, the Reverend the Sotto-Cameriere, at the Palace, Golden Square.

Cakes and crumpets are required, and milk and cream will be received by the same officer at the same gate.

Milk-men (whose lives and milk-walks keep them in a Protestant town, where all sorts of abominations and adulterations are practised,) are cautioned respecting the article which they shall offer for His Eminence's table. Calves' brains are not admissible on fast-days; and water and chalk are alike to be detected by the Prince of an Infallible Church.

Let the milk beware, then, of the thunders of the Vatican.

The Premier's Fiscal Guide.

THE Window-Tax, the Paper-Tax, and the Malt-Tax are the three Candidates for Repeal; calling on LORD JOHN to pronounce a reverted judgment of PARIS, by deciding which is the most unfair. Towards the determination of this point, we submit the important consideration, that, whilst the Paper-Tax and Window-Tax—the one physically, the other morally—are taxes on LIGHT, the Malt-Tax is a tax on HEAVY.

THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

MONS. SOYER, we are informed by the papers, who most industriously record all the little doings of the ex-Chef of the Reform Club, has taken Gore House, with a view of turning it into a Restaurateur's during the forthcoming Exhibition. We would suggest, in order to obliterate all past recollections, that the name be altered from Gore, into "THE GORGING HOUSE OF ALL NATIONS."

Throwing his Advice in the Streets.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER has issued to the inhabitants of Paris some "Instructions in Fighting." We think these instructions rather superfluous, as the Parisians know, unfortunately, only too well how to fight in the streets. If the General had given them a few "Instructions how to keep the peace," he would have done them a much greater service, and he would not have thrown his advice so completely in the streets.

"HIS EMINENCE" FIGHTING WITH PUNCH.

PUNCH has often had occasion to complain—though a proper pride has always prevented him from complaining—of the want of attention which he has experienced from public personages. LORD JOHN RUSSELL has never had the politeness to acknowledge his obligations for renown and celebrity to *Mr. Punch*. LORD STANLEY, and the DUKE OF RICHMOND, and MR. DISRAELI have behaved equally ill. Even LORD BROUGHAM has, with the grossest discourtesy, hitherto neglected to take any notice whatever of the frequency with which his name has been mentioned, and the handsome manner in which his portrait has so often been drawn, by *Mr. Punch*. One distinguished individual has, however, at last shown his sense of what is due to a gentleman of *Mr. Punch's* consequence. *Mr. Punch* has been honoured with the animadversions of a person no less eminent than his EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN—so, at least, it is understood—in the *Dublin Review*. It is true that the Cardinal calls *Punch* "old and drivelling." But then he says that "*Punch* was once the playful companion of everybody's railway journey." Well, well! *Punch* is used to be thus vilified. "That once facetious, but now malignant, periodical" was—long before CARDINAL WISEMAN was ever thought of by *Mr. Punch*—an established formula for traducing this paper. Those whose corns *Mr. Punch* has trodden upon have always said that; but the proprietors of the corns were "humble, very humble," like URIAH HEEP, and did not wear red stockings. But our Cardinal is also humble, to condescend to a bout with *Punch;* crosier against cudgel. And "Mother"—Mother Church—"she's humble too," to have reared so exalted a son in so much humility. To think of his Eminence volunteering to be a combatant on *Punch's* stage; taking off his *pallium* and setting to work to give us a drubbing! And here are a few of the knocks with which we have been honoured by the Cardinal. *Punch*, he says, besides having "become old and drivelling,"

"Had taken to preach and be a saint, had lost all his good-humour, had turned sulky, and then pugnacious and ill-tempered; and, not content with this, had come down to his old street-occupation of playing the hangman. *Punch* was before MCNEILE in wishing Catholic Bishops to be sentenced to death, and then mercifully transported as felons."

Nay, but this is rather too condescending, good Cardinal; it is stooping so low as to the assertion of that which is inexact. MCNEILE has already pointed out your mistake in his behalf. As to *Mr. Punch*, you are equally mistaken in representing him as usurping the functions of MR. CALCRAFT. Nor would he, as you imaginatively insinuate, have Catholic bishops transported—any more than other people—except for stealing. With respect to your territorial titles, my Prince of the Church, the cry of *Mr. Punch* is not so much "No Popery!" as "No Robbery!"

As to his good-humour, *Punch* flatters himself that he had preserved that hitherto. But he really fears that he is a little nettled by one thing CARDINAL WISEMAN has said about him. *Mr. Punch* is not aware that he "had taken to preach and be a saint." But suppose he had. Surely the cap of *Mr. Punch* denotes his right to preach equally with the Cardinal's Hat, nay, with the Tiara itself,—having, equally with them, been derived from the primitive ages. And as certainly *Mr. Punch* has a right to be a saint if he pleases. Is he not the very image of one, and as worshipful an image as any that ever winked? Look at the stained mediæval windows, and observe the attitudes of the saints therein depicted. See how their heads are set on their necks, and mark the manner in which they hold their crooks; and then look at *Punch*, and say whether he is not a saint of the original pattern all over.

But, come; *Mr. Punch* must not wax too warm, even in defence of his sanctity. *He* is not seeking to impose upon Englishmen the spiritual domination of a priesthood, by a pretence to absolute holiness; the refutation of which pretence—as by proved complicity in false miracles and cruel persecution—would be fatal to his scheme.

The Henpecked Husband's Best Friend.

THE other evening, after MONS. ROBIN had completed his extraordinary trick of making MADAME ROBIN disappear, by putting an extinguisher over her, he was waited upon by a country gentleman, who, after expressing his wonder at the very surprising manner in which the lady had gone no one could tell where, said, "he should certainly bring his own wife to-morrow, and would like to know what MONS. ROBIN would charge for getting rid of her in the same manner."

THE PAPAL SEAT AT ROME.—On the top of French Bayonets.

FALLACIES OF THE MALE FACULTY.

THE inquiring reader will find in *Punch's Almanack* (which, by the bye, is acknowledged to be, not simply by ourselves, but, by every one else, the greatest wonder of the world—and still may be had at the *Punch* Office—price 3*d.*) certain "Fallacies of the Female Faculty." A lady has written accusing us of great meanness in not having given, also, the Fallacies which exist upon the other side; "for she is quite sure," she says, "that the Gentlemen, indeed, have just as many Fallacies, if not more, than the Ladies." She calls upon us, in language too emphatic to repeat, instantly to remedy the deficiency—and if we don't, that she'll be reluctantly compelled to say, "that *Mr. Punch* is a brute." To avert such a dreadful catastrophe, she has kindly forwarded us the accompanying list, which we are too happy to have it in our power to print—for we do not think we could live another minute, if any lady were to call us "a brute!" Besides we never imagined that there were, or could be in existence, half so many.

FALLACIES OF THE GENTLEMEN.

By a Lady who unfortunately knows them only too well.

That women are only born to be their slaves.

That dinner is to be ready for them the very minute they come into the house.

That a lady's bonnet can be put on as quickly as a gentleman's hat.

That we can dress in a minute; and that ringing the bell violently, has the effect of making us dress one bit the quicker.

That they can do everything so much better than we can—from nursing the baby down to poking the fire.

That they are "the Lords of the Creation"—(*pretty Lords, indeed!*)

That nothing can be too good for them; for I am sure if you were to put a hot joint before them every day, that still they would be dissatisfied, and would be grumbling that you never gave them cold meat.

That they know our age so much better than we do ourselves. (*It's so very likely!*)

That they may invite whom, and as many, as they please; but if we only invite our mamma to come and stop with us, or just ask a dear unmarried sister or two to stop with us for a month, that there's to be no peace for us so long as they remain in the house.

That music can be learnt without practising, and that it is necessary for them to rush out, and to slam the door violently, the very moment we begin to open our voices, or to run over the last new Polka.

That sleeping after dinner promotes conversation.

That they know what dress and bonnet becomes us so much better than we do.

That it is necessary to make a poor woman cry, because a stupid shirt-button happens to be off. I declare some men must believe that their wives cut off their shirt-buttons purposely, from the savage pleasure they take in abusing them for it.

That we are not allowed to faint, or to have the smallest fit of hysterics, without being told "not to make a fool of ourselves."

That housekeeping does not require any money, and if we venture to ask for any, that it is pleasant to be met with all sorts of black looks and insinuations as to "what we can do with it all;" or very agreeable to be told that we will be "the ruin of him some day"—(*I should like to see the day!*)

That the house never requires cleaning, or the tables rubbing, or the carpets beating, or the furniture renewing, or the sofas fresh covers, or, in fact, that any thing has a right

to wear out, or to be spoilt, or broken; and, in short, that everything ought to last for ever!

That a poor lone woman is never to have any pleasure, but always, always, to stop at home, and "mind her children"—(*I'm tired of such nonsense*).

That the wish to go to the Opera is to be the sure prelude to a quarrel.

That their daughters can learn music, painting, playing, dancing, and all the accomplishments, without the aid of a single master.

That the expenses of one's household do not increase with one's family, but, rather, that ten children can be supported for the same cost as one.

That no husband is perfect, like HERCULES, without his club, and that the less a wife sees of her husband, the fonder she actually grows of him.

That it is a pleasure for us to sit up for them.

Our fair correspondent says, she thinks the above Fallacies are enough for the present, and we certainly agree with her; but if the gentlemen show any more of their airs, she declares that she will give them a lot more.

Fashionable Intelligence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

AMONG the equipages in the Park last Sunday, it was rumoured that MR. DUNUP was observed in a Clarence and pair; but, on inquiry, the rumour proved only partially correct, for MR. DUNUP, instead of having turned out a Clarence and pair, had turned out himself in a new pair of Clarences.

PLAYING AT CHANCERY.

THE subjoined extract from an arrangement for "Law Sittings," announced the other day in the *Morning Post*, might suggest a pleasing picture:—

"Before MASTER HORNE.—Orphan Asylum *v.* STOKOE.

"Before MASTER BROUGHAM.—BARBER *v.* MOULSEY; MOULSEY *v.* BARBER.

"Before MASTER RICHARDS.—BARKER *v.* GREENWOOD; SPEYER *v.* THOMSON, &c.

"Before MASTER HUMPHREY.—WILLIAMS *v.* MILLER," &c., &c., &c.

Were not the reader aware that Chancery is no child's play, he might imagine that MASTER HORNE, MASTER BROUGHAM, MASTER RICHARDS, and MASTER HUMPHREY, were young gentlemen home for the holidays, who had got up some mimic equity suits, for the purpose of amusing themselves and a "distinguished circle." Imagination naturally views them with chubby cheeks and little fat limbs, and curly locks peeping out under their wigs and claps wings to their backs, turning MASTER BROUGHAM (confounded with his more famous relative) into a Cupid, and MASTERS RICHARDS, HUMPHREY, and HORNE into tombstone cherubs. And really, though these sittings are not held in the Vacation for the diversion of innocents, perhaps there is about as much business done at them as if they were.

WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE US ALONE IN THE HOLYDAYS?

"*From Home, as yet.* 10*th January.*

RESPECTED MR. PUNCH,—I AM a young gentleman of good family, and exceedingly gentle disposition, and at present at home for the Christmas holydays with my dear Papa and Mamma. I believe I am not considered clever at school, being always last in my class: and the Doctor, the Usher, the French Master, and all the boys, except TIBBS MINIMUS (who is only six, and in the last form with me) beat me and ill use me a great deal. And it's a great shame that I for my part am not allowed to whop TIBBS MINIMUS, which I could, being 14 myself last birthday; but that *nasty brute* TIBBS MINOR says he'll *thrash me* if I do—and it's very *unkind of him*; for, when he was a child in petticoats, and I was ten, and he was in the last class with me, I never beat him, as I easily could have done, and now the *unkind boy* is always attacking and wooning me.

"I cannot do *lessons and that, Mr. Punch*: for when the Dr. calls me up my tongue cleaves to the roof of *my mouf*, I'm so fritned: and same way *in French*, and same in Arythmetic; and I can't fight like some boys, because I'm a nervous boy: but the big boys keep me awake telling stories to 'em *all night*; and I know *ever so many*, and am always making *stories in my head*; and somehow I feel that I'm better than *many of the chaps*—only *I can't do anything*. And they chaff me and laugh at me because I'm afraid *of being in the dark and seeing ghosts, and that, which I can't help it*. My mamma had a fright *before I was* born, and *that's what it is*, I suppose.

"Sir, I am very miserable at school with everybody licking me; *and hate the place*: and the going back to it—and *the idear* of it altogether. Why was schools ever invented? When I'm at my dear home, with dear Ma and sisters, and in bed as *long* as I choose, and wish twice to meat, or three times, if I like; and I walk in the Park, and go to see *a lovely Pantamime*; and so I lose the horrid thought of school; and it's only in my dreams, sometimes, I see that *abommanable* old Doctor.

"What I want you to do in the interest of all School Boys, is to stop the *Times* in holy time from publishing those *advertisements about schools*. On this day, Wednesday, jest against the leading article, there's no less than 2 columns of schools; and Papa, who's always jokin' and chaffin' me, reads 'em out, and says, 'TOM, how'd you like this?—Education of a superior kind, Birchwood Briars. No extras, no holydays.' Or, 'TOM, here's a chance for you—TO LAUNDRESSES. A schoolmaster wishes to receive into his establishment the SON of a respectable LAUNDRESS, on reciprocal terms. Address,' &c, 'My dear,' Pa says to dear Ma, 'what a pity you wasn't a washerwoman, and we could get this stupid boy educated for nothing.' I'm sure I've been *mangled* enough by that bully, BOB CUFF, if I hav'n't been ironed and hung up to dry! Or, 'To Booksellers, Grocers, Butchers, and Bakers.—In a well-appreciated seminary, within five miles of London, the children of the above tradesmen will be received. The whole of the school account will be taken in goods.' And Pa wonders if he were to send back our calf with me in our cart, and one of our sheep, whether the Doctor would take them in payment of the quarter's account? And then he says that one calf ought to pay for another, and laughs and makes me miserable for the whole day.

"And next week my pleasures, I know, will be dampt by reading the Christmas Vacation of the Chipping-Rodbury Grammar School will conclude on the 24th inst., when the boys are expected to reassemble; the young gentlemen of DR. BLOXAM'S Academy will meet on the 25th; or MR. BROOMBACK'S young friends will reassemble after the Christmas recess; or so and so. Why are these horrid thoughts always to be brought before us? I'm sure, at Christmas time, managers of newspapers might *be kind* and keep these horrid advertisements out of sight. And if our uncles, and people who come to our house, when we're at home for the holydays, would but be *so obliging* as never to mention school, or make jokes about flogging, or going back, or what we have *for dinner*, or *that*, I'm sure we should be very much the happier, and you won't have heard in vain from your wretched reader,

"UNDER PETTY."

A BATCH OF PROOFS.

THE proof of a pudding is in the eating:
The proof of a woman is in making a pudding:
And the proof of a man is in being able to dine without one.

First Amiable Lady (*very loud*). "WHAT A REMARKABLY ODD SET OF PEOPLE ONE MEETS AT A PUBLIC BALL!"
Second Do. "OH, VERY DROLL!"
Poor Little Swell. "YETH; AND THO THTWANGELY DRETHED!"

BUTTERMILK FROM LIMERICK.

(*For* CARDINAL WISEMAN.)

IT is highly important to CARDINAL WISEMAN, just now, that his supporters should distinguish themselves by their charity, humility, moderation, and good sense. How very much obliged, then, he must be to "The Congregated Trades of Limerick" for having voted him an Address of sympathy so replete with those Christian graces, that *Mr. Punch* is called upon to notice it. The document opens with the following exemplification of

HUMILITY.

"*Proud* of the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England, and of your exalted position as its most honoured head and illustrious ornament, we, the Congregated Trades of the city of Limerick, approach your Eminence with sentiments of the profoundest respect and admiration."

It may be necessary to remind the heretics and Englishmen who read *Punch*, that the word "proud" in the above paragraph is used both in an Irish and a Romish sense, and is therefore, of course, to be understood to mean just the reverse. This is explained in the next paragraph; which runs thus:—

"Limerick has always been foremost in defending the ancient faith—the religion for which saints have suffered and martyrs bled; and now her *humble*, but faithful, artisans are *proud* of the opportunity of testifying to the world their delight at the appointment of your Eminence as Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster."

Pictures, it seems, instead of martyrs, are now bleeding for "the ancient faith;" but let that pass. The succeeding clause of the Address may be regarded as singularly characterised by

GOOD SENSE, CHARITY, AND MODERATION.

"As Irish Roman Catholics, and inhabitants of a city which has suffered so much in the cause of liberty and religion, *and who* nobly defied the blood-thirsty bigots of bygone days, we shall never look tamely on and behold in silence our church enslaved, and the Roman Catholics of the world insulted, by base and bigoted Ministers, who, true to the principles of their party, only await an opportunity *of proving* their undying hatred to Catholicity, *and add* more to the many penal laws which accursed Whiggery has placed on eternal record in the black annals of English history."

Irish Roman Catholics are wonderful fellows, no doubt, in uniting the particulars "Irish" and "Roman" with the universal "Catholic;" but still more wonderful are they in living in this Victorian age, and nevertheless having "defied the blood-thirsty bigots of bygone days," as the parties to this Address declare themselves to have done in the lucid and grammatical paragraph just quoted. It is sufficient barely to direct attention to the mild, meek, gentle epithets, "base and bigoted," "black," and "accursed," as specimens of the cooing of these intensely "Irish" and strongly "Roman" Catholic doves.

The Address then proceeds to favour the Cardinal with the following rich piece of "assurance:"—

"Your Eminence may feel sincerely assured that we abhor and detest bigotry in every creed and clime."

Except—the reader will perhaps be tempted to add—in Ireland and in Popery. CARDINAL WISEMAN'S sympathisers conclude with another assurance, which may be rather less satisfactory to him. They tell him that should his "holy and christian-like remonstrances not succeed in allaying the purple embers of bigoted malignity which are smouldering within the bosom of Protestant England"—strange-coloured embers and an odd grate!—and "should the faithful shepherds of the gospel be driven from their flocks,"—he, the ejected Cardinal, will find a hospitable home "in Ireland, in the country of the persecuted."

Some other country than that, one would think, would afford a more comfortable asylum to his Eminence. Truly, these Bulls from Limerick beat all the Bulls from Rome. However, "the country of the persecuted"—being Ireland—is one, say his Limerick friends,

"Where, notwithstanding the dreadful havoc made in our population by famine and emigration, enough still remains to protect our faithful and beloved pastors from persecution or insult."

Be aisy, ye "Congregated Trades of Limerick!" Nobody wants to drive CARDINAL WISEMAN, by persecution, to the country of the persecuted. No one wishes to add "confessor," in either sense of the word, to his titles. There exists no intention whatever to grill him over the purple embers of bigoted malignity. Protestant England merely requires that he shall not use the name of Westminster, to which he has no right, and which WISEMAN—were he really wise—would drop, gentlemen of Limerick, like a hot potato.

THE DEALER IN OLD CLOTHES

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO STEAL.

PUNCH'S SERMONS TO TRADESMEN.

TO THE CONFECTIONER.

For who that looketh on the books,
It saith—confection of cooks,
A man him should well advise
How he it took; and in what wise.

THE text, my friends, comes from the inkhorn of a JOHN GOWER, whose pinch of dust—should a pinch remain—is to be found in the vaults of St. Saviour's, Southwark. Hard upon five hundred years ago, JOHN GOWER delivered himself of this fling at the confectionery of the fourteenth century. Now, had JOHN GOWER lived on the last sixth of January, it is mightily to be feared that, pondering a twelfth cake of *temp. Vic.*, he would have dealt a yet stronger thwack at the confection of our day than at the blancmanger and comfits eaten in the time of the Second RICHARD.

Now, in those days, arsenic was a mystery. Whereas, my friends,—and if a guilty Confectioner be among you, let him at once make a clear breast of it to the accusing spirit, that, though it now and then takes a long nap in the bosom of the evil-doer, will nevertheless, like a teething child, cry out again most lustily,—let him, I say, with sinking knees and perpendicular locks, confess that he knows arsenic as a thing common in his business; that he is familiar with arsenite of copper; that he has acquaintance with chromate of lead; that he has taken in his hand a felonious matter—felonious, for falsely used—called blue verditer.

My friends, consider a Twelfth Cake. Look at it, clothed in sugar—virgin sugar—yet untasted by the lips of man. Consider and admire the images that, to the outward eye, are as the rich and happy ones of the earth, made for sweetness; purity, their pedestal; and beneath them a mine of wealth. Think of that Twelfth Cake, below its saccharine crust; and what is it but a miniature resemblance of the bowels of the earth, with candied lemon-peel for Californian gold, glowing raisins for topazes, and blanched almonds for onyx?

But, my friends, our present discourse is with the externals of the cake—with the outward accidents of the cake. Here, we have brought a cake with us. See; we place it before you. Behold the images; consider the flowers that besprinkle and deck the cake; flowers that, like Alpine buds, brighten even the snow.

Come forth, you trembling Confectioner! Stand up among the body of our hundred thousand audience; and listen to your accusers. For here they are, half-a-dozen of them.

Behold, my friends! Waving this goose-quill—a relic from the wing of Merlin's Michaelmas dinner—gently waving it above the head of every image; we give to the paste or plaster vitality and speech. Every image is now sentient and intellectual: not a whit more so, the Lord Chancellor of Lilliput. We will first—to the amazement of that guilty Confectioner—question the Grand Turk here. Though no taller—as you perceive—than our forefinger, his Seignorship will answer with all the brains of a life-guardsman, and, we hope, in endurable English.

May it please your Sublimity to tell us,—were you present at your own birth?

Grand Turk. I was; and know all about myself. There is but one Confectioner and—

Stop—stop! Answer, and make no comment. Of what are you composed?

Grand Turk. Plaster, or chalk; and—and—

Speak out, my little Mussulman.

Grand Turk. And poison. Yes, poison. You see something very green about me, do you not?

We do: your turban. As a descendant of MAHOMET, your turban is, of course, green; it is the prophetic colour. Proceed.

Grand Turk. But green is the promise of life—the colour of new existence. Now, my green is the hue of death; the tint of the grave. My turban has not the innocence of the leaf of the rose-bushes of Paradise, but is the greenness of copper.

That will do. Stand aside. We will now examine this image of a Sailor. He has a frank and joyous look. In his right-hand, he waves his straw-hat, invitingly, as he would call all the company to come and slice the cake; and then, his pointed foot declares him ready for a rattling dance, contemptuous of cockcrow. See; we wave the goose-quill over him—and see, my friends, how the smiles fade from his face; what a melancholy look it has; and behold with what a sorrowful air he twitches the waistband of his trousers!

Now, JACK BISCUIT, what do you know of yourself?

Jack. Know, your honour? I'm ashamed of what I know, and I can't help it. Lord love your honour, there 's no more o' the real thing in my looks than in the red ochre of Portsmouth MOLL,—or——

There, that will do, JACK. Leave Portsmouth, and consider the company you are in. That is a very fine jacket of yours—eh! JOHN BISCUIT—very fine?

Jack. Fine! Well, my dear eyes, there was never—no never—a purser that would have the heart to rig out a seaman as I'm rigged by that lubber of a cake-maker. You'd think this innocent blue, wouldn't you?—Innocent as the blue eye of Plymouth MARY, when, as I remember——

Come, JACK, fling the starting brine from your eyes; give another tranquillising twitch to your waistband, and proceed. Then that blue jacket of yours——

Jack. Hangs out false colours: isn't true blue at all. No; I'm pison—the blue is—is—avast a bit! yes, I have it; the blue is cabinet of copper, and——

Carbonate of copper, JOHN.

Jack. All's one, your honour; it isn't the word that pisons, but the thing. Well, and you didn't know what I've suffered all these holidays.

Go on, good fellow—go on, by all means. Out with your history.

Jack. Well, you see, I've served aboard another cake afore this—a cake that was only half cut and went back agin; and then I was drafted to where I am. Well, I was standing on my first cake, keeping watch o' the company, when a youngster comes on the sly, and lays hold on me, and afore you could toss a can, has my head and shoulders right down my jacket, in its mouth. Well, I knowing I was rank pison as far as that, and not being able to say nothing, felt I was doing murder without helping it. Well, at the minute, a blessed old lady, with a bough-pot in her cap, comes with her gown rustling along—like the tide drawing the shingle—and snatches me out o' the youngster's mouth, clapping me down with a slam upon the cake, right as I was afore. Well, you can't think how I felt. Oh, your honour—

That will do, JACK. Such emotion does honour to the whole British Navy, the Admiralty, perhaps, included. That will do. Come, your hat in your hand; and your toe pointed for the hornpipe as before: very good; thank you.

Our last witness shall be this Lady Image. She looks a Circassian; but—with a touch of the goose-feather—we no doubt shall understand her. There, now, Madam, what do you know of twelfth cakes and their ornaments—what of confectionery—shop confectionery, in general? Speak, BULBUL.

Bulbul. Know, *Mr. Punch!* I should think I did know more than enough—a great deal more. I look very fine, and very innocent—as in my mind and words I am—but the dress, *Mr. Punch;* the dress! I was almost about to say—goodness forgive me—but I'd rather have no dress at all than be fitted out with nasty poisons. A rattlesnake in its summer skin isn't more venomous than I feel myself to be. Look at these green shoes,—they 're some sort of poison of zinc: and you'd think this an innocent yellow scarf? Bless you! it's chromate of lead. And this red petticoat; why it's sulphuret of mercury! And this trimming of——

That will do, Madam. You remind us of the young woman—the story is in the "Gesta;" understand us, not the Jester—who was purposely fed upon poisons, and then married to an unsuspecting prince. The bridal kiss was his first and last. Really, you are a very dangerous person.

Bulbul. What, I? Well, then, you 'll be pleased to blame the Confectioner. And if you come to that, just observe that flower on the cake. It looks a beautiful fuchsia, I believe? Well, it's full of arsenic—no poisoned rat was ever fuller. And—I do assure you—and upon my word—and as true as I am here——

There—we have waved the goose-feather, and the Lady Image is fixed and silent. But—

Master Confectioner, take with you this poison-flower. And when you are about to deck jellies, to make bon-bons, and to adorn cakes—take heed that the seeming flower is not a churchyard weed—a thing of the grave. And further, Master Confectioner, if you must have images, let them be harmless; that their unsuspecting little worshippers may taste saffron or cochineal, at the worst, and not, in their confiding innocence, taste death.

An Apology to a Poor Hebrew.

MR. PUNCH greatly regrets having, in his eagerness to lay open what he has reason to believe to be a system of iniquity, too hastily relied on the oath of a young rogue, and in consequence mentioned, with comments which he hereby retracts, the name of an innocent man. HENRY HART, relinquished apparel merchant, has been acquitted of the charges brought against him by MASTER NEWLAND. *Mr. Punch* begs MR. HART's pardon for the remarks he made with reference to him, which he is as sorry for as he would have been had he mistakenly animadverted on CARDINAL WISEMAN or the POPE.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

WE see advertised an "Indisputable Life Policy Society." We would advise MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, and several other mock-patriots, whose policies have all their lives been disputed, instantly to join the above Society.

RATHER ALARMING; Or, HOTELS IN 1851.

No. 7.—*Frenchman.* "MADEMOISELLE! MES BOTTES, S'IL VOUS PLAIT!"
No. 10.—*Italian.* "SIGNORA, AVRÒ IO L'ACQUA CALDA STA MANE?"
No. 6.—*German.* "WO IST MEIN SODA WASSER?"

POTAGE À LA CARDINAL.

BEFORE his Eminence set out from the Flaminian Gate, he selected with peculiar care a large paving stone, which he ordered his secretary, the REVEREND FATHER SACCODINOTTE, to place in his carpet-bag, and to bring to England.

This truly savoury and miraculous stone forms the chief stock for the delicious soups which are served at the Most Eminent Lord's table.

The receipts are varied: but after the stock has been made with the Flaminian stone, pieces of veal, beef, ham, fowls, &c., are added, with carrots, turnips, and onions (which FATHER OLDBOY playfully calls *Flam-inions*) —accordingly as they are supplied by the contributions of the faithful. Pepper, salt, &c., are now introduced, to suit the palates of their Reverences, and the soup is served —but without the paving-stone, which is carefully wiped and put away till next flesh day.

On meagre days the stone is not used, as it would be likely to make the soup *too rich*.

And although this miraculous stone has been in CONSTANT USE, it is a known fact, which DOCTOR CUMMING and LADY MORGAN are invited to ascertain, that the stone has not diminished in the slightest degree. On the contrary, FATHER WYNKYN, of Rimini, is of opinion, and preparing an essay to show, that the stone has increased in size and weight since it has been in use in the Cardinalitian kitchen.

THE GREATEST QUESTION OF THE DAY.—"My dear, what will you have for dinner?"

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

TEMPTATION.

A Domestic Melo-drama. In Three Parts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SMOUCHEY (*a Dealer in worn-out Garments, whose cry of* "Old Clo'!" *is a cloak for dishonesty*).
SNEAKEY (*a Shop-Boy, with irregular employment, and an ill-regulated mind*).
PROBE (*an Officer of the Detective Police, employed in furthering the ends of justice, and frequently compelled to further them in reality by being prevented from taking a short cut to them, which he is not allowed to do by law*).

Strangers, Passengers, &c., &c.

PART I.—THE MEETING.

The Stage represents the outside of the Commercial Sale Rooms, in Mincing Lane.

Enter SMOUCHEY, *with a clothes-bag.*

Smouchey. Old clo'! Old clo'! Ven shall I fill my bagsh?
Cookey—I say—vot have you got to shell? [*Looks down some railings.*
I'll give a price for anythink, my tear,
No matter vot it is—a rag or so—
And if a shilver spoon has got wrapped up
Inside it by mishtake, it 's all the shame;
I'll give a prishe for shilver spoon and all.
But there 's a boy on t' other side the vay—
He looksh uncommon green. (*Crying, as he crosses over*) Old clo'!
Old clo'!
(*Going up to* SNEAKEY) Vell, my young shaver—how are you to-day?
How vags the vorld vid you?
Sneakey. Oh, pretty well!
Smouchey. Vot have you got that I can buy of you?
It does me good to give the boys a turn.
Sneakey. I 've nought to sell.
Smouchey. Vy, vot a poy it is!
Nothink to shell!—how do you live, my tear?
Sneakey. I 've got employment, and a snuggish place;
Fair wages, with enough to eat and drink.
Smouchey. Ah, very goot! I like industrious poys!
My heart varms up to 'em! Now, I tare say
You 're a hard-vorkin lad; but ven you vorks
You likes to get de monish?
Sneakey. Yes; of course.
Smouchey. That 's right—good poy! Then vy not vork for me?
I'll give a prishe.
Sneakey. I don't know what you mean.
A price for what? I've said I've nought to sell.
Smouchey. Vy, plesh ma heart! Young dogs are alvays blind.
Nothink to shell! Your master keeps a shop?
Sneakey. He deals in indigo.
Smouchey. I know, my tear.
That pretty plue stuff—vot a clever boy!
Your mashter deals in indigo—that 's vell;
You can't do wrong to do as master does.
You shell some indigo—I'll puy it of you.
Sneakey. How can I sell it, if it 's not my own?
Smouchey. Vy, vot a silly poy it is!—Vy, plesh me,
There 'd be no trade at all, vere all like you.
Ve often puy and shell vot's not our own.
The politishan bargains, trades, and shells
On shentiments that never vere his own.
There 's many people 'sh deals in Vallshend coals
That never had a coal to call their own.
The indigo—although not yet your own,
May be your own—if you will make it so.
Sneakey. I do not understand.
Smouchey. How dull you are!
Suppose a bit drops out—vot vicked vaste
To let it lie!
Sneakey. Of course, I 'd pick it up,
And give it to my master.
Smouchey. Foolish poy!
And get a fellow sharvant into trouble
For carelessness!
Sneakey. Ought I to throw 't away?
Smouchey. You vasteful vicked poy—throw *it* away!
Bring it to me—I 'll pay you for your trouble.
Sneakey. If I did that, my master would be robb'd.
Smouchey. Vot nonshense! Vot 's your vages for a day?
Sneakey. A shilling.
Smouchey. Plesh ma heart! Vy, vot a shame
To rob a child like that! A bob a day!
Vy, any day you 're vorth a good half-crown!
If he robs you—'tis common honesty

To strike a balance—and I'd do it for him.
If he von't square vith you, you square with him.
Bring me some indigo—if but an ounce;
'T will go a little vay tow'rds making up
The sum your master owes you.
Sneakey. Ha! I see
You'd have me rob my master—but I won't.
I heard a saying when I was a child,
An honest penny 's worth a silver shilling.
I'll get the honest penny while I can.
Smouchey. Think of the silver shilling.
Sneakey. So I do—
A dozen honest pence will make it up.
For these I'll wait in patience.
Smouchey. Silly child!
But ve shall meet again. [*Exit, crying* "Old clo'! old clo'!"
[SNEAKEY *goes towards his Master's premises.*

PART II.—THE TRIUMPH.

The Stage represents a portion of Crutched Friars. SNEAKEY *discovered* "*a thinking.*"

Sneakey. These are hard lines—having no reg'lar work.
I hardly know which way to turn— [*A voice without,* "Old clo'!"

Enter SMOUCHEY, *who stands for a moment watching* SNEAKEY, *who appears to be still* "*a thinking.*"

Smouchey (*goes up to him and taps him on the shoulder*). Vy, vot's up now? or I should say, vot's down?
You look as blank as an accepted bill
Vithout the drawer's name—the bills I dealsh in.
But all the better—for a bill that 's blank
May be fill'd up, at any sum you like.
Sneakey. To say the truth, I am a little down.
I'm out of reg'lar work. I feel it hard.
Smouchey. If things are hard, you mustn't be too soft;
Breaking your head will never mend your purse.
You know the vay—if things are looking plue,
A little indigo—though plue itself—
Will give another colour to your fortune.
Sneakey. It goes against me.
Smouchey. There you're wrong, ma tear.
'Tis only you that goes against yourself.
Bring me an ounce or two—if 'tis but dust.
Look at it as a little perkursite.
Come, come—cheer up!—it almost makes me weep
To see a foolish child in such dishtress,
And kicking from his foot the golden ball.
Sneakey. Well, well, I'll bring a bit;—where do you live?
Smouchey. In Grace's Alley.
Sneakey. I'll be there to-morrow.
Smouchey. No, not to-morrow, 'tis our plessed Shabboth.
I can't do pizness on the Shabboth-day.
Let it be Monday—
Sneakey. Monday—be it then.
[*Exeunt different ways:* SMOUCHEY *crying* "Old clo'!" *Several weeks are supposed to have elapsed between the Second and Third Parts.*

PART III.—THE CRIME AND THE DISCOVERY.

The Scene represents the interior of SMOUCHEY'S *Old Clothes Shop, in Grace's Alley, Well Street.*

SMOUCHEY (*is standing near the door, exclaiming to the passers-by*).
Got an old vestcoat, that you vont to shell?
I'll call upon you, at your lodgings, Sir.
[SNEAKEY *rushes in, and they both go towards the back of the shop.*
Smouchey. Vot have you brought this time?
Sneakey. There 's no one here?
Smouchey. Don't be afear'd.—Vot 's this?—more indigo?
Vy, plesh the poy! there 's near three pounds of it.
Sneakey. I weighed it, and I found it weighed five pounds.
Smouchey. You tried it in a cheating pair of scales;
Mine are the honest truth—I vouldn't cheat you.
And now I'll tell you vot I'll do for you;
I'll make a shacrifice to use you vell—
Catch hold of these 'ere trowsers. [*Puts a pair in his hand.*
Look at 'em.
They 're worth a pound at leasht.
Sneakey. I want the money.
Smouchey. The poy 's a fool; the monish I could give
Vill be a crown—the clothes ish worth a pound:
The bargain gives you fifteen shillings clear,
Beshides the valuesh of the indigo.
But shtop—I'll tell you vot I'll do vid you—
This meerschaum pipe is worth its weight in gold;
If you von't have the trowshers, take the pipe.
Sneakey. I'd get a pipe like that for half-a-crown.
Smouchey. Vot an ungrateful poy—how he would rob me!
Beshides, the money goes in foolishness;
You told me that the last you had of me
Vas gone in applesh, oranges, and nutsh.
Vouldn't you rather now have had the pipe?
Sneakey. 'Tis true the money 's done me little good;
That, as you say, 'tis gone in foolishness.
But if you 've made me rob my master, Jew,
You shall not rob us both—you sha' n't rob me. [*Snatches up the Indigo.*
I'll take my indigo away again.
The other day I brought some cochineal,
For which you offer'd trowsers.
Smouchey. Vell, ma tear,
And vot is money goot for but to puy?
The trowsers vash a pargain—plesh ma heart!
I could have shold 'em for just twish the shum.
Give me the indigosh—and take the pipe.
Sneakey. No, that I won't—I'd rather take it back.
[*He runs out with the Indigo.* SMOUCHEY *runs after him as far as the door; then stops suddenly, and says to a passer-by,*
Vot have you got to shell?—jusht shtep inshide.
[*A* Stranger *enters with a bag.* SMOUCHEY *and the* Stranger *retire together to the back of the shop. They look very cautiously about them, and the scene closes in.*

SCENE THE LAST.—THE DISCOVERY.

The Stage represents Mincing Lane. SNEAKEY *is walking very fast with a bag under his arm, when he meets* PROBE, *of the Detective.*

Probe. Hallo! Young chap—I want a word with you.
What 's in that bag?
Sneakey (*confused*). What 's in the bag! Oh, nothing.
Probe. 'Tis strange, the great infinity of nothings
That goes about this great Metropolis
In baskets, bags, and parcels, after dark.
I'll trouble you to let me see the nothing
That seems so bulky underneath your arm.
Sneakey. What I have got can be at any rate
Nothing to you.
Probe. There 's many a naughty nought,
When nothing turns up something in the end.
But I 've no time for parley—pull it out.
Sneakey. Well, 'tis no use—there—there—'tis indigo.
Probe (*examining the contents*). This looks uncommon blue—where did you get it?
Sneakey. I got it from my master: truth is truth.
I stole it, as I 've done a great deal more,
Over-persuaded by a rascal Jew,
Who made me rob my master, then robbed me.
Probe. Are you prepared to tell us where he lives?
Sneakey. I am. I 'm sick of this dishonest life;
Pleasure nor profit has it ever brought.
It has not made me richer by a penny;
And as to happiness, that 's all quite gone.
Hoping to save other weak-minded fools,
Who walk unsteadily the path of life,
For want of principles' secure foundation,
I'll take you to my master's and the Jew's.
Probe. To dish the Jew is a judicious act.
But let me caution you: whate'er you say
Is at your peril—so don't say a word.
Sneakey. I thought you were an officer of justice;
And being so, why thus discourage me
In speaking truth? by doing which I feel
The cause of justice I shall much assist,
Though at my own expense.
Probe. I beg of you
To say no more. I 'm one of the Detectives;
My duty is detecting criminals.
The task, though hard, the law makes harder still,
Forbidding us assistance to obtain
From rogues themselves.
Sneakey. Pray, let me ease my mind
By prompt confession.
Probe. Will you hold your tongue?
Or must I run the risk of my dismissal
Because you will further the ends of justice,
When 'tis your interest to baffle them?
Sneakey. I say again, I stole—
Probe (*collaring him*). I'll hear no more!
So to the Station-house away—away!
[PROBE *drags* SNEAKEY *in the direction of the Station-house, and the Curtain falls.*

First Heavy Swell (lately absent). "WELL, 'GUS, MY BOY—HOW DID YOU KEEP IT UP HERE ON CHRISTMAS DAY?"

Second Do. "OH! IT WAS TERRIBLY SLOW—FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A SUNDAY WITHOUT 'BELL'S LIFE!'"

AN APPEAL OF THE SCAVENGER.

I'LL sing you a leader—a word, knowing reader,
Enough to the wise when address'd is;
And a stitch in good time—I won't make up the rhyme—
As you 're fully aware what the rest is.
I can speak without harm: I shall raise no alarm
Now, by what I am going to mention;
But the state of Jamaica may very well shake a
Prudent man with a grave apprehension.

'Tis precaution—not panic—in hearts Aldermanic
And Belgravian, I 'd wish to be rousing,
To provide 'gainst the dangers, a number of strangers,
Which we shall encounter by housing;—
Encounter, and meet, let us hope, if we 're sweet,
Swept and garnish'd, clean, proper, and tidy:
ELSE the World's Fair may prove as ill-fated a move
As was e'er set afoot on a Friday.

We 've now three months before us, with Winter's sky o'er us,
Health in LONDON at present is reigning;
Now secure the conditions which learned physicians
Prove dependent on washing and draining.
'Tis the o'ercrowded dwelling, unpleasantly smelling,
That breeds the pestiferous gases,
And the Grand Exhibition will cause an addition
Of a million, at least, to our masses.

All exotics we see are much cleaner than we are,
Not a doubt—German, French, and Italian—
Some among them, howbeit—though I hope we shan't see it—
Rather smack of the Tatterdemalion;
Yet if huddled together in hot summer weather,
There may happen a dire fermentation,
Which, oh! strive to avert, by removing all dirt
Whence the Cholera derives generation.

Limerick Butter.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL COSTIGAN was heard to say, in a select society, lately,—that instead of butthering his Eminence in addthresses, the people of Limerick had betther send a few crocks of butther for his Eminence's tay-parties in Goolden Squeer.

THE SEAT OF PAINTING AT ROME.

CARDINAL WISEMAN's explanations of the origin of ST. PETER'S Chair have been described by an artist as "a fine bit of *Chairo Obscuro*."

THE GREAT (EXPECTED) SEASON OF 1851.

EVERY one is expecting to make a fortune in the Great Exhibition Season of 1851. Beds are, by anticipation, going up in the environs of London, and a large broker, in Broker's Alley, is selling so many bedsteads that he is making a fortune at full gallop with four-posters. Somebody has even proposed to make the bed of the Serpentine available, and perhaps it would not be a bad idea to throw a Mackintosh cover across the whole surface, and thus turn it into one of those water beds which are sometimes so strenuously recommended by "the faculty." The plan would have the double effect of hiding an offensive object and promoting the convenience of the public; while the Serpentine itself is well adapted for the purpose of repose, as when anything is said about cleansing the river, the authorities seem determined to go to sleep upon it.

Religious Persecution.

THE Congregated Trades of Limerick have forwarded an Address of Congratulation to CARDINAL WISEMAN, and offered his Eminence a home in Ireland, should the reign of ELIZABETH be revived in England.

The CARDINAL says that *Mr. Punch* has been unkind to him; but—"save me from my friends"—we never wished his Eminence so badly off as this.

LORD CHANCELLOR'S LUNATICS.

IT is alleged that the prisoners of Chancery, said to have been incarcerated so long for contempt of Court, owed their imprisonment to their own perverse eccentricity. Very likely: no one in his senses would wish to stay in gaol; and we can readily conceive, that the rascally injustice of Chancery had driven them mad.

CLERICAL JOKE.

UNLIKE the corpulent Pontiffs of the bloated Anglican Schism, it is known that the Princes of the True Church fare modestly, and live in the simplest manner. Until the faithful have subscribed for plate, steel forks are provided for the frequenters of the Cardinalitial table; where potatoes, greens, and legs of mutton are also thankfully received and eaten, when supplied by well-disposed persons.

Last week, a select party being assembled to try the merits of some beef-steaks, which had been sent in by two pious butchers, FATHER OLDBOY said, sticking his three-pronged fork into the meat, that they were met on a new *Tridentine Council*.

This irreverence shocked FATHER NEWBOY and some of the late converts exceedingly; and MR. OLDBOY is to do penance on split peas at the next feast day.

"A MERE MATTER OF FORM."

OF all things that are worn for the "mere matter of form," stays should be the very last, for they have ruined more forms than any other article of dress;—such, at least, is the medical opinion of *Dr. Punch*.

A very Wide Opening.

HOW many people there are who want *nothing* but an opening; and who, in fact, are ready to close with any opening that offers. Perhaps the grandest opportunity that has yet occurred, is the opportunity that now exists at the Crystal Palace, in conformity with the provisions of the following Advertisement:—

WANTED at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, an active Lad, where no other is kept. His Work will be comparatively light, as he will only have to clean the Windows!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 18th, 1851.

LADY FAN AND CARDINAL CROZIER.

WITHIN these few days there has been a mighty elegant tiff—a tiff entirely—between a Lady's Fan and a Cardinal's Crozier. Miracles have begun again in England; and with NICHOLAS WISEMAN enthroned in Westminster, a VIRGIN winking at Rimini, and an ECCE HOMO bleeding in the Department of Vaucluse—miracles were certainly to be looked for about this time in London. Hence, a Crozier has dogmatised, and a Fan—a Lady's Fan—has, with an air of eloquent indignation, made more than answer. The affair came off in Golden Square; and if the curious reader will wend his way to that regenerated quarter, he will see the knocker of No. — carefully muffled in scarlet lamb's-wool, and straw reverently laid before the door. To the last inquiry of our Devil, ere locking up for press, the answer was—"Its Eminence the Crozier is as well as can be expected."

The Fan had before shown itself a mighty good Fan at a hard rap: a Fan—the very thing for *Hotspur*—to "brain" a man withal:—a Fan that had made a mighty breeze in Italy; a Fan that Popes and Emperors—all now folded in congenial lead—could not abide; believing that if they permitted it to come winnowing about them, they would be mightily troubled to keep their blessed, their anointed—(for surely doesn't the legitimate oil go clean through, from the crown to the sole?)—their anointed feet:—a Fan that, for the audacious things printed on it;—(a Fan, by the way, bordered with potato-blossoms, and stretching itself upon two cut sticks of Irish oak)—a Fan that, to the contentment of the Church of Rome, had been folded up and laid by in the *Index Expurgatorius*—the round-house library of his Holiness the POPE! And to think that only a few days ago this identical Fan should be out again; and, in the face of the Crozier of Golden Square, flirt contempt and disbelief at the uneasy Chair of ST. PETER!

The Crozier is a stout article; cut from a Spanish chesnut, and handsomely carved and ornamented by the ablest Roman artists. And the Crozier is not hollow, like the pilgrim's staff in the old play—so devised that it may carry an inside of golden crowns, with an outside look of piety and poverty;—church staves never were made after such deceitful fashion; never. No; the Crozier is a thorough-going bit of Spanish wood; no doubt as truly Spanish as was ever lighted to the inconvenience of heretics, and the passing illumination of the Church.

And it would seem that the quarrel between the Crozier—by the way it was not then a crozier; no, nothing but a rector's staff, that has since blossomed scarlet as pomegranates—is of an old, old date; almost some twenty years ago, the staff having struck at the Fan in 1833; struck at that feminine type of coquetry and eloquence, with no more tenderness than if the Fan had been the staff of the BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S beadle. But, then, what has a Catholic Rector of a College to do with gallantry? Heresy has no sex.

We now proceed to give the report of the dialogue between the Fan and the Crozier, as brought to us by an iron fly—a Fly made after the fly of Regiomontanus; a fly that, for the public weal and on public questions, we never hesitate to send into any house and through any keyhole.

SCENE.—*A Library in Golden Square. Discovered,* LADY FAN *and* CARDINAL CROZIER.

Fan. May I have half a syllable with your Eminence? It's of ST. PETER'S Chair—and only half a syllable.

Crozier. Madam, a whole syllable, at least; in my house, no lady must take less.

Fan. You've written a work on "*Lady Fan's Statements regarding St. Peter's Chair, preserved in the Vatican Basilic?*" A work? (CROZIER *bends a bow.*) Now, your Eminence, that work, with the body of a mouse, has the bellow of a bull.

Crozier. Your Ladyship will not flatter a poor, unworldly priest.

Fan. It was your purpose to stifle me—that is, my *Italy*, which is me—and you did it! You built me up, like an innocent nun, in the Roman cement of your *Index Expurgatorius*—and you sought to drive me from the hearth-rugs of ministers, publishers, ambassadors, booksellers, and other decent people. But you didn't!

Crozier. Your Ladyship——

Fan. Be quiet, your Eminence—only a quarter of a syllable. At that time, what your Eminence was, I don't know, and I won't say how little I care; but at the time when my *Italy* was born, I had taken tea—(I did not say *tay*, though your Eminence may be familiar with that honoured pronunciation)—tea with POPE PIUS VII., and had more than one lemon ice handed to me by CARDINAL GONSALVI.

Crozier. Still, your Ladyship——

Fan. Manners, your Eminence, and let a lady speak. At that time what was CARDINAL CROZIER? It may be, one among the 'prentice priests from the Shannon—one lost among 'em, like a chance chesnut in a sack of paraties.

Crozier. Nevertheless, your Ladyship——

Fan. Only a bit of a syllable. One of the *Chierici*, who still reeked of turf smoke—and who hadn't wiped their tongues from bog-tallow? And now—like a flea in the night—comes upon me your dirty *Remarks*. Here's the book, with 1833 burned in its cheek; and for me—until now—it has slept like a babe with its thumb in its mouth, and water—(holy water!)—on its brain.

Crozier. But, your Ladyship——

Fan. Will your Eminence let a lady speak?—To come to what (at Rome) is called ST. PETER'S Chair. Well, is it wonderful that your Eminence should be mighty hot about that same Chair? Haven't you, some day, an eye to a seat in it? And when folks think to put up for a long stay at the *Three Crowns*, don't they like to have a good reputation with their beds?

Crozier. Notwithstanding, your Ladyship——

Fan. Be easy, your Eminence, and wait your time. And sure the *Three Crowns* at Rome has mighty fine accommodations. And the sleepers are many. As BOILEAU says of another place—

> Là, parmi les douceurs d'une tranquille silence,
> Règne sur le duvet une heureuse indolence:
> C'est là que le prélat, muni d'un déjeûner,
> Dormant d'un léger somme, attendait le dîner.

Crozier. But the Chair, your Ladyship? The Apostle's Chair? What—in your anathematised and heretical *Italy*—what said you?

Fan. Here it is, your Eminence, like an honest magpie, in open black and white. Here it is—(LADY FAN *reads from "Italy," vol. II*).

"The sacrilegious curiosity of the French broke through all obstacles to their seeing the Chair of ST. PETER. They actually removed its superb casket, and discovered the relic. Upon its mouldering and dusty surface were traced carvings, which bore the appearance of letters. The chair was quickly brought into a better light, the dust and cobwebs removed, and the inscription (for an inscription it was) faithfully copied. The writing is in Arabic characters, and is the well-known confession of the Mahometan faith:—'*There is but one God, and* MAHOMET *is his prophet.*'"

That's what I said; and that's what I'll stand to—sit to—wake to, and sleep to.

Crozier. The seals were never broken—the cover never lifted—

Fan. Cardinal, mavourneen, just to prove it, lift the cover now. You say the Chair was given by a Roman senator to ST. PETER. Who knows? the nets of the poor fishermen may be under that same cover? Hasn't your Church in its day sold the iron filings from St. Peter's chains—that never grew less? And why mayn't——

Crozier. The Chair is of wood, almost entirely covered with ivory.

Fan. From the tusks of the elephants that trampled to death the first Christians!

Crozier. An ivory chair, with bassi-rilievi of the exploits of HERCULES!

Fan. Strangling LUTHER with one hand, and feeling for WICKLIFFE with the other!

Crozier. A curule chair of ivory and gold, with rings at its sides for poles, to be borne upon men's shoulders.

Fan. A Chair of Meekness for the Fisherman POPE who, learning his lesson of humility on Calvary, acts it from a seat of ivory and gold on the shoulders of his brethren!

Crozier. And wherefore doubt our Chair of ST. PETER? Doesn't your Church—yes, your Church—boast of the Chair of WICKLIFFE?

Fan. The WICKLIFFE, whose dead body, after more than fifty years, was torn from his grave by that wolf in scarlet, POPE MARTIN V.—that WICKLIFFE whose remains were burnt to ashes, and the ashes cast into the Swift; and, as FULLER finely says—"Thus this brook conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of WICKLIFFE are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." That, your Eminence, is our boast of WICKLIFFE; not his wooden Chair, which, did it remain, would be a thing to treasure, not to worship. To no priest of Lutterworth, seated in it, would it give the tithe of a hen's nest of eggs. Now, 'tis somewhat otherwise with him who sits

in the curule chair of ivory and gold—the chair of MAHOMET—the chair of HERCULES.

Crozier. But I spoke of WICKLIFFE, and——

Fan. Lord Cardinal, don't speak of him; it's an ugly memory to bring up; it isn't the name for you to toll like a warning bell through England. Oh, your Eminence! get away with you from St. George's, and cross St. George's Channel. See, the Saint, with his sword like a sunbeam, waves you there—there, to the emerald soil. My Lord Cardinal——

Crozier. Madam!—

Fan. The train leaves for Holyhead every morning at nine. You may say matins in Dublin the next day. Lord Cardinal, let me be your finger-post.

Crozier. In good time. But it must rather be to Cambridge or to Oxford.

Fan. Oxford! Never think it, your Eminence—never think it! And take this as a parting word:—THE TRUE FINGER-POST TO OXFORD IS CRANMER'S HAND.

JURIES OF GENTLEMEN FOR GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.

TIME may have been "made for vulgar slaves," but it does not seem to have been made for poor workmen. The *Times* Law Report of Friday last, under the head of "Bail Court," gives the subjoined cruelly hard

CASE OF A JUROR.

"A person who had been summoned on the jury, asked to be excused.

"MR. JUSTICE WIGHTMAN. On what ground?

"The Juror. Because, my lord, I am only a journeyman tradesman.

"MR. JUSTICE WIGHTMAN. A journeyman tradesman! I am not aware that that is any ground of exemption.

"The Juror. My lord, I can't afford to give up my time.

"MR. JUSTICE WIGHTMAN. I dare say it may be very inconvenient, but I cannot excuse you.

"The unfortunate man was then sworn: he will have to attend, day by day, for more than a fortnight, and may, perhaps, run a great risk of losing his situation, while, at the same time, some hundreds of gentlemen of fortune are not called upon to take any part of this unpleasant duty."

This case may appear, at first sight, to disprove the maxim that "the Law is no respecter of persons," but it will be seen to confirm that saying, if you look into it. Here, on the one hand, are poor men whom it ruins by taking them from their work. There, on the other, are rich men, whom it leaves to pine with *ennui* for want of work. So it is impartially merciless to both. Many gentlemen of the leisure classes are so troubled with Time that they don't know what better to do with it than to kill it; as though minutes were vermin, and hours kittens or blind puppies. Why not compel them, exclusively, to serve as common-jurors? A week or two of useful employment, occasionally, in that capacity, by way of change from billiards, battues, or steeple-chases, would be a positive treat to them. A burst with the forensic hounds, now and then, would be a relief from fox-hunting. The transition from the betting-stand to the jury-box might be pleasant at times. But, as some of the parties in question might be of a contrary opinion, a sufficiently heavy penalty should be provided to induce them to serve the public for recreation. If property is a qualification for any office of importance, those ought to have good incomes who are to decide in cases of life and death. Sad complaints are made of ignorant jurymen, which would be greatly lessened if jurors were always independent gentlemen—and if wealth is correctly supposed generally to imply brains.

As to *Mr. Punch*, with matters of his own to attend to, which would preoccupy his mind, he would have "conscientious scruples" to swear, as a common juryman, to decide according to that evidence which it would be impossible for him to attend to.

Badder and Badder Still.

ONE of those private nuisances, "a wag," having heard that 8000 panes a-day could be glazed at the Crystal Palace, observed that it must be "putty sharp work," and added, that the immense structure of glass would reflect the utmost credit on all concerned in it.

CONVERSATION BOOKS FOR 1851.

WE are informed by the *Morning Chronicle* that long-sighted Continental Publishers are already providing their countrymen with manuals of English for use during their visits to London for the Exposition.

We much fear, however, that no possible familiarity with the manual exercise will enable the foreigner to stand British charges. Conceive an unhappy German or a bewildered Russ attempting by the delusive light of "English as spelt" to make out the meaning of "English as spoken?" But etymological discrepancies will, we fear, not be the worst in the way of those who trust to phrase-books. Such helps are extremely apt to lead the confiding foreigner into a conversation, and to desert him treacherously when he gets there, as an Irish guide pilots the gauger into a bog, and abandons him up to his middle in the slough.

Under each head of conversation "What the man said," will in most cases serve as a very instructive comment on the value of "What the Book said." Thus

TO CONVERSE WITH A CABMAN.

What the Book said.	*What the man said.*
Do you wish, Sir, to ride in my cabriolet?	C'b? (*from every driver on the rank, and as many fingers held up as there are Cabmen.—N.B. No provision made for conversation during the struggle for the wretched fare.*)
Where do you wish, Sir, that I should drive you?	Vere to? (*and a look.*)
I wish to go to the Exposition.	
Thank you, Sir. I will drive you thither without delay.	Vere? (*not understanding the foreigner's English.*)
What is your fare?	
I have driven you two miles. My legal fare for driving you that distance is one shilling and fourpence.	Two bob and a tanner.
As you have driven fast, there is one shilling and sixpence.	
Thank you, Sir, I am very much obliged to you.	Vot's this? (*and a look of contemptuous curiosity at the coin presented.*)
I shall be happy to drive you in future.	Vel, if hever I drives a scaly furriner again, I'm blessed!
Good morning to you, Sir.	Ollo! You ain't agoin' hoff in this 'ere way.
You have paid me handsomely.	Oh—you calls yourself a gentleman!

TO CONVERSE WITH A WAITER.

(*To Order Dinner.*)

Waiter, what have you for dinner?	
You can have what you choose to order, Sir.	Din'r, Sir!—Yezzir!
Here is the bill of fare, Sir.	S'p, f'sh, ch'ps, st'ks, cutl't, Sir! r'nd o' b'f, Sir!—nice cut, Sir!—sad'l mt'n, Sir!—Yezzir!—JOHN, att'nd to the gnl'm.—Yezzir!—JEM, mon'y—com'n, Sir!—'Ere, Sir!—Yezzir!
Waiter, how much have I to pay?	
Here, Sir, is your bill.	Money! (*calling.*)
Permit me to ask you what you have had to eat, Sir?	Now, Sir? (*and an interrogative look.*)
I have had a beef-steak, with boiled potatoes: I have also had a fried sole, and some bread, with Chester cheese, and a pint of porter.	St'k, Sir? Yezzir! shill'n, Sir! 'taters, Sir? Yezzir! twop'nce, that's one-and-three, and bread a penny, one-and-three and two is one-and-five, and sole, you said, Sir? Yezzir! that's one shilling: one-and-eight and five, thirteen, that's two-and-six; and cheese? Yezzir! two-and-eight and four, that's three shill'n; and porter is four; three, four, eight, ten, fifteen—four-and-two. Thank you, Sir! Waiter, Sir? Thank you, Sir. Good afternoon, Sir.
Sir, the price of all that is two shillings.	

"ANY OLD CHAIRS TO MEND?"—Apply to CARDINAL WISEMAN—who will put them in the best state of repair, and, though they haven't a leg to stand upon, will make them look better than new. References from St. Peter's.

REFRESHMENTS AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

DIVERS invitations for tenders have been issued by the Commissioners, on terms that seem to us rather hard, for the supply of refreshments at the Crystal Palace. In the first place, nothing eatable or drinkable is to be taken out of the areas; an arrangement that may be agreeable enough to the police and others, who find a refectory in every area they come to, but which will hardly be acceptable to the public in general.

No cooking is to be allowed on the premises, and, consequently, as far as eatables are concerned, it will be useless to display at the exhibition any of the raw material.

All stale pastry is to be removed between the hours of six and eight in the morning, when the boys—those wholesale contractors for dry rubbish, in the shape of yesterday's buns and tarts—will have to be in attendance, unless the whole can be sent to a sort of clearing-house, at a distance, where the juveniles may have an opportunity of effecting the required clearance.

The contractor is to be bound to supply, gratis, pure water in glasses to all visitors demanding it; but the Committee must have forgotten, that whoever can produce in London a glass of water fit to drink, will contribute the rarest and most universally useful article in the whole Exhibition.

As we are expecting visitors from all nations, we may look for a sprinkling of Red Men, to whom it would be a mockery to offer bread and butter, ginger-beer, or even SOYER'S Nectar; and we can only recommend that the contractor should be bound to keep a set of kangaroos, in sizes, to suit the appetites, more or less moderate, of the Indian epicure.

The scheme of the Committee allows nothing for the diversity of tastes among all the nations of the earth, but proceeds on the presumption, that the whole world will be satisfied with tea and bread and butter. When the Ojibbeways were in this country, they were roused into the most frightful state of excitement at the opening of a bottle of ginger-beer, which suddenly went off with a bang, when they raised the war-whoop with such alarming vehemence, that the future sale of ginger-beer in the Exhibition Room was prohibited.

We recommend, before it is too late, that the regulations as to the refreshments should be modified in such a way as to provide for the admission of the food of all nations to the Great Exhibition.

DYING "ON THE FLOOR."

THE Secretary of the Congregated Trades of Limerick, lately sent a mighty polite epistle to JOHN O'CONNELL, ESQ., touching the ensuing session; whereupon the Hon. Member returned the following answer (correct copy):—the response has hitherto been shamefully garbled in the Irish papers.

"*Dublin, Jan.* 7, 1851.

"ASSURE yourself, my dear Sir, that I shall go down to the House prepared every night, until further notice, to die upon the floor, to the confusion of the cowardly Whigs in general, and of LORD JOHN RUSSELL in particular. And further, be assured, that I have employed the vacation in a series of experiments by which I may say, without vanity, I have brought the art of Parliamentary dying to so deep a pitch of horror, that it cannot fail to strike the dastardly Cabinet dead with a minority. Dying—as I propose continually to die—is a most delicate and difficult art; nevertheless, permit me, with all constitutional bashfulness, to observe, that I believe I have hit the right coffin-nail upon the head, and am, at all times,

"Yours, ready to expire,

"MR. TIM O'SULLIVAN. "JOHN O'CONNELL."

THE LAND OF CARDINALS.

CARDINAL WISEMAN has had a set-to with LADY MORGAN on Italy, and may be said to have been beaten on his own ground. Italy being such, by the way, it is a pity he did not stay there.

HOLY CHAIRS TO MEND.

ENSHRINED at Rome there is a certain Chair,
Concerning which, as you may be aware,
A terrible dispute at present rages
'Twixt *two* old women I won't say,
Because *one* writes in such a clever way;
And I don't know precisely what *her* age is.
Long, for ST. PETER'S, this same Chair had passed,
'Till LADY MORGAN hurt its reputation,
Thereby provoking the tempestuous blast
Of DR. WISEMAN'S zealous indignation.
According to my LADY'S story,
When BUONAPARTE, in quest of glory,
Invaded Rome, some Frenchmen—men of science—
Who on Tradition place but slight reliance—
Dragged into light this holy Chair,
Stripped it, and swept the dust and cobwebs off it,
When lo! they found its back to bear
A queer inscription, hard to read,
Which proved to be the brief, but famous Creed,
Concluding with, "And MAHOMET'S his Prophet!"
All this the CARDINAL denies,
As though it were a pack of lies,
Which, to refute, his Eminence describes
This hallowed Chair—though he has never seen it:
One would have thought the way to stop all gibes
Would have been simply to *un*-screen it.
No matter; WISEMAN makes the said Chair out
A seat, whereon, at Rome, the higher classes
In ancient times by slaves were borne about,
Using their brother-men as mules or asses.
How like the Apostolic pride!
How likely that ST. PETER thus would ride,
Instead of taking quiet walks,
Chaired through the streets on people's shoulders,
A sight to edify beholders;
In short, paraded like GUY FAWKES!
This relic of upholstery divine,
If good ST. PETER e'er was its possessor,
Leave we to Cardinals, whilst I design
A better Chair for his successor.
PIUS THE NINTH, 'tis right and fit,
On a becoming throne should sit:
One that's symbolical and allegorical.
This is my notion of a seat
Which for Rome's PONTIFF would be meet,
Constructed to embody facts historical.
The portion that sustains the Papal weight
Should be Mosaic, wrought of shells exploded;
Four cannons for its legs, this Chair of State
Should have, and for its arms two mortars loaded.
The back let Gallic bayonets prop,
As columns, or pilaster-wise assorted,
With the Tiara on their top,
By way of showing how it is supported.
Thus fashioned, not a soul will dare
To raise a doubt about *this* Chair.
However heresy their minds may bias
To vote ST. PETER'S Chair a "sham,"
Posterity will, sure I am,
Always believe in that of PIUS.

The Circle Squared at Last.

A FASHIONABLE Correspondent says that he has an idea that some little difficulty has been experienced in the endeavour to square the circle; and begs to suggest that Belgrave Square—constituting at once an aristocratic circle and a distinguished square—is a case of Quadrature of the Circle.

A CAPITAL STAGE TRICK.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has succeeded in quietly removing GENERAL CHANGARNIER from his command. This comes of having known how to *treat* the soldiery. No one *Clown*, playing in the present Pantomimes, has shown himself so clever as the President in pulling out sausages.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE POPISH HIERARCHY?

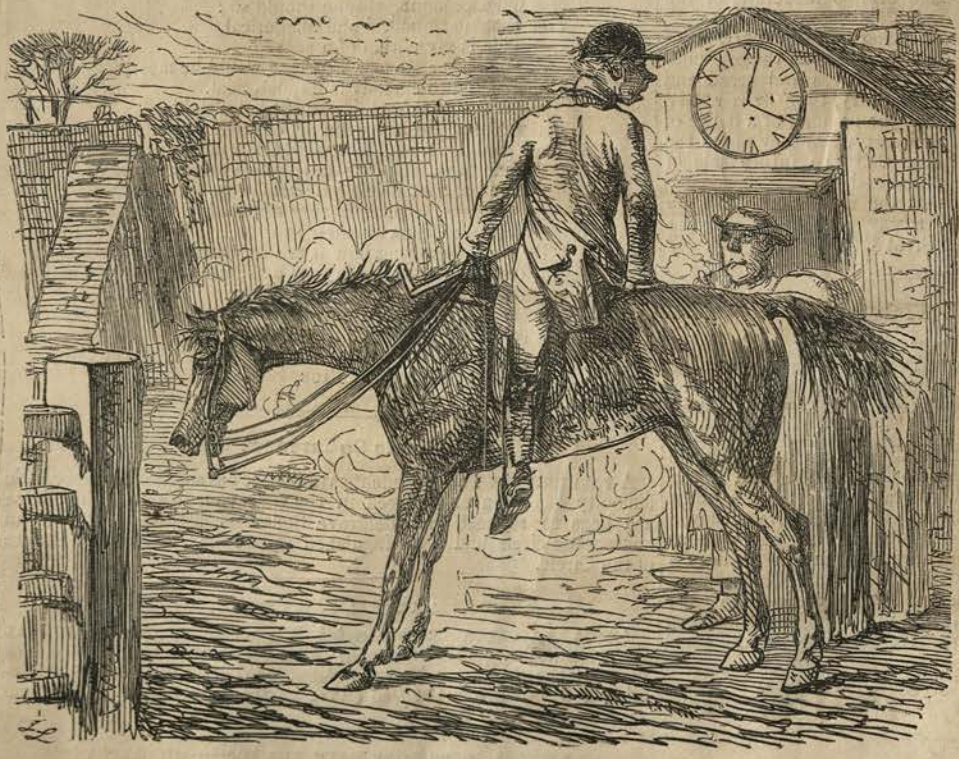
THE POPE may easily translate his prelates into Latin. We would suggest, as appropriate sees, the Archbishopric of Alibi, and the Bishoprics of Alicubi, Ubivis, Ubilibet, and Quocunque.

A SELL.

Enter SPORTING YOUTH, *who has lost the hounds.*

Youth. "SEEN THE HOUNDS GO THROUGH HERE, PIKEY?"
Pikey. "E-AS A HAVE—TUPPENSE!" [YOUTH *pays the twopence, and gallops on.*

A lapse of twenty minutes is supposed to have taken place, when



Re-Enter SPORTING YOUTH.

Youth (*in a high state of excitement*). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD SEEN THE HOUNDS GO THROUGH HERE?" *Pikey.* "E-AS, SO A DID; SEED 'EM YESTERDAY!"

QUESTIONABLE ZANIES.

BECAUSE CARDINAL WISEMAN has been instrumental in creating a disturbance in this country, people have no right to create a disturbance under CARDINAL WISEMAN'S windows; as some men were charged, at Marlborough Street, on Thursday last, with doing, by masquerading in pontificals, and drumming on a tea-tray, before No. 35, Golden Square. Of course, *Punch* cannot object to caricaturing the POPE, as long as the POPE persists in annoying *Mr. Punch;* and, as a mere caricature, his HOLINESS was fairly enough represented by one of the defendants, HAYMAN, who was dressed up as a mock Pope; so far our Roman Catholic friends have no great reason to complain. Moreover, a mummer, figuring as an "imitation Pope," reflects rather on the Puseyites than on them. But MR. HAYMAN, according to what follows, carried his mock-papal parade a little too far.

"He was mounted on a barrel, which was labelled 'Powder for the POPE and CARDINAL WISEMAN.' The barrel was placed on a truck, which was drawn by a donkey, and attended by the other defendants in various capacities, but principally that of money collectors."

There is no great fun in this; indeed, it is not half so ridiculous as the actual carrying about of the POPE on men's shoulders at Rome, whilst it is equally calculated to cause obstructions, and no less to frighten the horses. Besides, even a burlesque should have some meaning. Mere senseless derision is no argument against the POPE or anybody else; and only gives the opposite party occasion to think—or insinuate—that it is the sole weapon of those who resort to it.

To play the fool about the streets on behalf of Protestantism, can only discredit it; and might even be imagined to be a trick of the Jesuits, so intended. Well; who knows that it is not? *Punch* would not at all wonder should it turn out that the fellows who cart the POPE about are Jesuits in disguise.

LATEST LITERARY NEWS.

IT is rumoured that the official catalogue of the Great Exhibition is to be intrusted to the rapid pen of the same ready writer who has dashed off the Catalogue for the British Museum. In order that the two works may be published simultaneously, the Museum Catalogue has been delayed in its passage through the press, which is the sole cause of the non-appearance of that lively and interesting miscellany at the time appointed. Considering that a mere quarter-of-a-century has elapsed since the book has been expected, we cannot but condemn the indecent haste of those who express impatience at not obtaining it.

Those who have been favoured with a glimpse at some of the proofs, have been charmed by the easy eloquence of the style; and the pleasing effect of the alphabetical arrangement creates a sort of familiarity with letters which is no less instructive than agreeable.

THE POPE IN HIS CHAIR.

With Mr. Punch's Compliments to Lady Morgan.

THE GENTEEL VIEW OF THE PAPAL AGGRESSION.

HOU DENSE OLD *Punch*,

"PRAY let me prevail upon you to abandon the line you have taken in reference to the Roman Catholic hierarchy. *A cet égard*, you have quite *manqué votre coup*—that is the universal opinion of all who move in good society. You plant your guns all wrong—on the old forsaken ground of history, ethics, and logic; and all your shots fly wide of the mark. *Bête* that you are, don't you know that all the world—the world of intellect and refinement, I mean—ignores that prosaic realism? Besides, it is quite *de mauvais goût* to argue on stakes, fagots, racks, thumbscrews, and horrid things of that sort, by mentioning which you only produce exasperation, and convince nobody, among the *gens comme il faut*, whatever may be your success with the *canaille*.

"Cannot you understand that we—the cultivated classes, I mean—have quite ceased to consider the question with reference to material fact, and vulgar—or common sense? We regard it entirely in an æsthetic point of view—as a matter of Taste: and this is what renders your coarse, hard actualities so shocking to us. You joke—or reason, which comes to the same thing—as if we would condescend to estimate the consistency of a BORGIA'S conduct, for instance, with the claims of the Vatican. Poor *Punch! We* think in quite another sphere. So far as we are concerned with the Papacy historically, we survey it in its colour, its contour, and proportion—*comprenez-vous?* I am afraid not, you stolid old wretch. We behold it as a symmetrical whole, a colossal Form, a gorgeous prismatic Entity. Researches into character and authenticity are superfluous to those who are susceptible of the psychical logic of symbolism—I endeavour, my *bon homme*, to be as perspicuous as I can. Under the same aspect the System presents itself throughout. Medieval Architecture and Ornament are all harmonious constituents of the One great Idea. The Costume of the Priesthood is a Vestimentary Propriety: a Toilette of Sanctity. Images are the embodiment of an Aspiration. Pale emaciated ecclesiastics, burning tapers, devoted virgins, paintings of enthusiastic saints rapt in graceful devotion, are all Elements of one vast Conception. And it is merely your barbarous ignorance of the Theory of Church-Art that has made you expend so much futile ribaldry on the phenomena of Rimini, not perceiving that a Subjective Impression is as good a Miracle as an Objective Reality.

"Inquisitions, *Les Huguenots* affairs, and the like, are merely the darker shadows, necessarily required to bring out the lights and brilliant tints of the Grand Picture. But how can you feel this, who have no heart for the Picturesque—the great Standard of Faith, which, after all, is but a Development of Taste. And you cannot suffer a little Papal Aggression! I should think you could tolerate anything—you, who can tolerate a dreadful clerk, who aspirates his Amens.

"I wish you could behold the contemptuous pity which curls the chiselled lip, and dilates the delicate nostril, of the highborn and the beautiful, when *Punch* is referred to as the soulless derider of the Pretty in its relation to the Venerable—of all that causes the Heart to thrill or glow, and makes the Sensitive wonder and weep.

"*En vérité, mon ami*, I would advise you, before going any further in polemics, to *emparer* yourself of some notion of the Æsthetic Principle.

"Your disgusted reader,

"FLEUR DE BELGRAVIE."

*** I flatter myself I know what the "æsthetic" principle is, pretty well. A certain calf of gold was made once, I believe, on that "principle." So were various hawk-headed, and other sculptures, from Egypt, now in the British Museum. DIANA of the Ephesians, too, I rather think, was adored on the "æsthetic principle." And on precisely the same "principle," I take it, does the negro grovel before his *fétiche*.—*Punch*.

THE PLAYGOER PUZZLED.

(BEING A SCENE OF AGONY.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ENTHUSIASTIC PLAYGOER (*from the Country*).
WAITER.

Time:—Any day the last two months. Place: Coffee Room, Old Hummums.

Enthusiastic Playgoer (*discovered after dinner over his second pint of "Old Crusted ditto very fine." Lays down weekly newspaper*). Yes, he must be fine in *Mr. Oakley!* I've no doubt the critic is right. Let's see—it's twenty-two years this very night since I saw him in *Orestes*. Uncommonly fine actor then; and must have improved since—mellowed—like this Old Port—(*sips, and looks through his glass at the candle*). Capital glass of wine! And now he's taking his farewell of the stage—must go and see him—(*sips again*)—Here, Waiter!

Waiter (*emerging from recess*). Yezzir.

Enthusiastic Playgoer. Haymarket bill!

Waiter. Yezzir.

Enthusiastic Playgoer. Twenty-two years ago!

[*Sips again, and indulges in pleasing reminiscence.*

Re-enter WAITER.

Waiter. 'Aymarket bill, Sir.

[*Flirts bill before* ENTHUSIASTIC PLAYGOER.

Enthusiastic Playgoer (*reading*). "MR. MACREADY'S farewell Engagement on any stage"—Ah!—"Positively the last week but three of MR. MACREADY'S ever performing on any stage."—H'm! That's rather rash though, considering they all come back once or twice. However, let's see. H'm—H'm—Ah—Now I like this!—(*Reads*)—"To guard against misunderstanding or disappointment, it is deemed requisite to state that these performances will not be extended, and that the public announcement of MR. MACREADY'S last performance of each of his characters will be most faithfully adhered to." Now, that I call strictly honourable and right. No more first last appearances, and second last appearances! These are to be real farewell performances for once.—(*Reads again*)—"*Henry IV.*, MR. MACREADY, his Last Appearance but One!" Oh! I'll wait for the last—that will be the day after to-morrow, I see—Eh? What's this?—"Previously to his final performance!" Oh! That's the last but two, then!—(*Reads again*)—"MR. MACREADY will appear to-night and on Tuesday and Thursday next in *Henry IV.*" Oh! Then I'll go on Thursday; that *must* be the last!—(*Reads again*)—"Being positively his final appearance—previously to his finally repeating his range of characters, for the last time, before his retirement from the stage, when each of his parts will be repeated for the last time for ever."—Eh? Let's see?—(*Making a desperate effort to collect the result*)—His last appearance but one—previously to his farewell appearance—before finally appearing in each of his characters—previously to his concluding performances on any stage. Confound it. I've lost my reckoning—(*Tries again, counting on his fingers*)—His last—previously to his farewell—before finally—previously to his concluding—Oh! Good Gracious!—Is he ever going to go, I wonder—(*Tries again, but fails—and floors the last glass of the second pint in despair*). I'd better go and see him to-night—after all.

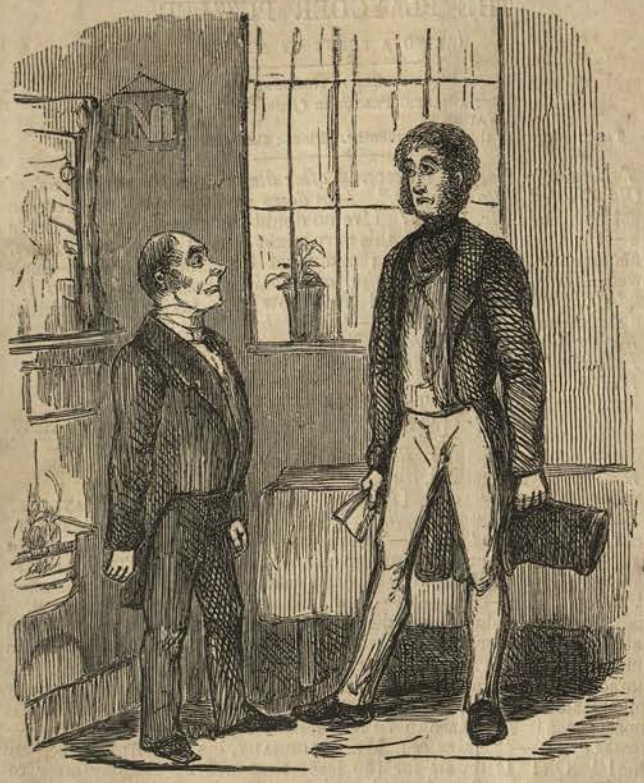
[*Exit for the Haymarket.*

The Real Oldest Inhabitant.

THE proper place in which to look for the oldest inhabitant, is the Queen's Bench, in some corner of which there seems a chance of turning up a Chancery prisoner. A little while ago, an individual was met with, who had been an inhabitant for nearly thirty years; and who, like the released prisoners in "Fidelio," was found singing choruses outside the walls—made drunk by the air of liberty. Surely the law owes some little reparation to a gentleman who has suffered so much on account of it; and there would be some generosity, as well as justice in making him some amends, by bestowing upon him some pension or sinecure. Why not give him the salary of a judge of the Queen's Bench? for, having resided there nearly thirty years, he ought by this time to be a very good judge of it.

A Light Grievance.

IT is said that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER means to modify and only partially repeal the Window-Tax. He may be expected to see the whole country turn out of windows, and demand the entire abolition of the duty; for the friends of light and air will not consent to lose,—if not all, at least half,—their panes in this manner. For our own parts, we shall protest against our views being thus thwarted by the burden upon our windows being retained; and we say at once, that it is no use trying to open the door to compromise. If the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER wants a substitute, let him put a further duty on glazed boots or French ribbons; for we would rather let our wives and daughters pay more for their sashes, than that we should still pay for our windows.



THE EXCITEMENT IN BELGRAVIA.

JEAMES *and the* BUTLER.

Jeames. "AVING NOW IGSAMINED MY SATIFFIGITE, AND FOUND MY FIGGER SATASFACTURY, ELOW ME TO HASK ONE QUESTION—IS SIR JOHN'S A HIGH-CHUTCH FAMILY, MR. BROWN? 'AND DO YOU FAST, ACCORDING TO THE RUBRIC, HEVERY FRIDAY IN THE YEAR? BECAUSE IN THIS CASE, THE PLACE WILL NOT DO FOR *ME*."

Butler. "MR. JEAMES, WE WILL TRY AND GET YOU A DISPENSATION."

MORE ABOUT HATS.

THE voice of *Punch* has not been raised in vain against the abomination of the chimney-pot.

Already we see on every side the symptoms which tell us that the existing Hat dynasty totters to its fall. We do not take credit to ourselves for this. The Hat was already doomed 'ere we lifted up our *bâton* to crush it. We have only the merit of having gathered the public feeling into a focus, the light flashing from which has withered the hideous Hat of the nineteenth century. All advocacy of the Hat on its own merits has been abandoned. Its ugliness and its inconvenience are admitted on all hands. "Are not, then, its days numbered?" The candid reader will ask.

Alas for human nature, that we must answer, "No." To get rid of anything established, it is not enough to prove that it fulfils no one purpose that it is meant to serve. It is *established*. Possession is nine points of the law; and when a thing *is* here, it has, *primâ facie*, a good right to stay here, until forced to quit. The existing Hat will, therefore, continue to rule till another is set up in its place. It thus becomes the duty of all who wish well to their fellow-creatures, to bethink themselves seriously of the head-covering that is to replace the discarded chimney-pot. And, above all, it is *our* duty, having first given a voice to the feeling of the time on this subject, to offer our counsel to those who are determined to throw off the intolerable pressure of the reigning Hat.

There are two questions to be answered—

1. How is the present Hat to be dethroned?
2. What substitute for it is to be set up?

On the first we venture to suggest, that as organisation and the diffusion of information upset the Corn Laws, so organisation and the diffusion of information may unseat the Hat. Let England organise for a combined effort. Let the men of every town unite in sections and subsections, and bind themselves over a wide-awake, on a certain day, to throw off the yoke of the hated chimney-pot. *Punch* offers himself humbly, as the TELL of the movement, and, like the Liberator of Switzerland, he will be the first to refuse any longer to bow down before the Hat?

If 500 men in England walk out of their peaceful homes on the same morning—let us say the 1st of May, 1851—wearing the usurping head-cover (what that should be remains to be considered), the old Hat is "a dim, discrownèd king." Let corresponding Anti-Chimney-pot Societies be founded in the Metropolis and all large towns. Let each section have its Chief, and let the Chiefs of sections be combined into a Directory; and let the Directory have a head, and let that head be *Punch!*

The duty of the Anti-Chimney-pot Societies will be to deliberate on the choice of a successor to the reigning Hat. The chiefs in the different towns will correspond with each other on the subject. The members will also, each in his own sphere, combat the notion (which is really the only thing like an argument that we have heard urged against a change), that because the rest of the garments worn now-a-days are unpicturesque and inconvenient, therefore the Hat ought to be unpicturesque and inconvenient, to match coat, waistcoat, trousers, and neckcloth. Strange reasoning, which, if we admit its premises, refuses to correct one abuse because other abuses surround it. It is to be answered by showing how, though the reform is to begin with the Hat, it is not intended to stop there. Let it be pointed out how the small end of the revolutionary wedge having once been inserted at the head, must go on working its way through the absurd totality of modern English male costume. But let the reformer, at the same time, deny the premises on which this monstrous conclusion is founded; let him show how coat, waistcoat, and trousers may, by very slight modification, and the exercise of no more than average good taste, be made a sufficiently graceful and comfortable array, to admit of a less hideous Hat than the present, without any incongruity. Take an easy and well cut morning jacket, of the form no longer confined to the stable-yard or barrack-room, but admitted alike into breakfast parlour and counting house, or the hanging paletot, with a waistcoat, not scrimp and tight, but long and ample, and wide and well-made trousers, of any of the neutral-tinted woollen fabrics, that our northern looms are so prolific in; and we assert, fearlessly, that a broad-leafed and flexible *sombrero* of grey, or brown, or black felt, may be worn with such a costume, to complete a dress at once becoming and congruous; a dress of the nature of that into which (as it is) a man gets the moment he is at his ease and free from restraint, and a dress, moreover, which is in every way adapted to our climate and habits.

But the weightier question remains behind, "What is the New Hat to be?"

And to this question we promise an early answer, only cautioning our readers against surrendering their judgment to the hatters, some of whom we observe are already parading in their windows, under the title of "The New Hat," an article all but as ugly, and in every respect as inconvenient, as the existing chimney-pot; besides which, it rejoices in the superfluous absurdity of a Feather!

That would be incongruous if you like!

A Card.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY beg to give notice to Prize-fighters, and Noblemen, College-Students, Gentlemen, and all Patrons of the Ring, that the best accommodation for a "mill" is to be found on their line. By giving a day's notice, an Express Train will always be kept waiting for their accommodation, to convey to and from the scene of action. Scouts are always in attendance at every Electric Telegraph Station, in order to forward the quickest intimation of danger; and there is an understanding amongst all the *employés* of the Railway, that, in the event of any pursuit, the Fighting-Express is to take the precedence of every other Train. Terms moderate, and the strictest secresy may be relied upon. N.B.—A map of the most retired spots, and a list of all the fields that are situated on the borders of two neighbouring counties along the line, may be seen on application at the Office.—CORNELIUS STOVIN, *General Manager.*

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

A PIOUS butcher who had sent legs of mutton gratis in honour of St. Pudentiana to Golden Square, asked his director whether he should send capers likewise? The Reverend Father commended the zeal of his parishioner, and said that the Church of Rome was neither averse to mutton nor to trimmings.

Good Cry for Protestants.

A CONSIDERABLE hubbub has been raised by LADY MORGAN'S controversy with CARDINAL WISEMAN, about the Chair of ST. PETER. As the dispute might easily be settled by producing the article of furniture in question, there is a striking appropriateness, during this particular row, of raising the cry of "Chair! Chair!"

HIGH JINKS IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

IT chanced, MR. SCROGGS had mislaid his spectacles. So laying up his heels on a stool before the fire, he desired his niece, ANGELICA, to read the *Times* to him, whilst he finished his breakfast. "First, what 's the news from Rome?" said the old gentleman, with a sly wink—partly, perhaps, in allusion to recent events at Rimini—aimed at the young lady, who had been evincing some symptoms of Tractarian derangement.

"Oh! *such* doings on New Year's Day; *so* interesting"—replied ANGELICA, and read as follows:—

"LORD CAMPDEN, son of the EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH, and LADY CAMPDEN, made a public recantation of the Protestant faith, and were received into the Roman Catholic Church. LORD and LADY FEILDING, who have also lately come over, were present, as well as several other persons who have preceded or followed their example."

"Hah!" exclaimed MR. SCROGGS. "Trip over to Rome quite the fashion just now, you see, my dear. Patronised by the nobility. Up the Tiber instead of up the Rhine—hum!"

"It says," continued MISS ANGELICA, "that Rome is crowded with English converts of all ranks, and,

"In all public ceremonies they obtain the best places, and the Pope and the Cardinals never fail to notice them in public."

"Extraordinary condescension, that," MR. SCROGGS observed. "Surprising humility in Pope and Cardinals, actually to take notice of their fellow Christians. Ought to be called, in future, His Lowliness and their Meeknesses. Wonder if the Fisherman ever demeaned himself so far?"

"Oh, uncle!" ejaculated ANGELICA. "Then, in the evening, there was a grand *fête* given—dear me, I should *so* like to have seen it!—listen, uncle!—

"The PRINCE CARDINAL ALTIERI, President of Rome and Comarca—"

"Prince of the Church—Prince of a kingdom not of this world!"—interrupted MR. SCROGGS.

"Opened his magnificent Palace in the Piazza del Gesu."

"The Piazza del!—well, no need to repeat the name," said the old gentleman. "An appropriate site, rather, for the 'magnificent palace' of this Prince of said Church—eh?"

"Law, uncle!" somewhat dubiously remonstrated his niece; and proceeded:—

"Every person of consideration, foreign and native, was invited, and the numerous salons were resplendent with beauty and diamonds."

"Beauty and diamonds! Rather smart decorations for the drawing-rooms of a Priest Cardinal. Gayish ornaments for the apartments of a vowed bachelor," MR. SCROGGS observed.

ANGELICA resumed:—

"Among the ladies most distinguished for personal appearance was the PRINCESS TORLONIA, who was literally one blaze of jewels, many of which were said to have once belonged to the shrine of Our Lady of LORETTO."

"Disposed of by the former Proprietress, eh?" said MR. SCROGGS.

"Oh, uncle! how can you?" cried ANGELICA; and read on:—

"A diadem, composed of brilliants and pearls, eclipsed everything in the way of ornament present, and it is said to be not only one of the most gorgeous, but the most costly *parure* belonging to any private person in Europe."

"Query, though?" MR. SCROGGS interposed. "Perhaps all that is figurative. Brilliants and pearls mean virtues and graces, may be. Ah!—very likely."

"Then there was the PRINCESS DORIA, daughter of the EARL OF SHREWSBURY," continued the young lady:—

"On this occasion she produced from caskets, where they had long been hidden, the costly heirlooms of the PAMFILI family. The value of these jewels is almost inestimable, not only on account of their intrinsic worth, but of their historical association, as many of them are known to have belonged to the celebrated DONNA OLIMPIA (said to be a daughter of POPE INNOCENT XI.)."

"Bless his Innocence!" exclaimed MR. SCROGGS.

"Then," proceeded Angelica,

"The PRINCESS BORGHESE (a Rochefoucauld) was likewise splendidly attired. The PRINCESS ALTIERI, who did the honours for her relative the Cardinal, was also a star of the first magnitude. Her diamonds in number and value were scarcely surpassed by those above-named."

"There, my dear," said MR. SCROGGS, "*that* will do. See how fine and grand you may be, even at a Cardinal's tea-party. Great inducement, isn't it, to a young lady to turn Papist! I suppose, though, she is not to take any pleasure in her finery—if she can help it. Must imagine herself in rags all the time—perhaps wear a horse-hair, what-d'ye-call-it, underneath. Renounce the world while she figures in it—show off, and not think how nice it is. Ah! Fancy I could renounce port in the same way. Now, JELLY, of course you 'll go over to Rome; but first, like a good girl, go and fetch me down my boots. Well, well; his Eminence, the Roman Cardinal, had a grand party—hadn't he? Fine court cards in his pack—no small card himself. The ladies regular Queens of Diamonds. I say, JELLY—who was the Knave?"

THE GLUT OF DIORAMAS.

THE plethora of Panoramic exhibitions will certainly be too much for us at last, or we shall perhaps die of the Dioramas. Vocalists, lecturers, artists, and all sorts of contributors to the entertainment of the public, seem to think the public will entertain nothing, unless accompanied by a Di—a Pan—a Poly—or a Physi—orama. The last thing of the kind we have heard of, and which we expect will soon be announced, is so absurd, that we give the world the benefit of a "private view"—that which everybody is invited to see, is always called a "private view"—of the programme.

Mr. Whistler, the Veteran Vocalist,

Begs to announce to the Nobility, his friends, and the Public, his patrons, that he is preparing a new Grand Pictorial, Poetical, Musical, and Moving Panorama, illustrative of the beautiful song of "*Meet me by Moonlight.*"

PART I.—"Moonlight" Scene—the "Meeting"—the "Tell-tale"—the "Vale," with the "Grove" at the end of it—the Moon's Face, and the Lover's Look—Prize "Eyes."

PART II.—"Daylight" Scene—the "Gay" Scene, Hyde Park—the "Thoughtless"—the Nursery-maid and the Guardsman—Domestic Scene—the "Heartless"—the Policeman receiving his supper from the Cook, and saying he has no time to stop and eat it, is taking it home with him—Street Scene—the "Free"—Release of Prisoner from the Queen's Prison—the "Moon's Ray"—Something about it—and Final Tableau of the Meeting by Moonlight (not alone, but together) of the Two Lovers.

In preparation, in the Lower Room, illustrated by a Panorama Five Miles Long, "*The Light Guitar*," of the first performance of which due notice will be given.

A VOICE FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

WE have received the following note, upon which we make no comment:—

"*Trafalgar Square, Jan. 18th*, 1851.

"THE National Gallery presents its compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to say, that it feels very keenly the abuse thrown in its face, but must add, that it owes all the abuse it has received to its having been subject to the grossest misconstruction. Though the National Gallery feels there is much truth in the general opinion that it requires taking down, the National Gallery is by no means proud of itself; and indeed, if it could use its wings, it would take refuge in flight from the contempt so unkindly expressed towards it. The National Gallery feels, however, some consolation in the knowledge that it has not been the architect of its own misfortunes."

BON-BONS FROM JUVENILE PARTIES.

First Juvenile. "THAT'S A PRETTY GIRL TALKING TO YOUNG ALGERNON BINKS!"
Second Juvenile. "HM—TOL-LOL! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER SOME SEASONS AGO."

THE MODERN BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old tramp,
Whose glimpse of plate has brought him to your door;
Who with your spoons will probably decamp,
To sell at the marine receiving store.

These tattered clothes my pilferings conceal,
When ingenuity a larder clears,
And in this pocket many a bit of veal,
Mutton, or beef, adroitly disappears.

Yon villa, standing in secluded ground,
With tempting dulness drew me from the road;
For unprotected are the inmates found,
And great the distance to the next abode.

Hard is the portion of the idle poor!
There as I bullied for a bit of bread,
A sharp policeman drove me from the door,
And took me to the station-house instead.

Oh, would that I had reach'd the vagrants' crib,
Where, in the sweets of dissipation sunk,
The flash and slang exchanging, free and glib,
I might have got felicitously drunk!

Pity the sorrows of a poor old tramp,
Whose glimpse of plate has brought him to your door;
Who with your spoons will probably decamp,
To sell at the marine receiving store.

NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.

SOME curiosity has lately been excited by a chess-player who has been playing three games at chess at once, without seeing the board; and this feat, without the eyes, has led to the bringing up of stories about other marvellous players, who have gone through several games at chess at once, in a blindfold condition.

This, however, is not the first example of the same kind of thing; for we all know the recklessness with which our Baronial friend NATHAN has plunged among the eggs with a nightcap drawn down to his mouth for the last quarter of a century. Besides, there are other games quite as intricate as chess, that people are in the habit of playing at blindfold; and we need not go further back than the most recent history, for the examples of statesmen—or rather ministers—who have played the game of politics, while utterly refusing to open their eyes to anything.

A REMEDY FOR TOO MUCH PHYSIC.

"ANTI-DRENCH," in the *Times*, complains grievously of "The Doctors." He says:—

"Ever since the case before the Chief Baron, where 5*s.* a visit was recovered, each little, smooth, dapper, quick, pompous 'medical attendant' thinks himself under-paid, unless he screws out that amount per visit, charged in the shape of medicine, or not, at the choice of 'the patient.'"

MR. ANTI-DRENCH has evidently had a long and, probably, exorbitant doctor's bill to pay this Christmas; and is therefore to be excused for speaking rather irreverently of medical practitioners—the worst paid and the most useful of the learned professions. If the majority of them are dwarfish, sycophantic, ridiculously nimble and consequential, the fault is the public's; the supply is produced by the demand; and a squeamish imbecile flunkeyism must be very prevalent among patients. If invalids were generally magnanimous and sensible, surgeon-apothecaries would be unpretending, deliberate, independent, and very possibly six feet high without their boots. However, the small and dapper type of his class, according to ANTI-DRENCH,

"Deems himself the only judge of the number of visits to be paid, and by way of favour will say, 'Oh! I will charge you only 3*s.* 6*d.* But, of course, if two of your family require attendance, I charge for each;' and he takes care by extra visits, if by no other way, to stick on at one end what he cuts off at the other."

And then the men of medicine

"Come and gossip with mamma and the nurse while 'master' is away on his business, duly entering the visit as professional, or doubly so if the baby has a little cold in its eye, or CHARLEY'S tooth has been making him cross."

The result of this kind of practice is, at the end of the year,

"A bill for two or three times one's income-tax, at least, on us poor working scrubs of 300*l.* or 400*l.* per annum. And what have we got for it, except a feeling that, somehow, though none of us have been in any the least danger—thank God—yet we have been always ailing, and some 150 visits have been paid in the course of the year to keep us well,—or rather to keep us ill, one would think?"

And ANTI-DRENCH asks the *Times*,

"What am I to do, Sir, to keep the doctor from paying four visits, when one would do, to lighten the fears of mamma? I expect no good from changing, besides having to stand the domestic hints that 'Mr. A. is such a clever person,' and 'so much more agreeable,'" &c.

ANTI-DRENCH may do these things:—

In the first place, let him sternly dismiss the practitioner who is "so much more agreeable." A doctor ought to be disagreeable—as his physic is, and for the same reason. Nature gave drugs an ill taste to prevent us from taking too much of them. Not that a medical man is to be coarse or rude; but he will be quite "disagreeable" enough to "mamma," if, however kind and gentle, he is a manly, straightforward fellow.

In the next place, let him pay his medical man liberally for necessary attendance, that he may not tempt him to pay himself by attending oftener than is needful.

Thirdly, let him take the pains to get up that general knowledge of medicine, without which it is impossible to distinguish between a quack and a true physician, or to know whether a doctor is wanted or not; and without which, moreover, nobody has a right to have either a wife or a family, unless he is prepared to pay for the consequences. Thus will ANTI-DRENCH avert that veterinary treatment to which his name expresses an objection, but which the amount of his medical knowledge might perhaps almost deserve.

A SHILLING'S WORTH OF NONSENSE.—The *Gravedigger* says, "The tanner will last you nine years,"—and, in the hands of a Scotchman, it is a speculation if a *tanner* does not last much longer.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 25th, 1851.

"NOW, MARM, THIS GOES TO THE CHRISTIAL PALIS."
"BLESS THE MAN! I DON'T WANT NO CHRISTIAL PALISES. I AM A-GOIN TO THE BORO'."

A WARNING FOR FATHERS.

A, a father, leaves B, his daughter, £1600.

C, a spendthrift, (and something more,) falls in love with the £1600 of B.

B, with the credulous affection of a woman, even before her marriage entrusts to C a power of attorney over the aforesaid £1600.

C immediately squanders upon D, a harpy demi-rep, no less than £1480 out of the £1600!

WARNING TO FATHERS.—If you have money to leave to daughters, so tie it upon them that even they themselves cannot untie it. Protect them from the credulity of their own affections, and the beggary that may ensue.

For further illustration, see a sad Domestic Drama, entitled *Alfred Whaley Cole*, as represented on the boards of the Insolvent Court, Jan. 23.

LOOSE GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT.

A GENTLEMAN writes to the *Times*, with a most lachrymose pen, complaining of the dreadful state of the pavement in Trafalgar Square, "several of the flags being so loose as to rise and strike one." We only allude to this fact as being the first instance on record of the British *Flag* ever being known to strike under NELSON!

THE MICE OF SCOTLAND.—A PANIC!

"MR. PUNCH,

"THERE is a two-legged Scotch economist—the newspapers call him 'a gentleman in Kirkaldy'—who has invented an infernal machine by which a couple of mice can be made to 'spin cotton yarn.' The cost and profit have been calculated with a nicety worthy of the arithmetical spirit of ADAM SMITH. 'A couple of mice'—(are the couple to be a pair, or are pairs to be separated in the mouse-mill, as in the Christian Unions?)—may 'make atonement to society for past offences by reeling from 100 to 126 threads per day.' By this, it would appear that infant mice are not to be employed: inasmuch as, being up to a certain age guiltless of wrong, they have no evil to atone for; an improvement, I must allow, upon the old cotton-mill system that used up babyhood. But listen to the calculation, the sum total of which has warmed the heart's blood of the gentleman in Kirkaldy, warmed it like his morning porridge:—

"'To complete this [the 126 threads], the little pedestrians have to run 10½ miles. A halfpenny worth of oatmeal, at 1*s.* 3*d.* per peck, serves one of these treadwheel culprits for *the long period* of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads per day. At this rate a mouse earns 7*s.* 6*d.* per annum. Take off 5*d.* for board, and 1*s.* for machinery, there will arise 6*s.* clear for every mouse annually.'

"Pretty profits, these, to the musocrat, arn't they?—and sweetly illustrative of a certain school of commerce that allows at the rate of five-pence for the workman, and one shilling for machinery, the while the master pockets more than four hundred per cent. profit from the transaction?

"In what place did this gentleman of Kirkaldy light upon this wisdom? Was it inspiration from the Minories? After this, what mouse in a Scotch mill would not change its condition with a church mouse?—nay, when I reflect upon the increased number of candles used now-a-days in certain churches, a mouse ecclesiastical may have a very jolly berth of it.

"But the thing is to be done upon a grand scale. There is to be a sort of Mouse Palace, in order that—as in the Minories and elsewhere—the extreme of pinching may be associated with the extreme of vastness.

"'The mouse employer was going to make an application for the lease of an old empty house, which would hold 10,000 mouse mills, sufficient room being left for keepers and some hundreds of spectators.'

"Now, ten thousand mills employing ten thousand mice, and every mouse returning, over the cost of oatmeal and machinery, six shillings per annum profit, returns to the humble capitalist sixty thousand shillings—otherwise, three thousand pounds per year. A very sweet illustration of the rights of certain capital invested in certain labours. How many men may think themselves not a bit better than mice!

"But, *Mr. Punch*, may I—as one of the cats of England—ask you, if Scotland intends to employ all her mice—and depend upon it, with the view of six shillings a year profit upon each mouse, there will not be a Scotch man, woman, or infant, who will not set a mouse-trap, even if baited with the last pinch of oatmeal,—may I ask you, Sir, with all the mice of Scotland earning the food, and clothing, and pocket-money of the Scotch people,—may I ask what is to become of Scotch cats?

"*Mr. Punch*, from the time of the Fall, mice have been our vested interests. And I ask you, if our natural victims are to be unmercifully snatched from our claws to earn, every one mouse of them, six shillings English profit for every Scotchman,—I ask you what is to remunerate us cats for our vital loss? Why, Sir, in six weeks—nay, six days—there will not be a mouse throughout the length and breadth, and, what is much more, the depth of Scotland, that is not shut up in a Scotch mill, earning the daily bread of a Scotch owner. A cat in Scotland might as well hope to catch an ermine as a grey mouse—whether house, or field, or shrew-mouse—that shall not be sweating its 10½ miles *per diem*, on its half-pennyworth of oatmeal *per* five weeks!

"Nor will the tyranny—the avaricious tyranny of Scotch gentlemen—end with helpless mice. No, *Mr. Punch*: having secured mouse-woven cotton, depend upon it some gentleman in Peebles will start a patent for spider-spun silk. I have no doubt that—with mouse-cotton in the market—every Highlander will speedily sport a pair of pantaloons of the very finest web, the original yarn woven in the rafters of his own paternal halls, and elaborated from the nourishment supplied by his own clan blue-bottles.

"Dear *Mr. Punch*, elevate your voice against this tyranny. Save the mice of Scotland from the oatmeal calculation of the musocrat. For myself, who am an English cat, and living in a high Puseyite family distinguished for its rigorous dinners of john-dory, turbot, salmon and smelts in their respective seasons—('what cat's averse to fish?')—for myself, I say, whether Scotch mice grow grey in Scotch cotton-mills, or fall in natural course within the jaws of Scotch grimalkins, I can have no personal interest: but I have a proper feeling for the rights of mice, and I hope I have a due admiration of the probity, the energy, and the enterprise of the Scotch people. And it is upon their account I ask you to stand between their hopes of lucre—this mouse-mill mania—and themselves. For with the fascinating lure of six shillings profit per annum, the whole population—there can be no doubt of the alarming fact—will forego their sober habits of certain commerce, and madly throw themselves upon a mouse-trap. Depend upon it, what railways have been to England, mouse-cotton mills will be to devoted Scotland.

"As for Scotch mice, let them one and all make for the Tweed and swim it. There is not one of them, though of the smallest, that shall not receive a hearty welcome

"From your's, *Mr. Punch*,

"*The Mews.*" "PUSS-IN-BLUCHERS."

Punch's House Protector.

THE recent great increase of burglaries in the rural districts has suggested an invention to *Mr. Punch* for the protection of life and property from housebreakers, which he hereby generously communicates to the Public. The details of the contrivance are very simple. Strings and wires are laid down in the premises as in setting spring guns. Any one of these, on being touched, displaces a weight, which, in falling, explodes a detonating ball, ignites a blue light, sets going an alarum bell, opens a kennel, and lets loose any given number of large dogs, trained to hold fast without biting.

A PERFECT WRETCH.

Wife. "WHY, DEAR ME, WILLIAM; HOW TIME FLIES! I DECLARE WE HAVE BEEN MARRIED TEN YEARS TO-DAY!

Wretch. "HAVE WE, LOVE? I AM SURE I THOUGHT IT HAD BEEN A GREAT DEAL LONGER."

PICTURES FOR THE EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY.

THE Great Exhibition of Industry will not be complete without an addition which *Punch* proposes to make to it. An exhibition of manufactures and commodities, is not an exhibition of Industry, but only of the results of it. A real exposition of Industry would require that the INDUSTRIOUS themselves should be exhibited as well as their productions. In a glass hive we ought to show the bees at work. However, as needlewomen cannot be starved, nor tailors "sweated," nor miners blown up, amongst a multitude of people, with any degree of safety, it is suggested that paintings of our various artizans, labouring in their usual vocations, should accompany the display of the substances and fabrics which we owe to the labour or ingenuity of the respective classes. Pictorial art might thus be brought to make appropriate contributions to the world's Bazaar. Shall we ostentatiously show off all manner of articles of comfort and luxury, and be ashamed to disclose the condition of those whom we have to thank for them?

Another Mad Bull.

WE have again to call attention to the intolerable nuisance arising from the existence of a cattle-market in the centre of Christendom. Another bull, of the Vatican breed, belonging to that holy gentleman the POPE, has just broken loose, —rushed headlong into an Irish diocese, and knocked it in two. If the Roman Pontiff will persist in asserting his "vested interests," to the annoyance of his neighbours, it may become a question with the people of England how far it may be necessary to seek redress by an action for damages.

A REFLECTION ON LITERATURE.—IT is a well-authenticated fact, that the name of a Book has a great deal to do with its sale and its success. How strange that titles should go for so much in the Republic of Letters!

A GEOGRAPHICAL GUIDE FOR THE FOREIGN VISITORS IN 1851.

As right geographical knowledge
Our guests will be likely to need,
Without the expense of a college
Some facts in this page they may read.

All those who to India would travel,
And the Overland journey would trace,
The thread of the path may unravel,
By calling in Waterloo Place.

The whole of the journey is paid for
By the sum they demand at the door;
But be careful, if India is made for,
You haven't mistaken the floor.

For under the very same portal,
In the lower apartment at hand,
The active and curious mortal
May visit our own native land.

New Zealand is constantly moving;
'Twas lately in Leicester's famed Square;
But if to the Strand you are roving,
You'll meet with it, probably, there.

The Nile, with its numerous changes,
About Piccadilly you'll meet;
Calcutta, combined with the Ganges,
Has got into Regent's wide street.

To the Lake of Lucerne, with Mount Pilate,
The Righi, the Alps, and their snow,
Though the notion you'll probably smile at,
In a threepenny 'bus you may go.

Just bid the conductor, at startin,'
Whatever the part of the town,
At the end of the lane of St. Martin
To be mindful of setting you down.

If Constantinople you'd visit,
To Regent Street go, when it's fine,
'Tis out of the question to miss it,
The number 's three hundred and nine.

If the Continent's tour you desire,
Through Germany, Prussia, and France,
Home by Rhine and Cologne to retire,
Of Europe the usual dance:

To the Haymarket you've but to go,
At HER MAJESTY'S Concert Room ask,
And they'll let you immediately know
How in Italy's sunshine to bask.

In fact, as the year Fifty-one
Is the year for all nations to meet,
'Tis right through the world we should run,
By going from street into street.

Lights and Shadows of Taxation.

SIR DE LACY EVANS, at a meeting in favour of the abolition of the Window-Tax, spoke of the proposal to repeal the tax on soap as a tub thrown to the whale. We quite agree with the honourable member, and we hope the hollowness of the tub will be perceived, although it happens to be a washing-tub. The Ministers are quite welcome to take up soap, but it must only be after they have thoroughly washed their hands of the odious window-tax.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT OF A PUNNING YOUTH.

WHAT is the True Poetry of Nature?
The *Rhyme* Frost.

Good News for Antiquarians.

THE oldest animal in the world has been discovered at last. Reeking hot from the discovery, we cry "Eureka!" to an astonished universe. The oldest animal in existence is the Nineveh Bull, calved (or carved—it's all the same) 4000 years ago!

G. F. YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Self-Preservation is the first law of Nature, and Protection is the second; or rather as preserving one's-self, and protecting one's-self, are precisely one and the same thing, I may say that Protection is the First Law of Nature, and ought consequently to be the First Law of the Land, and I am determined it shall be so.

There is no wealth without agriculture. No country can have a Cornucopia, unless corn is at the top of everything.

The best way of talking figuratively, is to use plenty of figures. Probably the reason why we Protectionists cut such very bad figures at all public meetings, may be owing to the very careless manner in which we handle them? But there is one consolation left me, that if our arguments are individually weak, no one can deny they are not *numerically* strong.

I don't half like the ridicule that is thrown upon the cause of Protection. Since corn has been taken out of our mouths, we have been treated with nothing but chaff.

There is no carpet bag half so squeezable as a Farmer's mind; for on my word it will take in as much as you like to cram it with, and even then it will stand gaping for more.

I have got to speak again to-morrow. The old speech must be rubbed up again. But really it has been rubbed up so often, that I am afraid the public will begin to find out its real value, and to discover that, after all, I am only exhibiting before them a spoon of the commonest Britannia mettle.

As this is the year of the Exhibition, we must do something on a large scale to make a great show of ourselves. It is rather unfortunate, talking of shows, the intimate connection there is in the public mind between a Protectionist Meeting and a Cattle Show. This identification I am sure has done us a deal of harm; and I have often thought of writing up in the place of our meeting—"No Connexion with the Cattle Show next Door."

OPEN HOUSE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"*To* Joseph Paxton, Esq. (*favoured by* Mr. Punch.)

"Sir,—My name is Mob, that is Young Mob—son of Old Mob—and, as the better-behaved son of a wild and ignorant father, I beg leave to thank you, Mr. Paxton, for asking Lord John Russell to throw open the Crystal Palace to be seen by me for nothing; for I do assure you I am very much reformed, and altogether better behaved than my relations of the good old times, who used to kick up a rumpus, going about like a swinish multitude that wanted rings in their noses, and wooden collars about their necks.

"When I say my name is Young Mob, I ought further to say that I am also called Masses—Young Masses—by some people; and further known and received as Masses *alias* Million, let me refer to the 'superior classes' for my true character in all public places, to show that I may—with very little looking after—be as well trusted in your Palace, Mr. Paxton, as in the British Museum, the National Gallery, or in Kew Gardens.

"Am I not seen with my wife and children wondering at Mr. Layard's Nineveh Marbles—wondering quietly, and I will add, if you please, reverently? Have I, in fact, chipped the nose of any statue? Have I wrenched the little finger from any mummy? Have I pocketed a single medal? Have I dog's-eared a single volume to be found where I have free entrance in the British Museum?

"Do I scratch Raphael in the National Gallery, or poke my finger through Cuyp's cows? Do I not pay decent homage to Correggio? and do I mock at the light and darkness of Rembrandt?

"Do I trample the flowers in the enclosure of St. James's Park? Do I—(as I fear some of my ancestors might have done)—do I pelt the black swan or the Solan goose as sanguinary foreigners?

"What injury have I committed in Kew Gardens? Show me the twig I have broken, the bud I have crushed.

"Well, then, I put it to you, Mr. Paxton, whether you have not in my amended conduct a guarantee for my civil and peaceable behaviour in your Glass Palace. The same better feeling that respects the wonders of antiquity, will respect the greater wonders of our times. If I know how to behave myself in the British Museum, shall I become a brute and a savage when under your roof, and enclosed by your walls of Crystal?

"Of course there are of my family—for the Masses *are* a legion—thousands not admissible into the British Museum, Kew Gardens, the National Gallery, and so forth—no, not even into St. Paul's Church, by paying twopence for it. There are who belong to me, the idle, the dirty, the foul-mouthed, and the ragged. Let these be driven from the Crystal Gates; but I cannot understand why, if the British Museum and the National Gallery be open to the decent members of my family, the Crystal Palace should—from suspicion of my conduct—be closed against

"Your humble and obliged Servant, Mr. Paxton,

"Young Mob, *alias* The Masses, *alias* The Million."

LITERATURE UNDER GROUND.

We sometimes hear of the ignorance prevailing among those who work in Mines, but if they can understand what is written about their own operations, they are much cleverer fellows than we took them for. It will be necessary to dive, or dig very deep down indeed, for the meaning of the following piece of Mining intelligence, which we have extracted from a morning-paper:—

"At Borrington Park Mine they have cleared the run in the adit level, and forked the water in the shaft, and are expected to hole to the adit early next week."

We do not affect to be very stupid, but we really must admit our blessed ignorance as far as the meaning of this paragraph is concerned. "They"—who are "they?" to begin with—"have cleared the run"—what's a "run?"—"in the adit level"—what's an "adit?"—and forked the water into the shaft." Now, we have heard of "forking *out*," but "forking *in*" is a process we do not so easily comprehend, particularly when water is the article upon which the operation of "forking" has been performed. Our ideas of dealing with water, are more suggestive to us of spoons than forks, and having, therefore, become completely puzzled by what we have read, we have no comprehension left for the remaining words, announcing the expectation that "they" will "hole to the adit early next week." In this hole we find ourselves helplessly stuck, and we shall feel very much obliged to any one learned in the language of mining, if he will lend us a hand and pull us out of it.

A Fine Opening for a Novelist.

We see a new book advertised under the title of *The Stones of Venice*. We think an appropriate companion to it might be published under the name of *The Stones of London*. Only think of the immensity of the material! for not a day passes—what with the gas and the water companies, and the Commissioners of Sewers, and the innumerable Boards of Paving—but what something is sure to turn up in Fleet-Street, or one of the principal streets of our *rising* metropolis. But then, again, the incidents would be so numerous that we doubt strongly, if a stupendous work like *The Stones of London* were once begun, whether it could ever be brought to a close. Some fresh opening would be breaking out every hour, in some fresh place—so, upon a second view of the subject, we think it far too deep for us to advise any young novelist to drop into it.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF STATE EDUCATION?

Education is derived from *Educere*, to bring forth, to draw out; but the only thing which State Education brings forth, is the total incapacity of the State to educate the People; and the utmost it draws out is a miserable sum of something like £30,000 a year, for no other purpose, apparently, than that of proving the above incapacity.—*By One of the Non-Educated.*

PUNCH'S SERMONS TO TRADESMEN.

TO THE GROCER.

"A grocer is a man who buys and sells sugar, and plums, and spices, for gain."—WATTS.

HAPPY is the grocer who, among this congregation of England's grocers, can lay his hand upon his commercial heart, and making answer to the text, can say—"I am the man."

For of the men who take over unto their shop-doors the name of grocer, how many are there who buy and sell sugar, and sugar only; who turn the penny upon spices in their purity, vending nought but the true mace—the undoctored clove?

Great is the villainy of the Chinese; but it is written in certain books of the working chemist, that the roguery of the Englishman—bent, it may be, upon the means of respectability on wheels, namely, a final country-box with a gig—may outblush the pale face of the Tartar trickster. The Chinaman glazes his tea with Prussian blue; he paints his Congou, and adds a perfume to his Twankay; but he—the pigtailed heathen—does not recognise in an English attorney a man and a brother; and in his limited sympathies fails to acknowledge in any British maiden, of any fabulous age soever, a woman and a sister. The China teaman is a benighted barbarian: the British grocer is an effulgent Christian. The Chinaman's religion is the gust of revenge; the Briton's creed is the creed of common love.

We can, if we endeavour it, drop a tear over the ignorance of the Chinaman who dusts his faded tea-leaves with chromate of lead; but shall not our eyes flash fire at the enlightened British tea-dealer who to the withered leaf imparts the mortal glow of plumbago? Nevertheless, there are grocers in the commercial form of men, who treat the stomachs of their customers, as their customers treat their stoves; namely, they bestow upon their internals the questionable polish of black lead, innocently swallowed in cups of liquid, worse and blacker than the Lacedæmonian black broth. How many an innocent tea-loving spinster, proud of the jetty loveliness of her fireplace, would acknowledge a spasm of horror could she know that the polish of her own stove and the bloom of her own black tea, fragrant and smoking at her lips, were of one and the same black lead: of lead that in due sufficiency is akin to coffin-lead? And the English grocer, intent upon deceit, outvies—say the chemists—the teaman of the flowery kingdom. "There is not a toss-up between the Chihaman and the Englishman," says the grave and quaint BERZELIUS; "and if there be, though China beats by a tail, England fails not to win by a head."

Secondly, we come to coffee. Perhaps there is not a more touching, a more instructive, and withal a more pathetic picture than either man or woman complacently employed in drinking what the drinker, in profoundest innocence, believes to be coffee—bargain coffee at one shilling per pound! Now a wizard, yclept NORMANDY, has taken a pound, a nominal pound of this coffee; and with an analytic touch has resolved the pound into these component parts of pence and profit:—

½ lb. of Coffee, at 1*s.* 2*d.* per lb.	0*s.* 7*d.*
½ lb. of Chicory, at 4*d.* per lb.	0 2
The Grocer's profit	0 3
1 lb of Adulterated Coffee	1*s.* 0*d.*

And the dupe swallows his bargain of half-a-pound of coffee, qualified with half-a-pound of that rogue's root chicory, for—one shilling! How his stomach glows with economy; and how the grocer rubs his hands—brightened with copper profit, value threepence! And how sweet it is to know that here, in merry England, are acres and acres of chicory—that, be it understood, is not poison; nothing but mere lumber to the internal man—acres, wherein the pious grocer, like the patriarch, may "walk forth to muse at eventide."

Thirdly, we speak of chocolate—of seeming chocolate that, entering the cupboard of the unwary, carries with it damnifying potato-starch—ground cocoa-nut shells—old sea-biscuits—brick-dust—and, to give it richness, animal fat!

The baby, "with the innocent milk in its most innocent mouth," is the helpless victim of the unjust grocer, and swallows with its arrow-root—potato-starch.

And honey, the type of innocence and goodness, even honey is corrupted, debased with a mixture of chalk; which, in the rash judgment of the ignorant, might make the industrious bees obnoxious to the charge of mixing the blossoms of the field with the milk-scores of the door-post.

And to conclude; for the sugar of the unjust grocer—if you would count its many impurities, you must number—at least a few million of them—the sands on the sea-shore.

And *Punch* commands this felon grocer—if he be among the present congregation—to take in his hand an imaginary cup of imaginary adulterated coffee, then of chocolate, then of tea, sweetened with false, imaginary sugar. Come, culprit—gulp the tea, plumbago and all. There: now give the cup a twist; and with what remains in it, after the mode of silly maids, and sillier old women, read your fortune; to you, however, a true and fearful prophecy. Give *Punch* the cup. Yes; here is your destiny—your conscience in the after-day, when with the alchemy of the counter you shall have turned black-lead into gold, and, as you believe it, made the sands of the sugar the sands of Pactolus. Here is your destiny, thick in the grounds. The coffee shows chicory to be the root of "Lethe's wharf;" the chocolate gives brick-dust, certain sign of an early vault; the tea, plumbago, unquestionable indication of a leaden shell; whilst the sands from the sugar tell of the running glass of Time; and every grain of sand—oh, adulterate grocer!—bids you henceforth to eschew chicory, brick-dust, plumbago, and—repent—repent!

A POLICE CASE.

(*In the manner of* MR. L— H—.)

SIR EDWARD SUGDEN, in September last,
Lord Chancellor of Ireland in days past,
Wanted a Butler—and the place to gain
Came to the learned Knight, one MORRIS LANE.
All things that a good servant should or can
Do, LANE said he could. He was a single man:
And gave as reference for his qualities all,
SIR JACOB PRESTON, Bart., of Beeston Hall,
With whom he, LANE, had lived for four good year.
And if SIR EDWARD wished more news to hear,
SIR JACOB PRESTON would the Knight enlighten,
Who was staying at the Bedford Hotel, in the City of Brighton.
SIR EDWARD straightway to SIR JACOB wrote,
And presently got in answer this here note.

Brighton, September,
SIR JACOB PRESTON presents
To SIR E. SUGDEN his best compliments,
And has the honour to inform SIR E.,
That MORRIS LANE as butler lived with me.
While in my service as butler and valet, LANE
Never gave his master reason to complain:
He left my service at his own request,
Wishing to return to Town, for reasons to him known best.

Doubting about the style of the note in parts
(Good style not being the forte of all our Barts.)
Nevertheless SIR EDWARD did retain
The proffered service of this MORRIS LANE.
And to the good Knight's Mansion of Boyle Farm
SIR EDWARD took his man, not deeming of harm,
Where LANE, to the other servants, loved to recal
Stories of Old SIR JACOB and Beeston Hall.
Learned SIR EDWARD soon had to complain
Of this new butler and valet, MORRIS LANE.
And with some difficulty and distress
Sent MORRIS LANE about his business.
The fellow gone, SIR EDWARD heard with pain
This wifeless, childless, bachelor MORRIS LANE,
Had a wife and five or six children of his own
Residing in the neighbourhood of town.
Resolved to unveil the man's iniquities all,
SIR EDWARD SUGDEN wrote to Beeston Hall,
And quick received a letter, in good part
Writ by SIR JACOB PRESTON, of Beeston, Bart.,
In which the worthy Baronet did explain
He never knew such a fellow as MORRIS LANE.
Resolved the dark conspiracy to trace,
SIR EDWARD found out MORRIS's hiding-place,
And before the beaks at Kingston-on-Thames had up
This Traitor of the side-board and the cup.
Him guilty straight the beaks unanimous found,
And fined the treacherous villain twenty pound,
Which, of course, as he cannot pay, he will
Have three months' labour at the Guildford Mill.
Thus, although rascals flourish for a Time,
Sharp lawyers and sharp law do vanquish Crime.

The Mining Mania.

THERE seems to be some reason for fearing that the speculation mania has only been driven inwards, as far as railways are concerned, to burst out with reference to mines, just as in Southern climes. The elevation of one volcano has been attended by the breaking out of another in the neighbourhood. Mines are now in the ascendant, and though the madness has not yet become quite so universal as the Railway mania of 1846, it is still a fearful symptom, when we hear that somebody is talking of opening a piece of ground in Southwark, for mining purposes, in consequence of the great value of the shares in the Burra Burra.

LORD JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

Puseyite Parson. "WHAT! WANT TO LEAVE YOUR SITUATION! WHY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE PERFECTLY SATISFIED?"

Cook. "WELL, SIR, THE FACT IS, I AIN'T EQUAL TO THEM FAST DAYS; FOR WHAT WITH A HEGG HERE, AND A HEGG THERE, AND LITTLE BITS O' FISH FOR BREAKFASTES, AND LITTLE BITS O' FISH FOR DINNERS, AND THE SWEET OMELICKS, AND THE FRIED AND THE STEWED HOYSTERS, AND THE BASHAWED LOBSTERSES, AND ONE THINK AND THE HOTHER, THERE'S SO MUCH COOKING, THAT I AIN'T EVEN TIME TO MAKE UP A CAP!"

A FAULT EVIDENTLY ON THE SURFACE.

THE *Daily News* informs us that the silver coinage of the present reign has been considerably worn, caused by "too much relief in the dies." We cannot help thinking that "too much relief" has certainly been given; for when we recollect the number of our coins that were no sooner struck, than they were struck down, being killed almost before their circulation began, we must say that "too much relief" has unquestionably been given in the "dying" department. Amongst the Deaths at the Mint, we have to record the following:—

"THE HALF-FARTHING.—Died, at the age of three months, deeply regretted by the shareholders of the Lyceum Theatre, the Bondholders of the Spanish Government, &c., &c., &c.

"THE FLORIN.—Died, it is supposed, from defective circulation; or killed, it is rumoured by many lovers of the Ring, from the very bad *milling* it received at the hands of the mint.

"THE SMALL HALF-SOVEREIGN.—It died at a very early age, unknown, unseen, unrespected by a single person; for, like the donkey, or the post-boy, it was never seen, or known, how it died.

"THE CROWN PIECE.—Died, from having outlived its means, for it was found, after it had been struck, that it could not live at the rate of five shillings, but lost twopence upon every piece it disposed of."

But as the faults at the Mint, we are told, exist—unlike many other faults for which the Government is answerable—only "on the surface," it is to be hoped they will soon be remedied. Besides, there are not many Government offices against which the complaint can be raised of "too much relief." When will such a cry, for instance, be uttered respecting our Union Workhouses?

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I zee in the *Times* t'other day a letter by one o' we, wuth readun. 'A TENANT FARMER' says as how my LORD GREY and my LORD PALMERSTON, summut under a twelmonth ago, refused to come down with their rents; when their tenants left: whereby what does my Lords do but turns farmers on their own account. What was the consequence? Afore the year was up they'd vound out their misteak; had had enugh of farmun; gie it up; and be now foced to knock under, and lower their rents to the toon o' 30 and 19 per cent. Ah! 'tis very well vor Lords, and sitch as they, to zet there in Downun Street, lookun arter vorrun affairs and mannidgun the Colonies. They hant got to zow and rip in the vield of pollyticks, in order for to live by their crops—and lucky vor 'em, I should zay. You zee what a job they makes on't when they comes to sooperintend their own estates 'stead o' the Country's, and mind their own bisnus in pleace o' that o' the Naaition.

"I be, &c., your 'badiunt Zarvunt,

"*Itchendale, Hants, Jan.*, 1851. "ZMILER."

Grey Marbles for the Exhibition.

IT is suggested that the Exhibition in Hyde Park should include a testimonial to the COLONIAL SECRETARY, as a contribution from the dependencies of the British Empire to the works of omninational industry. The tribute to the noble Earl, it is proposed, should consist of a piece of allegorical sculpture, representing Discontent and Disaffection employed in severing the tie which binds Australia to BRITANNIA.

A NOBLE MIND O'ERTHROWN.

A YOUNG gentleman, who has heretofore entertained the most ambitious views, has just intimated to his mother, that so distressed is he by the proceedings of CARDINAL WISEMAN, that he has determined to retire into the country, and to renounce all ideas of *eminence* for the future.

The Invasion of England.

WE understand that the Dramatic Authors' Society are about to be enrolled in a corps in the event of the threatened invasion of England. With reference to the guns of the enemy, there can be no doubt that such a body will take every French piece that can be brought against them.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE CISTERN.

OUR foreign visitors will soon be here,
Walking about the streets in all directions;
"Why, what a nation this must be for Beer!"
Will be among the first of their reflections.
In London every turn affords
A dazzling view of tavern boards,
Emblazoned, in gold letters, bright as fire,
"BARCLAY and PERKINS'S ENTIRE;"
"REID," "YOUNG & BAINBRIDGE," "COMBE & DELAFIELD,"
Likewise attract our eyes where'er we go;
With all the ales our several districts yield,
"Prime Burton," "Edinburgh," and "Pimlico."
In short, malt-liquors of all kinds
The dweller in our city finds,
From nut-brown stingo down to "BASS's Pale."
But there's another kind of beer
For which we're not so well off here;
The tap I mean, is ADAM'S ale.

Such as we get comes mostly from the Thames;
I won't adventure to describe the brewage:
But simply say, Monopoly condemns
The Londoners to swill diluted sewage;
A liquid very fit, I grant,
To give a thirsty herb or plant;
A fluid, just the thing for irrigation;
But looking on it as a drink,
If I'm to utter what I think,
I must pronounce it an abomination.

We heard, a little while ago,
Of limpid streams that to each house should flow;
Pure, soft, fresh water from the Surrey hills,
But how about those silvery rills,
Trickling beneath the grass as though by stealth,
In small threads creeping down the green hill side,
Which, in his recent survey, as descried,
NAPIER reported to the Board of Health?
In putting down the Pope's aggression,
And setting the Taxation right next Session,
Good Ministers, don't shelve the hoped-for bill,
For giving us the NA-PIERIAN rill.

All ranks in water drink all sort of things,
Creatures with claws, and pincers, spines and stings.
I've very little doubt that QUEEN VICTORIA,
Whene'er she deigns to be content
With quaffing the (so-called) "pure element"
In London, swallows lots of "Infusoria."
This is not calculated to advance,
At any rate, the cause of Temperance.
There was a man, by calling a mechanic;
This fellow, scared by a teetotal tract,
Renounced fermented liquors, and in fact
Was led to "take the pledge," by simple panic.
Short was the influence of "funk;"
In a few months his terrors had subsided,
And one day he was pick'd up very drunk:
This gross inconstancy was much derided.
Of his backsliding in excuse,
"I find," he said, "it ain't no use
Takin' the pledge; you're forced to break it:
So, through the rules since I must burst,
Supposin' I'm attack'd with thirst,
What matter how I choose to slake it?"

"Why how," his friends replied, "you tipsy brute,
"Are you obliged to swig of drinks fermented?"
"Ah, boys!" he hiccup'd, "at our Institute
You should have heard the matter represented.
There vos a sartain learn'd Professor there
On Chemistry who guv a dissertation,
Statin' a fact of which you arn't aware,
That *putrefaction* is a fermentation.
Tainted by churchyard then, and drain, and sink,
Sure London water is fermented drink.
So, since I must commit the sin,
I'd rather break the pledge with malt and hops,
Or wiolate it with a glass of gin,
Than with a mess of slush and slops."

RUSSELL AND CO., with you the project rests
To cleanse the temperate draught from such pollution;
So don't be cowed by "Vested Interests,"
But have it carried into execution.

BON-BONS FROM JUVENILE PARTIES.

Doctor. "AHEM! "WELL! AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY YOUNG FRIEND, ADOLPHUS?"

Fond Mother. "WHY, HE IS NOT AT ALL THE THING, DOCTOR. HE WAS AT A JUVENILE PARTY, LAST NIGHT, WHERE THERE WAS A TWELFTH CAKE; AND IT PAINS ME TO SAY, THAT BESIDES EATING A GREAT DEAL TOO MUCH OF THE CAKE, HE WAS IMPRUDENT ENOUGH TO EAT A HARLEQUIN AND A MAN ON HORSEBACK, AND I AM SORRY TO ADD, A CUPID AND A BIRD CAGE FROM THE TOP OF IT!"

LONDON FLOOR-ICULTURE.

THE Marylebone Vestry have appointed a Committee to sit on the Wood-Pavement in Oxford Street. The wood-pavement, at this muddy time of the year, cannot be the most agreeable place in the world to sit upon, but still we cannot blame, but must rather pity, the poor vestrymen, for the wood-pavement is so extremely slippery, that they know well enough it would be utterly impossible for any one to stand upon it, and so they wisely adopt the only alternative left them, which is that of *sitting*, and we wish them joy of it.

We shall watch these sittings with a great deal of interest, surrounded, as they are sure to be, with a number of omnibus horses and cab horses sitting in all the picturesque grace and variety of recumbent attitudes peculiar to those animals.

A Leader for the War on Hats.

EVERYONE knows that *Punch* has lately been knocking the modern hat upon the head with his playful but powerful *bâton*. War to the hat is happily superseding, on the Continent, the rage for making war on crowns alone; and, indeed, we had so much rather see the military employed abroad in a crusade against hats than in the work of carnage, that, by way of giving employment in a good cause, to a brave soldier, we invest with full powers against hats the renowned GENERAL HATZOFF.

TRUISM FOR TEETOTALERS.

WHEN a man is *out* of spirits—he should take wine.

THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT OF ST. ANDREW'S.

WE are told that the Roman ladies have an antipathy to roses. Why, then, may not the sensitive authorities of the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, have an allowed abhorrence of oranges; that is, oranges in the baskets of men, women, and children, who may audaciously endeavour to vend that forbidden fruit on Sundays? MR. JAMES, clerk to the parish Union, is an eloquent defender of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and described in burning words the offence of the orange-vendors, who were in the habit of standing two or three together, "and surely," said the emphatic JAMES, rounding a peroration of crushing power, "surely that is an obstruction!" But MR. COMBE, the magistrate of Clerkenwell, no doubt to the amazement of JAMES, made answer—"Certainly not."

MR. JAMES, however, has studied the philosophy of obstruction in its many highway phases; hence, he declared that "to congregate and carry baskets was an obstruction." MR. COMBE again said—"Oh no." Taking breath, JAMES dashed upon obstruction in hypothesis:—

"IF a man should carry a large skeleton load on his head—[What is a skeleton load? May it be a Clerk to an Union?]—surely *that* would be an obstruction!"

And again MR. COMBE cried—"Oh no!"

Then stept forth a St. Andrew's overseer, and he avowed that "the calling out of oranges on Sundays was an intolerable nuisance." No doubt of it, Mr. Overseer. Sunday fruit ought to be Dead Sea apples, silently vended by tradesmen in sackcloth. Oranges, as foreigners, are prone to desecrate the English Sabbath. And yet, to the horror of the represented parish of St. Andrew's, MR. COMBE said—"They may call oranges all over the country, if they like." Well:—

"A little girl, 12 years of age, who had been locked up all night, was charged with *laying down her basket* of oranges in Leather Lane.

"Several other children were charged under similar circumstances. They were all discharged, with a caution."

No, reader—it is not a printer's error. You must not read "they were all discharged *with a crown*." But "with a caution;" and is not good advice better than silver or gold? They were cautioned never again to lay down their baskets; but to carry them continually, fixed to them; fast as wens; wicker of their wicker.

As for the naughty little girl of 12 years of age; we hope that her dreams in the police-station—that is, if she managed to cry herself to sleep—brought with them salutary warnings for future conduct. There is a very imaginative drama—*Tre Aranci*—The Three Oranges, written by GOZZI, in which all sorts of fairies are made to issue from the expanding fruit. We wonder if any kind of fairy visited the sleeping prisoner, aged 12, locked up for "laying down her basket!" in Leather Lane?

Possibly, yes. It may be that the Parish Presence of St. Andrew—duly personified—haunted her sleep. The shaven head of St. Andrew changed for the nonce. Not the awful head of a Clerk talking oranges; but another sort of head familiar in tavern larders, and holding in its foolish mouth the significant lemon.

Truly the Parish of St. Andrew's has earned a right to quarter both the head and the fruit.

The Ministerial Crisis in France.

EVERY week, and indeed almost every post, brings us a new crisis from Paris. If France could send us her eggs as fresh as she does her Ministerial Crisis, we should regard the former as something better than those "musty precedents," which always come to our mind whenever we take up one of the ostensibly new laiders from Ostend. We are getting heartily tired of a French Ministerial Crisis, which is now getting as stale to us as the announcement in Macbeth, that the cry is still "They come," though with respect to the Ministerial Crisis, the burden of every one of the cries is still "They are going out."

THE HOLY SEE—DAN.

THERE is one particular respecting ST. PETER'S (so called) chair at Rome, which we are enabled confidently to communicate to our readers, whom we hope it may satisfy, especially WISEMAN, if *Punch* has the honour to be still the occasional "companion of his railway journey." In however fine a state of preservation may be the relic, generally, it certainly has not a leg to stand upon.

THE PASSAGE OF THE HAYMARKET PIT.

A Lay of Modern Babylon.

THE hour of six has sounded from near and distant tower,
The gas-lights glitter glaringly, the clouds of evening lour,
A thousand wagging tongues are heard two thousand ears to tell,
An eminent tragedian is taking his farewell.
The clatter of the cab-horse, with iron-bounded feet,
Rings noisily and rapidly on the stone-coated street;
Right onward to the Haymarket the cabmen fiercely drive,
Where coronetted carriages continually arrive.
The proudly prancing charger the cosy Brougham draws;
The clever hack the pavement with restless hurry paws;
The cob, with perseverance, up to the collar keeps,
With early opportunity into the rank he creeps.
But it is not in the carriage way the battle must be fought,
'Tis where the entrance of the pit is desperately sought;
Where voices, which by infancy or age are rendered shrill,
Raise the loud shriek of "oranges," or scream "Who 'll buy a bill?"
A crowd is round the portal—tremendous is the crush—
All summoning their prowess up to bear th' expected rush;
The nimble youth, the stalwart man, the veteran bent with age,
Following their favourite actor as he quits for aye the stage.
And now the door is opening—a movement stirs the mass,
The beating heart prepares to brave the fury of the pass.
Some, for a moment quailing, would, if they could, draw back;
Hopeless is extrication from the close-knitted pack.
'Tis terrible advancing—impossible retreat,
Who would the impending avalanche venture to turn and meet?
The only chance of safety is on with it to go,
When once the torrent, with a roar, begins its forward flow.
How terrible the struggle, how furious the tide—
How sharply JOHNSON's elbow digs into THOMSON's side—
How vehemently TOMKINS for air and mercy calls—
How hopelessly 'neath fifty feet the hat of JENKINS falls—
How many lose their temper! SMITH, of the fiery brain,
Bids HOBSON of the overcoat "not to do that again."
PITT, of the Poncho wrapper, with anger in his look,
Darts lightning in the savage face of guinea-tweeded COOK.
EDWARDS, the bunion-martyred, protests with dismal groans
Against the restless energy of heavy, highlowed JONES,
Who, springing up, to ascertain what may his course oppose,
Comes down, not over fairy-like, on the EDWARDIAN toes.
The outward opening is past—the struggle still is rife,
The money-taker's box is now the goal of death or life;
Once miss the small arch'd opening, and all has been in vain,
For hopeless is the effort to reach that box again;
The wretched individual can only watch the tide,
Directed by the checktaker to please "to stand aside."
But happy are the buffeters, with all their trials past,
To take their places in the pit, and see the play at last;
While mutual urbanity is rapidly regained,
And all the little *brusqueries* of the pit-pass explained.
JOHNSON extends to THOMSON the playbill to peruse,
And TOMKINS tells to JENKINS the last dramatic news.
SMITH, of the fiery temper, towards HOBSON blandly cools,
And volunteers the avowal that "hasty men are fools."
PITT, of the Poncho wrapper, will condescend to read
The playbill kindly lent by COOK—him of the guinea tweed.
And EDWARDS—with the bunions—no longer fury feels
At JONES's heavy highlows—those of the iron heels.
All other sentiments are still'd, except the sad delight
Caused by the interest that 's felt in that eventful night,
When the great actor unimpair'd snatches from Time his power,
And gallantly anticipates his own departing hour.

A PLEA FOR A LIBELLED INDIVIDUAL.

A GENERAL order has been issued, that newspapers are no longer to be read during business hours in any Government Office. When we recollect the time-honoured fiction, that the only work done in the course of the day at any Government Office was the labour of reading the newspaper, it becomes painful to contemplate what will become of the above numerous class of such *employés*, now that they have been thrown so suddenly out of work. These poor fellows will be driven, in their despair, to fly-killing, when flies are in season, or playing at pitch-and-toss, as long as they have anything to pitch-and-toss with, or else they should be allowed to shell peas for the salesmen of Covent Garden, or roll up pills for HOLLOWAY, in order to keep their hands employed. It must either come to this, or novel reading—or, worse still, novel-writing will be one of the fearful consequences of their idleness. And when we consider the reams of temptation for the latter that lie within their reach, in the shape of Government pens and paper being supplied to them *ad libitum*, we do think that every encouragement should be given to enable their weak minds to withstand the snares of fashionable literature, and so strengthen them from rushing blindly into the absurdities of 3 vol. print. They might be employed on the Museum Catalogue, or on the Census, or be enlisted as a gentlemanly body of Police—a superior *corps* of honour—for the Crystal Palace.

Upon second thoughts, however, we do not think the public mind need be much alarmed upon the subject. Our own fears, we confess, are very small—so small, indeed, that we do not think any remedy need be devised for the evil complained of. The abolition of the newspaper, after all, is no great cruelty; for it is a long time since it has been unfolded in any Government office. The Government Clerk of the present day is a very different being to the Government Clerk of ten or fifteen years ago. He is compelled to work. He does not stand gaping when spoken to, or begin paring his filbert nails directly he is asked for anything. He is expected to work; and if his work does not come up to the expectations of his superiors, he is very quickly shown the door—and the door of a Government office, when once closed, never opens again. His salary is very insignificant, and his speed of promotion so extremely slow, that but very few live to take more than one or two steps in their monotonous lifetime.

The highest grade of government clerks are extremely well paid—but the lowest grade—the class who are supposed to read the newspapers—are paid very little better than a copying-clerk in a lawyer's office, and are looked after much more severely. The old breed of government clerk, who used to divide his time between reading the paper and washing his hands, is extinct, and is now replaced by an industrious, scribbling, meanly-paid clerk whose hands are always too busy, even to poke the fire.

The above fiction has existed long enough, and it is time that it should be universally known that a government clerk really does work.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Lady of the House. My dear, will you allow me to offer you a glass of wine?

Visitor. Thank you—I 'm very thirsty—I think I will.

Lady of the House (after a slight pause). Have you remarked, my dear, how the young men of the present day waste their wine? I 'm sure they leave in their glasses just as much as they drink—and do you know, my dear, MR. SKINFLINT always goes round after a party, and collects the wine-glasses together, and it 's perfectly astonishing the quantity he finds in them.

Visitor (having just finished her glass). Ye-ee-es.

Lady of the House. Yes, my dear, it 's a positive fact—and I know you will hardly believe it—but sometimes, after a large evening-party, he has been able to put away as many as three large decanters full!

[Visitor turns pale, and recollects, all of a sudden, that she has a pressing call to make in the next street.

IMPORTANT TO CARDINALS.—The Red Man, it is said, disappears before the march of civilisation. Cannot their scarlet Eminences, the "Princes of the Church," take a hint from this fact?

WANTED A GOVERNESS BY A "SMALL FAMILY."

WE have had our attention called to an advertisement which lately appeared in the *Times*, thus commencing:—

WANTED, in a small quiet family, a person about 30 *years of age*, as NURSERY and HOUSE MAID. She must be good tempered and orderly, have some experience as a Nurse, and a good Needlewoman. An active, pious person, would find this a comfortable situation. The duties are not heavy, the children being out of the Nursery in the day time. The salary £13 a-year.

There is great comfort in a good servant. It is worth at least £13 yearly wages. So think the heads of the "small and quiet"—possibly "pious"—family, who would give the labourer his hire, of course.

Stay: the advertisement proceeds:—

"In the same family a Young Lady is wanted to assist in the care and education of three little girls, between the ages of four and seven."

If £13 a year shall be given for washing children and scrubbing floors, how much for cultivating the youthful intellect, and forming the juvenile mind? Answer—by the advertisement, continued:—

"Accomplishments are not required; but she must write a good hand, and work well at the needle. As opportunity would be afforded for improvement, it is thought that board and washing, with £5 pocket-money, would be a fair remuneration for the first year."

Five pounds a year pocket money! Well; but where 's the pocket to put it into? Five pounds a year would not find the young lady in dress. A damsel possessed of a small independence might perhaps deem such a situation eligible—if willing to undertake a little drudgery for amusement.

But opportunities will be afforded for improvement. As the governess is required to "work well at the needle," it is to be feared that she would find much less scope for improvement than for mending. It would be doubtful whether her claims to sympathy would rather be those of a poor governess or of a distressed needlewoman.

The "small quiet family" should try if they cannot get a nursery governess for an old gown, like a canary bird, which may sometimes be obtained by that species of barter, provided "accomplishments are not required."

This "small quiet family" may be very snug; but *Punch* is afraid it is also dreadfully close.

VISCOUNT WHIGGINGTON'S RECAL FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF BARATARIA.

THE *Hottentot Sentinel* publishes the following dispatch from EARL BRUTUS to VISCOUNT WHIGGINGTON:—

"*Downing Street, August* 15, 1850.

"IT is my painful duty to announce to your Lordship that HER MAJESTY has been pleased to release you from the Government of the Island of Barataria to which SIR HOKEY POKEY has been appointed. And I am instructed to signify to you HER MAJESTY'S permission, if you should be inclined to leave the island immediately, (or as soon as your lordship's linen has been returned by your lordship's washerwoman,) to hand over the Government to the Colonial Secretary, MR. DUMMY.

"In announcing your recal I have to speak in terms of the highest praise of many parts of your Lordship's administration.

"Indeed, considering that you have never filled a public office before or were in any way distinguished by reputation, character, or capacity, from any other gentleman, I cannot but think that your appointment reflects credit upon HER MAJESTY'S Government, of which I have the honour to be a Member, and upon the many affectionate relatives whom you number amongst the advisers of the QUEEN. To cultivate the family affections has ever been the boast of our statesmen, and in many of the troubles and perplexities to which the Cabinet, of which I form part, has been subject, it has been an abiding subject of pride and consolation to us to think that Nature has endowed the members of certain families, holding Whig principles in this country, with a peculiar aptitude for business and peculiar talents for the public service; such as are not to be found in the other less fortunate families in this country.

"The finances of Barataria, when you entered upon the government of that island, were much embarrassed: they have been improved under your lordship's administration. Your own revenues, I trust, have not suffered during the same period.

"The alertness and vigour with which your lordship quelled the insurrection in Barataria, in 1848, has been blamed by some as excessive, and the severity with which you quelled the revolt has, it must be owned, been viewed by dissatisfied parties in this country—and in the island itself, no doubt—with considerable disapprobation. I have no doubt, however, that the measures which you took were the best according to your opinion, and that that opinion was formed upon the spot.

"But I must add that it has appeared to a Select Committee of the House of Commons that your lordship's efforts to maintain peace and harmony among the public servants of the Colony have not been so successful as the means which you took to restore peace to the island: and although every effort has been made not to publish the documents which told in your disfavour, enough, I grieve to say, has transpired to give the public an unfavourable opinion of your merits, and to oblige your many friends and relations in the Cabinet, to advise HER MAJESTY of the propriety of your recall.

"I have, &c.

"*The* VISCOUNT WHIGGINGTON." "BRUTUS."

NOW, as VISCOUNT WHIGGINGTON himself announced his intention of resigning to the Council of Barataria in August, and the above despatch could not reach the Colony until September, it is clear that LORD WHIGGINGTON was *not* recalled by the Home Government.

Slow and Sewer.

SEWER accidents are, we regret to say, becoming so frequent, that there is a weekly average of one or two inquests arising out of loss of life in the Sewers of the Metropolis. There is always abundance of evidence to prove that there is no one to blame, and now and then, an eminent engineer comes forward to show that if such a thing had been So and So, nothing would have happened. This is about as consolatory to the friends of the deceased and the public in general, as the intimation that "if the bowl had been stronger the story would have been longer," may have been found consolatory to the relatives of the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl.

MANCHESTER POLICY AND POPERY.

(*To* RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M. P.)

"MY DEAR SIR,

Is it true that LORD JOHN RUSSELL intends to bring a bill into Parliament reviving the penal laws, which rendered Roman Catholic priests liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered? Because in your speech at the Albion Hotel, Manchester, the other evening, you are reported to have expressed a fear that—

"There are men now in the Cabinet, who owe all their distinction in public life to having been identified with the principles of toleration to which we are constantly more and more progressing, who are now ready to sully their fair fame, and belie, I had almost said, the whole of their past political career on entering into the political season of 1851.

At all events, it would appear from the above, that you anticipate an attempt at some very intolerant legislation against the Roman Catholics on the part of the Government. The general expectation is, that ministers will simply bring in a bill to prevent Rome's hierarchy from making free with England's titles. You are a man of sense, and know that this is not intolerance. You are a man of honour, and would not, to curry favour with part of your constituents, or to suit any other purpose, pretend that it is.

Your general admirer,

PUNCH.

P.S. Suppose an impudent fellow were to go about, calling himself Chaplain to RICHARD COBDEN, and, under that false pretence, were to sneak into the houses of your friends and relatives, and inveigle the females of their establishments into making him their *confessor*, would not you wish to prevent him from using your name? An answer will oblige. P.

The Best of all Law Books.

WE find there has been recently advertised a Law Book under the promising title of *Broom's Practice*. This is just what is wanted in the law; the Broom happens to be a good one, for a little practice with such an implement may have the effect of operating a sweeping reform.

HIGH WORDS BELOW STAIRS.

A DUEL has very nearly taken place in one of the most distinguished kitchens from the fact of a disappointed Cook having, in a moment of culinary indignation, called SOYER "a regular Flash-in-the-Pan."

NO NEWS FROM PARIS.

BY A CYNICAL CORRESPONDENT.

Café des Aveugles, Feb. 1.

CERTAINLY it is as well for people who wish to lead an easy life in the world, that the inventions actually produced and perfected by men of genius are by no means so numerous as their plans; and that the Patent-office contains such a number of specifications of discoveries, the knowledge of which is not carried beyond the proprietor and transcriber of the sheets of stamped paper out of which the Government takes its profit. If every man's discoveries were practicable, and put in execution, what a restless, feverish, and uncomfortable world ours would be, and how odious to those who are lazy, or fond of old practices and customs, or desire to be quiet! Suppose, for instance, CAPTAIN WARNER's long range were to come into play next week: suppose the week after the steam-carriage for London streets were to drive up and smoke the cabs and omnibuses out of the town: suppose, ten days after, that the new system for warming and lighting London simultaneously with gas made from egg-shells or potato-peelings, or what not, should be brought into use; and then suppose that the aerial machines were completed, and every man had his balloon and steam-engine in his back-yard ready to take him to business every morning after his breakfast. Could we live with any comfort, or keep pace with a world, where the progress of discovery was so abominably rapid? WARNER's machine being brought into action, it is evident that the standing army, and our "wooden walls," England's pride, the dock-yards, barracks, and Woolwich arsenals, the Guards' Club, in Pall Mall, the Duke of Wellington, the sentries, and the valuable clock at the Horse Guards, would all be blown to annihilation;—there would be no use in Woolwich without artillery, no use for a Guards' Club without any guards, no heroes in jack-boots to put into the sentry-boxes at Whitehall; nobody to wind up the clock there, and so forth. Then the steam-carriages would knock up the omnibus and horse-dealers: then the aerial locomotives would drive the steam-carriages proprietors into the gazette: then the gas companies would be extinguished, and go out in bankruptcy and darkness: then the coal proprietors would have no sale for their black diamonds: the wharf owners would not get their rents: the bargees would drown themselves from their useless vessels: and the great parties at Wallsend House would be given up: then the coal-whippers would drink no more beer—so that the aristocracy and the commonalty, the milliners, the lightermen, MESSRS. BARCLAY and PERKINS, and the penny-a-liners who describe the magnificent entertainments at Wallsend House aforesaid, would all suffer by the new invention, and have their present means of livelihood cut off. I am of a timid, or, if you please, conservative turn: I like the pace of improvement to be so slow as scarcely to be felt: I am not sure that I don't admire LORD JOHN RUSSELL. At any rate, who would live in a country which gasps from one revolution into another, and in its progress perpetually tumbles down, has a fit, has the doctor fetched and is bled, and then rises up and staggers on to the next convulsion?

My dear *Mr. Punch*, it has been my fortune to live in Paris for the last few weeks. I have seen M. THIERS walking in the Tuilleries Gardens; the President of the Republic made me (and a hundred others) a very polite bow in the Champs Elysées on Monday; I dined in the very next cabinet to M. CARLIER, the Prefect of Police, and a party at PHILIPPIS, in the Rue Montorgueil, on Wednesday last; and the conclusion to which I have come, after thus mixing with the highest French society, is, that I thank my fate I am an Englishman, and not born under the baleful star of the Legion of Honour. Who knows what explosive machines are getting ready to sweep down institutions here? Who knows what new method for firing Paris streets may be put into practice any day? what flying wonders are in the air? HENRI V., or the COMTE DE PARIS, may drop out of a balloon some morning, or the PRESIDENT go off in one! The changes in this country are so rapid; the lulls and tempests so surprising and sudden; the fierce quarrels so easily healed; the firm friendships so soon broken; the alliances so quickly made and dissolved; the illustrious reputation of yesterday so entirely forgotten to-day, to re-appear and resplend to-morrow, perhaps, and without any assignable reason—that I say we may thank our stars that we live in a grave country, where the people have not such prodigious powers of inventing and destroying; and where demolition and edification do not recur so restlessly.

A fortnight ago—or is it a month?—or is it ten years?—or was it before the Empire or the Revolution?—the illustrious CHANGARNIER, his dismissal, his wrath, and the woes unnumbered of which it was to be the direful spring to France, was the subject of every newspaper discussion and drawing-room conversation. What will the Illustrious do? Will the President dare to do without him? Will the Chamber not rally round the Illustrious Sword? Will the Chamber and the Illustrious Sword together not turn the President out of doors, and send him to Vincennes or the frontier? Sir, we trembled at the withdrawal of the Illustrious Sword; *that* removed, people said the whole body politic which hung round it would collapse and fall to the ground. This is but a fortnight ago—a week since the majority of the Chamber, which had taken such offence at the dismissal of their cashiered champion, did not even mention his name in the debate in which they stormed the Government—and to-day he is no more talked about than GENERAL KLEBER or MARSHAL TURENNE. He is illustrious—*c'est bien;* France has such a number of illustrious Captains: you may see portraits of three thousand of them in the Museum at Versailles.

CHANGARNIER, THIERS, Burgraves, coalition of parties, attack on the Government, determined stand against the Empire—these sounds, so familiar at every café table, talked of by every woman in every drawing-room, heard in every group of Champs Elysées promenaders, or in the pit or the balcon at the play,—are as if they had never been. If CHANGARNIER sulks in his tents, who cares? If the Burgraves wag their venerable heads together and prophecy too, who minds? The Titans of the coalition stormed and carried Olympus,—and, then!—and then they marched out again, leaving Jove in possession, and unruffled. Coalition and combat, and victory, and failure are nine days old, and the public does not care for them one jot. Sir, *Mr. Punch*, I am an old Paris man, and I tell you that the excitement produced in the country by MONTE CHRISTO, or the fight between the "Chourineur," and *Rodolphe*, in the *Mystères de Paris*, was infinitely more great and durable than the sparring-match between M. THIERS and M. BAROCHE the other day. *Parlez-moi de suffrage universel!* The nation has elected the Chamber, and having elected it, cares about its proceedings no more than about a theatrical *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats*. The representatives talk, and vote, and shout, and drink *eau sucrée*, and they have lively interpellations, agitations, and so forth—but nobody goes to their Théâtre Historique. THIERS comes out in the spectacles, CHANGARNIER waves the grim sword, and brandishes his moustachios, DUPIN rings the bell—but the audience doesn't care. *La France possède sa Chambre*—and what happens after possession?—after courtship, and enthusiasm, and marriage before the Mayor of the arrondissement? The *Femme légitime* sits at home, keeps her chamber, and Monsieur goes out and walks on the Boulevard, and ogles the little *coupés* in the Bois.

Now, suppose a man, remarkable for coolness, simplicity, courage, a clear head, whom chance or luck has placed at the head of a Government like this;—and to this opinion of the Presiding Officer of the French Republic, you, *Mr. Punch*, and almost all persons of sense in England, have come;—suppose a man endowed with all these qualities; and what great desire can such a one have to be called Emperor, or to be crowned at Rheims or Notre Dame? Would he be the better off, or the more secure, if anointed ever so much; or if the POPE consecrated him; or if the Chamber voted, or the whole nation elected him Emperor for ever and ever? Every prince and his heirs for ever has been elected and received with cries of joy, and rallied round, and turned out; and from the Throne Room of the Tuilleries to the back door, and the hackney-coach in the yard, seems to be the certain course of all French dynasties. It is Arrivée du Roi—Sacre de sa Majesté—Fuite du Roi—Arrivée de M. le Lieutenant-Général du Royaume, &c.,—over and over again. If it had been his Majesty NAPOLEON the Second or Third—(which is it)?—meditating an assault upon the privileges of parliament and the liberties of the country, whom the coalition attacked the other day, his majesty's hackney-coach would have been ordered out, and he would have arrived in England as MR. JONES—leaving the field to the allies, white, red, and tri-color; and it was because there was no emperor that the President was safe, and that those balked conspirators, took nothing by their victory.

And so, Sir, as I look from this place at the course of events, and listen to the conversation of the people round me, I feel myself to be as incredulous as any man of the company, the highest and the lowest; I fancy the old Burgraves grinning to each other; the President yawning with a languid smile; and the porters at the gates of the *Ministères*, eying cynically out of their holes the passing folks who take possession of the ministerial portfolio for to-day, and are gone to-morrow, after playing their little part in the comedy—the comedy to which nobody listens, or for which nobody cares any more.

ARCADIA IN SMITHFIELD.

EERY lately MR. PUNCH was handsomely invited to a Smithfield *conversazione*, at the London Coffee-House, to hear a lecture upon the advantages of a New Central Cattle-Market in Smithfield, and to contemplate a model thereof: he begs to state, that he thinks the model a real bit of Arcadia. There can be no doubt, that every bullock, with a sense of the beauty of his destination continually before him, would go to such a market with the gravity of an Alderman to dinner. No doubt that Smithfield, regenerated after the manner of MR. BUNNING, would be the most salubrious and balmy spot in the whole metropolis. Indeed, we have profoundly considered the model, and believe it would represent a second Arcadia, with only a very slight alteration; namely, that the drovers should be dressed in blue satin jackets and white satin breeches, after the pattern of our shepherds on our mantel-pieces,—as imported from Dresden, and moulded in the most delicate china.

"A MERE FORM."

MR. GOLDSMID, lately committed, in mistake, to the House of Correction, for an assault, has been liberated, the real offender having magnanimously come forward. The account says—

"MR. GOLDSMID was liberated from custody with a free pardon, the pardon being of course a mere form, but necessarily arising from the fact that the verdict of the jury was 'Guilty.'"

As the Jury committed one unhappy blunder, the Government, to strike the balance, pairs the mistake with a mockery; that is, for mockery, read "matter of form." What a pity that, in all Government matters, poor common sense cannot always be made a "matter of form."

FISCAL CONUNDRUM.

WHY is a Paper-maker like a man with an over-scrupulous conscience?

Because he 's oppressed with a sense of duty.

CHANGE THAT WON'T PASS.

ONE of those exceedingly tolerant Legislators who are for acquiescing in the Court of Rome's assumption of authority in England, asked a friend, the other day, to give him change for a Sovereign. The other (who was a Wag, although a bigot) replied, "Do you mean the POPE?"

Russell's Legislative Soirées.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, assisted by his talented Colleague, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, will, from time to time during the Session, have the honour of exhibiting his celebrated Imitations, which will consist in TAKING OFF some of the more objectionable TAXES. The WINDOW-TAX will form the subject of the first Evening's Entertainment. For further particulars, see the BILLS.

A COMPROMISE WITH THE VATICAN.

THE controversy respecting the papal bishoprics is, simply, a question of names. A name is said to be a matter of no consequence. If this is true of the titles of the POPE's bishops; if the point in dispute is really a trifle, the priestly minority, in reason and justice, should yield to the majority of the English Nation. England, on the other hand, might easily concede what ought fully to satisfy Rome. Let every Roman Catholic Archbishop and Bishop continue to exercise his present spiritual jurisdiction over the district to which he has been appointed by the POPE—his Holiness being free to draw on the face of the country as many imaginary lines as he pleases, and to nominate whomsoever he likes to be, within the contained spaces, Bishops or Archbishops, of all who choose to acknowledge them. Only—just for distinction's sake—let the places that give titles to their sees be named anew. CARDINAL WISEMAN might, surely, be content to be styled ARCHBISHOP OF PARLIAMENTVILLE and Administrator of the Diocese of SURREYBOROUGH. A nearer approach to the actual designation of his see, might be permitted to the new Bishop for whom Birmingham is indebted to PIO NONO, and who might, with the greatest propriety and most striking significance, rejoice in the title of BISHOP OF BRUMMAGEM.

Too Much of a Pocketful.

HIGH respect, generally, is due to the sensible principle of looking to the main chance, so strenuously asserted by MR. COBDEN and the Manchester School. Let us—as far as we honourably may—attend to their exhortations to be intent on making money. But in allowing them to inspire us with an eagerness to fill our pockets, we must not let them prevail upon us to pocket the POPE's insolence.

FRENCH NOTION OF THE WINDOW-TAX.

"THE Sun so seldom shines in England," (says a sage French Politician) "that a Tax is actually put upon Light—that being considered to be one of the greatest Luxuries—in the shape of the Window-Tax."

CRYSTAL PALACE POLICE.

THERE is to be an additional force of 900 policemen, in order to keep 1800 police eyes upon the Crystal Palace. There will also be furnished, from the manufactory of TUSSAUD, for the contemplation of the foreigner, a group, illustrative of the habits of the policeman; namely, the Policeman, the Cook, and *the* Leg of Mutton, all in wax.

TEETOTAL "HOPES," AND TEETOTAL MODESTY.

CERTAIN teetotallers have addressed PRINCE ALBERT, thanking him for the exclusion of alcoholic drinks from the Crystal Palace. *That* glass is to hold neither wine nor spirits. The said teetotallers modestly expressed

"A *hope* that his Royal Highness did not sanction the late distribution of beer amongst the workmen engaged upon the building, during a late visit to the works."

A future letter from the same body to the PRINCE will express another hope, that when any of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers shall lunch at Windsor, they will be restricted to tea, with a due allowance of gunpowder to LORD PALMERSTON.

Another letter will request of His Royal Highness a full and particular account of the discipline of the Royal Nursery, hoping that on no occasion the children, on coming down after lunch, are permitted to sip of a glass of Marsala.

Another letter will desire of the PRINCE a faithful return of his own consumption of wine, beer, and spirits, for the last twelvemonth; the liquors to be given in a proper tabular form, showing the days of consumption and number of glasses.

Temperance is an excellent virtue; but even temperance may be conceited. Now, NARCISSUS was undoubtedly the first teetotaller. And, like that simple, modest swain, too many of the teetotallers of our day see nothing in the world like themselves in water.

Proof of the Extraordinary Mildness of the Season.

SO warm and genial has been the weather of late, that the ladies have been coming out in Oxford Street and Regent Street, just as if it were Spring, imparting the lively and blooming aspect of May to those fashionable thoroughfares. The other morning, a young lady was heard singing in Belgrave Square.

THE KITCHEN RANGE OF ART.

SOYER, in his *Modern Housewife*, is quite angry that our great Painters have never busied themselves with "such useful and interesting subjects" as the subjects of the kitchen, instead of "continually tracing on innumerable yards of canvas the horrors of war, the destruction of a fire by fire or water, the plague, the storm, the earthquake." For this purpose, SOYER suggests some admirable historical events, connected with the *Cuisine*, on which artists might, with advantage, employ their genius. Amongst others, he mentions the following:—

LOUIS XIV., at Versailles, receiving from the hands of the PACHA the First Cup of *Café* ever made in France.
VOLTAIRE helping FREDERIC, on the Field of Potsdam, with a Cup of Cho-ca.
CARDINAL MAZARIN tasting, at the Louvre, the First Cup of Chocolate.

In all matters of taste (excepting his *Nectar* and his *Economical Soup*, which, we candidly confess, we never could stomach) we always agree with the mighty SOYER. And we are so moved with his indignation at the neglect with which artists have too long visited all subjects connected with culinary art, that we go out of our way to give Royal Academicians the benefit of the following notions, which may have the desired effect of elevating the *Cuisine* to the same level as the Conqueror's Tent, or the Monarch's Council Chamber. We see a grand historical picture in each of the following suggestions:—

GEORGE THE THIRD in the Old Woman's Cottage, wondering "how ever the apples got inside the apple-dumpling."
UDE Tearing his Hair, upon learning that the British Nobleman had put salt into his spup.
The DUKE OF NORFOLK conceiving the brilliant notion of Rescuing a Nation from Starvation, by means of his celebrated Curry-Powder.
The Immortal Courage of the GREAT UNKNOWN who Swallowed the First Oyster.
MARIE-ANTOINETTE wondering how the People could Starve, when there were such nice little *Gâteaux* at three sous a-piece.
NAPOLEON Eating the Dish of Stewed Mushrooms, by which, it is said, he lost, (in consequence of the indigestion,) the Battle of Leipsic.
The Resignation of SOYER at the Reform Club.
Portrait of the Celebrated American Oyster, that was so large, that it took three men to swallow it.
ABERNETHY inventing his Dinner-Pill.
BRILLAT SAVARIN tasting the Wonderful Sauce, that was so delicious, that a person could eat his own father with it.
CÆSAR, or DANDO, Astonishing the Natives.
Heroic Death of VATEL, upon hearing that the Fish had not arrived.
CANN first hitting upon the glorious idea of giving in Holborn "a devilish good dinner for 2½*d*."

As soon as our great Painters have put into living shape the above delicious *morçeaux*, we shall be prepared to furnish them with another course of the same choice quality.

THE NEW STYLE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE inhabitants of the civilised universe, and all the other readers of this periodical, will do us the justice to acknowledge that we have never failed, when occasion offered, to expose, according to the measure of our humble ability, the unnecessary and absurd verbosity of acts of Parliament to public cachinnation. We may therefore be excused if, with a slight measure of self-complacency, we quote from a morning contemporary of last week the following important announcement:—

"At the commencement of the ensuing session, on Tuesday next, the statute passed in June last, entitled 'An Act for shortening the language used in Acts of Parliament,' will take effect."

The session of 1851 thus opens under entirely new auspices; and from henceforth the GENIUS of PERSPICUITY and CONCISENESS will exert that influence over Parliamentary composition which has hitherto been exercised by the SPIRIT of CIRCUMLOCUTION and RIGMAROLE. The preamble of each bill will be the offspring of PRECISION and TERSENESS; its clauses the progeny of EXACTNESS and BREVITY. The contracted dimensions of an act of Parliament, it is to be hoped, will in future deny a thoroughfare to the figurative coach-and-six; and a laudable analogy to the gallop of the Hierosolyman pony will be the only characterestic of the enactment that can be termed asinine.

Superstitious Delusion.

SERVANT girls and damsels of higher degree—maids-of-no-work as well as maids-of-all-work—occasionally seek a knowledge of futurity in coffee-grounds. That they are not only deluded in their belief, but also frequently mistaken in their grounds, is proved by the fact, that the latter, in many instances, consist chiefly of chicory, roasted corn, beans, and potato-flour.

"ALL IN THE DOWNS."

SIR PETER LAURIE has succeeded in appointing a Committee in the Marylebone Vestry, to report upon the Wood-Pavement in Oxford Street. This Committee, we are told, is a Standing Committee. We are very sorry to hear this; for, as the Wood-Pavement is so extremely slippery that nothing can stand upon it, it stands to reason that anything like a Standing Committee must necessarily be *floored*.

DANGEROUS LIGHTS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"YOUR kindly correspondent PUSS-IN-BLUCHERS, in the course of observations on "The Mice of Scotland," which do honour to her feline heart, says—

"Nay, when I reflect upon the increased number of candles used now-a-days in certain churches, a mouse ecclesiastical may have a very jolly berth of it."

"Sir, this supposition would be quite correct, but that, alas! we are afraid to eat the Puseyite candles. Fatal experience has acquainted us with the tricks of the tallow-chandlers. Besides, we have a particular reason for fearing that the candles in question are arsenicated; for almost everybody says that there is poison in Tractarian compositions.

"I am, &c.

"A CHURCH MOUSE."

CLASSICAL DRUGGERY.

AMONG the appointments in the Gazette of a few days ago, we find it stated that a DR. BOND is chosen to fill "the office and place of Reader of Physic in the University of Cambridge." We do not exactly understand how physic can be read; how, for example, Senna can be substituted for Seneca; but we have no doubt the new official's duties are regularly prescribed for him. Perhaps the task to be performed is the translation of those mysterious terms we find on the doctor's bottles, and which would, no doubt, be more difficult to the inexperienced than the Classics usually taught in schools; for though we may comprehend *Horat. Flac. Op.*, it is not so easy to put a just interpretation upon *Squill. Sen. Coloc. Opad.*—and the other canine Latinity, which the "reader of physic" will probably have to elucidate.

News from Rome.

A LETTER from Rome says:—

"LORD FIELDING is making his round of devotional pilgrimages here. Yesterday he visited the church of St. Peter *ad vincula*, and at his request the chains of the Apostle were placed *on his neck*, and afterwards on that of LADY FIELDING and of the servant man."

This is precisely what the POPE would do with JOHN BULL: clap the chains of ST. PETER on his neck; and having them there, would take especial care to rivet them.

"PUT OUT THE LIGHT! AND THEN—"

PLANTS, it is said, die without light. Our wonder is, then, how the Window-Tax can exist; for every Sanitary, and Parliamentary, and every other kind of Commissioner, knows that the effect of it is to block out the light; and without light we should have thought it must have retired into the realms of the Prince of Darkness long ago, as we certainly look upon the Window-Tax as one of the most tremendous *Plants* ever put upon a Nation by a Government.

PIGEONS.

THE scientific world generally, and ornithologists in particular, will doubtless feel interested in the fact, that the Philoperisteron Society—which has for its object the cultivation of every variety of Pigeon—held its Anniversary Meeting and Annual Public Exhibition, lately, at ANDERTON'S Hotel, Fleet Street. The room was crowded, and the company appeared much delighted with the exhibition.

We have also to record a meeting for similar purposes, which took place, about the same time, at POPKINS'S, in the Borough. The attendance was numerous and select, consisting of all the mobility and (light-fingered) gentry of that aristocratic locality; amongst whom we noticed some of the most celebrated *incog*noscenti of the "fancy." Several gentlemen amateurs present expressed their surprise that, up to the present time, they had been ignorant of the existence of so respectable a body, and evinced a strong desire to join it.

Nearly all the species, indigenous and imported, were exhibited: the Tumbler in his wonderful varieties, which, by-the-by, we are free to confess, in noway equalled those of the Tumbler at Astley's, to say nothing of our old *protégés* the Acrobats of Arcadia. Baldheads were there, and Beards (short-faced), in all their interesting and varied beauties; Carriers, in their varieties of dun-brown and blue; and an assemblage, under the general name of "Toys," comprising the species and varieties of Trumpeters, Helmets, the Porcelain from the Indies, and others, too numerous to mention. All were in excellent feather and fine show; and MR. BOLT'S Pouter commanded universal admiration, chiefly, we believe, from the fact, that he was considered to be quite worth the plucking, and would ultimately afford very pretty picking. We heartily wish the Philoperisteron Society all the success it merits.

SERMONS IN LONDON STONES.

THERE is a great moral lesson to be learned from the Stones of London, and though the philosopher would not be disposed to pitch it too strong, he would naturally feel reluctant that the London stones should be thrown away upon us, when there is so much instruction to be derived from them. It seems that the repairing of the streets after the Gas Companies took the subject up will cost £20,000, and though the public may contribute nothing specifically for the new pipes, we, in some other way, have to pay the piper.

We have no fault to find with the establishment of the new Company, which has so much cheapened our gas, and caused that to come comparatively light which used to be heavy; but we wish the sewers, the paviours, and the other meddlers with our ways, would be a little more simultaneous in their action, and that they would only take possession of our thoroughfares when they find an opening already made for them.

Old English Hospitality.

A WEALTHY householder of ancient Tory principles, who keeps a shop in an opulent metropolitan parish, in order to prevent foreigners, during the approaching Exhibition, from interrupting his business by coming in to ask the way, intends to put up a bill in the windows of his establishment, notifying that "ICI ON NE PARLE PAS FRANÇAIS."

A RAILWAY ALLEGORY.

WE learn, from the *Maidstone Journal*, that a few days since, a mail train was nearly thrown off the rails, being attacked by a furious bull, between Headcorn and Pluckley. The bull strayed from a drove—

"When the mail-train was seen approaching, on which the beast made directly towards the red lights on the engine with its tail in the air; it was consequently *dashed to pieces*, parts of the body having been picked up at a distance of sixty yards from the place where the collision occurred."

The furious, or, rather, foolish bull, is the bull sent from Rome and straying from Golden Square; and the mail-train is PROGRESS. That a bull, "with its tail in the air," running at such an engine, should be dashed to pieces, was only to be expected. Better the bull to be dashed to atoms, than that PROGRESS should be thrown off the rails.

Intramural Burying—Alive.

THE country requires, on sanitary grounds, a legislative measure for the general prevention of intramural interment. Of course the proposal of such an enactment would excite a great deal of opposition on the part of undertakers, and others having "vested interests" in churchyards. Would it not also probably be objected to by DR. WISEMAN and his party as tending to the infringement of religious liberty? For, certainly, if intramural interment is prohibited, it will be illegal that a young lady should be buried within the walls of a convent.

THE WRITING LESSON.

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE MINISTER PUZZLED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.
THE WINDOW TAX.
THE INCOME TAX.
THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.
THE TEA DUTY.
THE SOAP DUTY, &c. &c.

The Stage represents the Office of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER *in Downing Street.*

The CHANCELLOR *discovered solus, bending over papers.*

Chancellor of the Exchequer. Was ever Minister so much perplex'd?
This horrid surplus overcomes me quite;
To me 'tis such an unaccustomed thing.
I feel as strange as one who meets the ghost
Of some one that he never met before.
Now, had it chanced to be a deficit,
I should have felt most perfectly at home;
Against a deficit, I've many a time
Stood boldy up—knowing there 's nothing in it.
I'd nothing then to do but look around,
Select my victim for my needed tax,
And hurl him down the widely-yawning jaws
Of the exhausted Treasury's abyss.
'Tis easier far to boldly take from one
Than satisfy a hundred loud demands.
'Tis simple work supplying simple wants;
But expectation with its million hands,
And twice ten million tongues, I cannot soothe.
'Tis HYDRA teeming with additional heads,
BRIAREUS with ten thousand extra hands,
And ARGUS starr'd with supplemental eyes.
The million-headed HYDRA's million tongues
Make on the surplus near a million claims.
Each finger of BRIAREUS' countless hands
Makes at the public purse a desperate clutch;
While I, beneath the gaze of ARGUS' eyes,
See in them all the green of jealousy.

[*He goes on with his calculations, and falls asleep to the slow music of an Italian Organ Boy without. While he sleeps, clouds gather round from the dust of the surrounding papers, enveloping everything in obscurity, and the* GHOST OF THE WINDOW TAX *appears.*

Ghost of Window Tax. List! list! oh list! thou sleeping Minister!
How canst thou sleep while I still stalk abroad?
My troubled spirit, with its weight of conscience,
Can never, never rest, till thou hast laid me.

[*The* CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER *starts, and turns round.*

'Tis well thou startest!—better still, thou hast turn'd—
I'm glad to see that thou art turn'd at last;
But listen now, and thou shalt start still more.
See'st thou yon wretched hovel, where a crowd
Of miserable beings, closely packed,
Lie huddled in a fœtid atmosphere;
Disease and death are in solution held,
Through every breath that stirs or stagnates there.
Talk of oppression and a tyrant's chains!
What greater tyrant is there than disease?
What worse oppression than the foul-mouth'd fiend,
Who, nightmare-like, sits on the tortured breast,
And with the poison from his lips exhaled
Corrupts the life-blood; turns the pleasant glow
Of genial warmth to fever's fitful heat?
And when the sufferer seeks a purer air,
He seeks in vain; for I, the Window Tax,
Shut up the wholesome vents which should supply
All Nature's sustenance—the breath of life.
On me Mortality's tremendous bills
Hang like a debt—to which I daily add.
But 'tis enough. I know thou meanest well.
Thou 'lt lay my troubled spirit in the grave—
Abolish me for ever. So, farewell!

[*The* WINDOW TAX *disappears in a flame from the light of Civilisation, and immediately afterwards the* GHOST OF THE INCOME-TAX *is seen in its place.*

Ghost of the Income Tax. To thee, Great Minister! I make appeal.
Oh, save me from the public odium,
That I so well deserve! Why am I forced
To visit equally the rich and poor?
To take from heap'd-up Superfluity
The same proportion that I rudely grasp
From Industry's barest sufficiency?
Luxurious Ease of nothing I deprive;
But careful Labour's wants I much curtail.
Nor is the present mischief that I do,
The only load that weighs my conscience down.
Pinching the father now whose constant toil
Gains scarce enough his family to feed,
I rob them of their poor inheritance.
The father struggles, and the orphan starves,
And both their fates, alas! are due to me,—
I that am nobly born—the offspring fair
Of good intention—but how misapplied!
Oh make of me the thing I ought to be!
Let me assess the rich—not rob the poor.
Remodel me. Farewell—Remember me!

[*The* GHOST OF THE INCOME TAX *sinks down, and there rise up a Group, headed by the* TAX ON KNOWLEDGE, *leading* PAPER DUTY, ADVERTISEMENT DUTY, TAX ON NEWSPAPERS, *&c. &c.*

Tax on Knowledge. Thou slumbering Minister, attend to us!
Nor let the cries of others stop thine ears
Against admittance from our potent voice.
The Window Tax, I know, has been with thee—
Talked of the light of day—'tis plausible!
But, oh! the light of knowledge must surpass
All other lights in brilliance. Window light
Freshens the body, but the light of knowledge
Gives life and vigour to the mind and soul.
'Tis well to ope the windows of a house,
But better by a thousand-fold, at least,
To ope the windows of the human frame,
Let in a flood of light, and warmth, and air
Upon the higher faculties of man.
Reflect on what I urge—Farewell—farewell!

[*The* TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE *ascend out of sight, and the* SOAP, TEA, *and other* MINOR DUTIES *dance round the couch of the* CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, *who seems much disturbed, and utters the following words incoherently in his sleep.*

Chancellor of the Exchequer. How can I deal with all? Impossible!
Be silent, Soap! I know what thou would'st urge;
That health and cleanliness go hand in hand;
That thou would'st come to hand more frequently
If thou wert free. Away!—I 'll hear no more.
Tea—Tea—avaunt, I say! I know thy suit,
But well thou know'st thou hast a thousand tricks
To shun the duty thou art burdened with,
Thou half impostor—son of BIRCH AND CO.!

[*The* TEA DUTY *getting under the nose of the* CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, *wakes him up. All have disappeared; he rubs his eyes.*

So, 'tis a dream—I 'm glad to find it so;
Though when awake I find 'tis much the same.
What with the various claims of Window Tax,
Income, and Knowledge, Sugar, Soap, and Tea,
I know not how to act. Alas, how true!
The power to do a benefit amounts
To positively nothing more than this:—
The chance of making one ungrateful friend,
With some five hundred bitter enemies.
My surplus promises that chance to me.
Oh, 'tis enough to make one almost wish
The good old days of large deficiency
Were here again!—But, no! I 'll do my best,
And look for justice to the hands of Time.
Slow the reward, but sure—I will be patient.

[*The* CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER *continues his financial calculations, and falling asleep, he and the curtain fall together.*

More of our Bigotry.

NOBODY whatever having insinuated that the late fire at the New Houses of Parliament was occasioned by a modern GUY FAWKES, we shall be surprised if the *Tablet* does not complain of a report to that effect as an instance of Protestant bigotry and intolerance.

A VERY LIGHT PUN.

WHY is a Woman shaving herself like the Crystal Palace?
Because it is a pane-ful Exhibition.

"THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT."

MR. PUNCH has received a letter from Golden Square, begging him to deny—(which he does with great pleasure)—the malignant report that amongst the timber smouldering in the new Houses of Parliament was found the foot of a red stocking.

TO THE NUNS OF ST. PUSEY.

"MR. PUNCH,

"KNOWING that the nuns of St. Belgravia, the sisterhood of St. May Fair, and the daughters of St. Barnabas, with many other Orders, all of 'em read your pages, I hope you will allow me to say one word upon a seraphic book just translated from the French by FATHER FABER (who crossed from St. Paul's to St. Peter's a little while ago) and dedicated by him 'to the Nuns of England.' The book is about *The Life of St. Rose of Lima!* She was canonised, says FATHER FABER,—in 1671, by CLEMENT X., and 'thus solemnly has the Church of God'—meaning Rome—'set the seal of her unerring approval upon that series of wonders, that endless chain of miracles, which, reaching from her cradle to her grave, make up the life of the American virgin.' Well, the life of ST. ROSE is dedicated by FATHER FABER 'to the Nuns of England,' that 'with its bright example they may feed their spirit of devotion.' Well, *Mr. Punch*, it has struck me that what may serve for the cloistered Nuns of England—(where are all the Nunneries?)—may, with a little alteration, do beautifully for the sisterhood of ST. PUSEY. ST. ROSE is, to be sure, a little strong in the South American spirit, but might be diluted for English families. For instance; upon the undertaken authority of DOCTOR FABER, ST. ROSE'S mother having made her daughter wear a garland of flowers upon her head, she in divine remembrance—

"'Fixed the garland on her head with a large needle, which she plunged so deeply into her head, that it could not be drawn out without the help of a surgeon, who had much difficulty in doing it!'

Might not garlands for a party be worn by the Nuns of ST. PUSEY, fixed on with something less than a very large needle—but nevertheless with something that should give a more than usual point to *that* wreath of roses? something that should impart a new fascination to the smile of the saint, struggling under such chastening discipline? ST. ROSE, to avoid going out to parties, 'rubbed her eyes with pimento, a very sharp sort of Indian pepper, which made her eyes as red as fire, and so painful that she could not bear the light.' Now, the Sister of ST. PUSEY might not decline Almack's or the Opera; but might try hartshorn instead of pepper, to make her 'look a fright' to all otherwise admirers. ST. ROSE—upon the approving belief of DOCTOR FABER—would not eat; when her mother made her sit at table, and eat in her presence:

"'But this enlightened daughter contrived to elude her vigilance, by begging the servant to offer her only a sort of dish made without salt, composed of a crust of coarse bread, and a handful of very bitter herbs.'

"Besides this, ST. ROSE every morning washed her mouth 'with sheep's gall,' with which, moreover, 'she sprinkled her food.' After this sweet example, may not the daughters of ST. PUSEY privately carry with them assafœtida to a pic-nic, or when 'taken down to supper' at parties, give a dash of hyssop to the blancmange and jellies?

"ST. ROSE, moreover—to the delight of FATHER FABER, and the future edification of English nuns—'used two hair shirts,' which she 'armed underneath with a great quantity of points of needles!' Well, this certainly gives a new hint for an improved manufacture of crinoline, which—for the especial wear of the Sisters of ST. PUSEY—will, I hope, be exhibited under MR. PAXTON'S magnifying glass. As for the hair-shirts of ST. ROSE—

"'It would be impossible to express the suffering this rough dress caused her; sometimes it made the perspiration stream from her in great drops; sometimes she fell fainting under it, and was unable to take a step without great torture.'

"A little tighter lacing might give the Sisterhood of ST. PUSEY a mild notion of this ecstasy of horse-hair. As for what follows, I don't know what to propose in humble imitation of the real thing:—

"'She watched also for the hour when cooking was going on in the house, and when no one could see her, she exposed the soles of her feet to the heat of the oven, where it was greatest, and kept them there till the pain of her half-roasted feet quite overcame her!'

"After this—and ST. ROSE must have had not nine, but nineteen lives—after this, she cut off her hair, and wore a crown of sharp spikes under it; yes, she—

"'Wore this penitential crown underneath her veil; so that at the least agitation these iron thorns tore her flesh, and pierced her head in ninety-nine places with excessive pain; and, as the muscles of this part are connected with one another, our saint could hardly speak; and when she coughed or sneezed, this violent effort caused the three rows of points to penetrate even to the skull with almost inconceivable pain.'

"And, *Mr. Punch*, what says FATHER FABER—the fellow chum of DOCTOR NEWMAN—to this? How preaches that gentle, lamb-like man, upon the above, which, he says, we should take 'like awe-struck children as a page from the lost Chronicles of Eden,'—(FABER'S paradise of hair-shirts and iron-spikes)?—Why, he sweetly avers that—

"'There never was a time, and never a land, when and where it was more needful for the daughters of the Church to learn how to make themselves a cloister in the world, than England in the present age; and *it is precisely this lesson* which the life of ST. ROSE conveys.'

"There, ladies—cloistered nuns of England, and drawing-room nuns of ST. PUSEY—there is an example for you!

"Upon the authority of FATHER FABER, and under his patronage, will no enthusiastic bookseller start the *English Nun's Belle Assemblée*, in which the hair-shirt—the garland with needles—the crowns of spikes, and so forth, shall be given in their newest fashion, and in their most captivating variety?

"For by these means only, infers FATHER FABER, will the daughters of Britain—the sweet blush-roses of England—be Roses a thousandfold, when Roses stuck about by lacerating thorns.

"Yours, *Mr. Punch*,

"A SPINSTER, BUT NONE OF THE NUNS."

"P. S.—Does FATHER FABER himself ever try a corking-needle through his hat?—Does he season his soup with ipecacuanha?—Does he wear a fillet of iron points under his night-cap? Or does he think these matters only fit for women—for the simple ones who 'would make themselves a cloister' in England?"

1851.

"PLEASE, SIR, SHALL I HOLD YOUR HORSE?"

"The Smallest Contributions Thankfully Received."

MR. ST. BARNABAS BENNETT (who has so reluctantly parted with his gown), intends, we are credibly informed, to apply to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for the *Surplice*, which that honourable gentleman is rumoured to have at his disposal.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S NEW TARIFF.

RATIONALITY is the boast of the present day; yet not only are the mummeries of superstition enacted to a great extent, but the charges of too many hotel-keepers are extremely unreasonable. "A Commercial Traveller" recently sent a letter to the *Daily News*, proposing, in behalf of gentlemen of his order, a reformed scale of prices for the adoption of landlords, and he has forwarded a copy of this letter to *Mr. Punch*, no doubt considering that *Mr. Punch* is a host in himself. Were the Office of *Punch*, instead of being 85, Fleet Street, that of the proprietor of an inn,—were it his mission to entertain man and horse, in lieu of affording instruction blended with amusement solely to the biped,—he would certainly consider himself adequately remunerated by 1*s.* 6*d.* for a plain breakfast, and by 1*s.* 9*d.* for the same meal, with the addition of meat and the usual condiments. He would be happy to provide the famished Commercial Traveller with dinner at 2*s.*, on the understanding that one pint of wine or more should be superadded to the repast, confident that any loss he might incur by the hunger of his guest would be more than compensated for by that gentleman's thirst. The same banquet, with the extra consumption of half-a-pint of wine only, would, he is sure, pay him handsomely at 2*s.* 6*d.*, or, regulated on the principle of total abstinence, at 3*s.*

Again, he would not deem 1*s.* 6*d.* too little for "one tea," inclusive merely of bread and butter, to which, for the consideration of another sixpence, he would cheerfully undertake to add ham or beef. A cold meat supper at 1*s.* 6*d.* he would also regard as an arrangement sufficiently advantageous to himself; and if he engaged to supply Welsh rabbits at 6*d.* each, he conceives that he should be a gainer by the speculation. Did *Mr. Punch* preside over imperial measures, as a publican, in place of controlling national affairs as a public character, he certainly would not object to employ them in serving his customers with alcoholic and fermented liquors at fair prices.

Now these are the requirements of our Correspondent; and *Mr. Punch* really regards the Commercial Traveller's New Tariff, as constructed upon very liberal principles. This proposed arrangement between the landlords and commercial gentry, also stipulates that beds shall be charged "1*s.* per night, without horse;" and certainly for 1*s.* *Mr. Punch* would guarantee a better dormitory than a stable. It further demands that the usual fees for servants shall be discontinued; and *Mr. Punch* feels that, accepting the above terms, he might throw attendance, accompanied with civility, into the bargain. It excepts the "extra requirements of the boots," which it allows "to be left for private arrangement," doubtless because the labour of the shoe-black is variable, and must, besides, be measured according to the comparative extent of surface of Wellingtons, Bluchers, and highlows, as well as with regard to common or to patent leather, considered in their several relations to time and DAY AND MARTIN.

That corn shall be sold at a fair average of quality and weight per quarter, and that harness and vehicles shall be rightly attended to before leaving the yard, are the concluding articles of the treaty, according to which the travellers, who are now occasionally much cheated, desire to be always taken in.

Variety is charming in most things; but, in tavern charges, uniformity is preferable: for a gentleman, in order to take his ease in his inn, should be undisturbed by doubts as to what he will have to pay for it. The foregoing propositions, if adopted, will add materially to the comfort of the Commercial Traveller; indeed, will leave him nothing to desire, except the last number of *Punch*, which, of course, he will immediately get by calling for it in every commercial room.

Curious Phenomenon in the Hair.

IT is a singular fact, which has just been pointed out to us by an eminent *coiffeur* of the Burlington Arcade, that mostly all the Quakers have their hair cut after one peculiar fashion. The reason of this, he says, is on account of their extraordinary pertinacity not to uncover themselves in the presence of any one, and the consequence is, that a barber has to cut a Quaker's hair with his hat on; guiding his scissors, in the best way he can, round the circumference of the broad brim. "This explains clearly," says our informant, "why a Quaker's hair, if you will only notice it, is generally of an equal length all the way round his head."

DID ST. PAUL'S CLOCK EVER STRIKE THIRTEEN?

ONCE; when a verger of the Cathedral, from mere good nature, let a little boy in without taking his two-pence.

A VERY UNUSUAL BEVERAGE.

THE *Times* says that in one of the Circulars issued by the Executive Committee of the Great Exhibition to supply information, it was announced that "wines from unusual sources" would be received. We wonder if the Committee has received any samples of port wine made of grapes.

LIGHT FRENCH WINE!

A Bacchanalian and Pacific Song; suggested by MR. SHAW'S *Letter in the "Times" Money Article, January* 30.

AIR—"*Gaily still the Moments roll.*"

LL away the Sessions roll,
Whilst we quaff the brandied bowl,
Which can never be so whole-
-some, sure, as light French wine.

Chorus.

Not, sure, as light French wi-i-ine, &c.

Rum the liver gnaws like grief;
"Something short" makes being brief;
Much disease would find relief,
Did we drink light French wine.

Chorus.—Did we, &c.

Drink, from malt which Britain brews,
Doth the noddle oft bemuse;
So much beer we should not use
Could we get light French wine.

Chorus.—Could we, &c.

HEAD need ne'er his brain engage
How with France a war to wage,
Did we but our thirst assuage
By drinking light French wine.

Chorus.—By drinking, &c.

No; our neighbours o'er the sea
Never would the boobies be
To fall out with us, if we
Consumed their light French wine.

Chorus.—Consumed, &c.

Burgundy, Champagne, Bordeaux,
Would in many a goblet flow;
But the Custom House says "No,
You shan't drink light French wine."

Chorus.—You shan't, &c.

Why not, then, the duty lower?
If you plead that you 're too poor,
Mind that we should drink the more,
Could we get cheap French wine.

Chorus.—Could we, &c.

You 'd lose nothing in finance,
Whilst retrenchment would advance,
Since there 'd be no fear of France
If we drank light French wine.

Chorus.—If we, &c.

Cause of the Fire in the House of Commons.

THE origin of the fire in the House of Commons has not yet been discovered. It has been suggested to us, and we give the suggestion without a word of comment, as we do not wish to throw cold water upon it, that probably one of MR. FERRAND'S speeches had been incautiously left in the neighbourhood of the Clock Tower, and that it was of such a firebrand description, that it immediately took hold of the dry materials, and set the building on fire. If one of MR. ROEBUCK'S letters had not been luckily close at hand, and promptly used as a wet blanket, in which capacity, we are informed, it acted admirably, the damage never would have stopped at one hundred pounds. Orders have been given, that, for the future, all flaming speeches are to be kept in a separate building, which, for the purpose, is to be made fire-proof. MR. FERRAND'S speeches have been removed altogether, as, after the recent experience, they are considered to be too combustible.

"LE PEUPLE SOUVERAIN."

THE Representatives of the French Chamber receive (or did receive) 25 francs a day—and why? Because, as 25 francs make a sovereign, each member might pass current (in monetary value at least) as a proper representative of the "Sovereign People."

THE GROANS OF WREN'S GHOST.

As the mighty hammer smiting
Twelve times on the metal falls,
Comes a rush of ghosts, alighting
In the nave of dim St. Paul's.

And while through the marble sobbing
Circle still those waves of sound,
Mingled with them is a throbbing
As of wide wings sweeping round.

For to-night the ghosts are gathered
Of the great that slumber here—
Ill-used great—on whom are fathered
All the marble monsters near!

JOHNSON'S ghost is there, disgusted
At his naked legs of stone;
Legs that, save in silk or worsted,
Ne'er were e'en to BOSWELL shown.

HOWARD, with a simple wonder
At his dress of sheet and key,
Thinks they must have made a blunder:
Ne'er in such attire went he.

Chiefs, who wore cocked hats and feathers,
On their tombs themselves behold
Stripped e'en to their boots and leathers,
In their buff, like knights of old!

While they gaze, and groan, and grumble,
O'er the lies Art tells of all,
With a sudden reverence humble
To their ghostly knees they fall.

For they feel a mighty presence
Growing dimly through the place,
Whereunto, in mute obeisance,
Boweth down each heart and face.

Looming bigger yet and bigger,
Filling up those vasty walls;
Not reduced to form or figure—
'Tis his Ghost that built St. Paul's!

From the fabric he created,
For a trophy and a tomb,
With his spirit permeated—
Now that spirit fills the gloom.

O'er the ghostly circle round him
Blackly broods the Shade of WREN,
From the ribs of stone that bound him
Forced by sins of sordid men.

"Brother ghosts!" I heard him mutter,
"I am here to speak my mind;
'Tis no time the Church to butter,
Were I ever so inclined.

"What is 't that with thought and toiling,
Toiling of the hand and brain,
Evil times and tempers foiling,
I for worship reared this fane?

"In my brain the stately vision
Shaped itself—but long I wrought
Ere I won—oh, rare fruition!—
Outward shape to inward thought.

"And I said, as sped my labour,
'Green my memory will be,
When the poor man by his neighbour
Walks St. Paul's, and thinks of me—

"'As the worship I have written,
In these characters of stone,
Sinks within his spirit, smitten
With a sense of awe unknown,

"'Poverty will pause from caring,
Toil will feel a saintly rest;
And the weary and way-faring,
Ent'ring in, will straight be blest.

"'Hearts, with sin or sorrow laden,
At the Porch will leave their weight;
Sinful man and erring maiden
Will pass lighter from the gate.'

"So I dreamed—a weak adapter
Of the fancy to the fact—
Were there not the Dean and Chapter,
And the coppers to be sack'd?

"With one voice to poor and needy
Calling, 'Enter, we beseech;'
With another, whispering greedy,
'For admission—twopence each.'

"Priests and prelates, in your grovelling
Heedless how you smirch your gowns,
Into swollen pockets shovelling
Eagerly the wretched browns—

"Up, for shame! the world is trooping
Unto England's Labour-show:
Let it not behold you stooping
To such paltry gains and low."

So he spake—the ghosts in chorus
Straight took up his dying fall—
And rung out three groans sonorous
For the DEAN and Chapter all!

And a general vote was passing
(Just as our reporter left)
That the ghosts would quit *en masse*, in
Case they still kept up the theft!

REWARD OF MERIT.

Ragged Urchin. "PLEASE GIVE DAD A SHORT PIPE!"

Barman. "CAN'T DO IT. DON'T KNOW HIM."

Ragged Urchin. "WHY, HE GETS DRUNK HERE EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT."

Barman. "OH! DOES HE, MY LITTLE DEAR? THEN 'ERE'S A NICE LONG 'UN, WITH A BIT OF WAX AT THE END."

APOSTOLIC, BUT UNCANONICAL.

THE *Newcastle Journal* quotes the following advertisement from a weekly paper:—

WANTED, immediately, a Single Man, a member of a general Baptist Denomination, to supply a small Congregation in a village. A small salary would be given. If acquainted with the general Shoemaking Business, an opportunity now presents itself, where a constant situation as a Journeyman can be secured. The qualifications for the ministerial duty required are, humble piety, a desire to be useful, and a general knowledge of the Gospel, with ability to make it known.

What is *Punch* to make out of this? A joke—facetious and genteel Divinity will expect, perhaps—on this calling of a cobbler to the cure of *souls*. Another piece of fun, peradventure by way of relish to old College port, in reference to "ST. CRISPIN THE SECOND," or "CRISPIN OF THE CONVENTICLE."

No: the notion of a minister's debasing himself by shoemaking is too scandalous to be treated with levity. A Preacher working with his own hands for his living! Grossly unbecoming! Shockingly indecorous! Whoever heard of such a thing having been done—since the time of the APOSTLES?

No Small Thanks to Barry.

THE old cry is, when the House of Commons does not behave itself, "Thank Heaven, we have a House of Lords." Now, considering that not a single word can be heard without an ear-trumpet in the House of Lords, we must say, since we are saved the trouble of listening to the speeches, which so rarely repay one in that august assembly for the trouble of listening, that it is with the most intense gratitude we exclaim, "Thank Heaven, we have a House of Lords!"

THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

IT is not true that the new cathedral—St. Patrick's—to be built in Westminster, will be upon the grandest architectural scale. On the contrary, it will be upon the exact model of the one place of worship allowed to the Protestants dwelling in Rome, by the POPE. Therefore, a tolerably-sized cow-shed will suffice. CARDINAL WISEMAN is in treaty with a dairyman about to retire.

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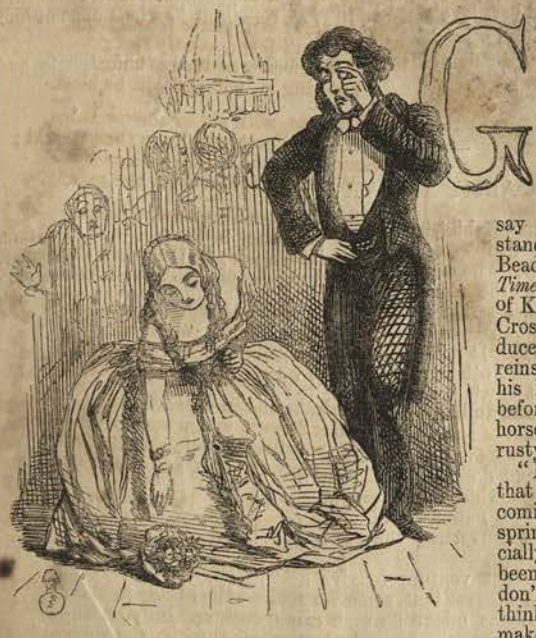
A BILLET-DOUX FROM QUEEN ANNE.



GALLANT MR. PUNCH,

"ONLY yesterday, I heard our Beadle—you will please to recollect that I stand in the Churchyard of St. Paul's—in the Churchyard, mind—and don't make up any part of the twopenn'orth that's shown in-doors; I should say quite the reverse—and standing there, I heard our Beadle read a letter in the *Times* about the destitute state of KING CHARLES, at Charing-Cross, at present so very reduced in circumstances. His reins are fast dropping from his hands, as they once did before; and altogether his horse is riding particularly rusty.

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, as I hear that millions of foreigners are coming to London in the spring, I do think that—specially to so many of 'em that 's been playing at revolutions, I don't know how long—I do think that England should make her Kings and Queens put as bold a face upon the visitors as possible. Being a woman, I hope I may be allowed to have a particular desire for appearances; and being, I believe, the only out-of-door Queen in the City of London, do you think I am asking too much from the Corporation, in just hinting that I should like a handsomely gilt petticoat; and, moreover, should be happy to have my face washed, being almost black and well-nigh suffocated with the nasty coal-smoke? I feel that I'm not fit to be seen by strangers; and—if I'm not made proper—shall faint clean off my pedestal. And, as I say, being the only City Queen that has to stand all weathers, I think I might be made a little more able to face the elements. I do assure you, *Mr. Punch*, that many a first of May I'd have changed places with the Chimney-sweepers' Lady. If QUEEN VICTORIA would only look at me, and think of posterity—that I see so much of every year, and don't think it improves by any means—she would, I am sure, order me at least a coat of gilding, with, perhaps, an under petticoat of paint.

"But I don't speak only for myself. I hope that all out-of-door royalty will be made handsome. Couldn't George the Fourth be painted, and wear a wig of pale gold manufacture till the Show was over? And George the Third—I do hope, for the credit of the country, that scouring-paper will not be spared upon him,—whilst the dear Duke of York, on the Waterloo Pillar, will, I trust, be made to show that, for once in a way, he really has plenty of coppers.

"If King William should remain in Leicester Square, *do*, there 's a dear, speak a good word for him that, for the next summer at least, he may, before his melting-time arrives, have one more coat of Dutch metal.

"ANNE REGINA (as was)."

AN IMMORTAL IDEA.

WE have an immortal idea, as grand and as simple as the Exhibition of 1851 itself.

Our immortal idea is to put London under a glass cover. The thing is as easy as putting a pea under a thimble!

Let us now look at the advantages that shine, like so many beautiful objects of Art, under our magnificent glass cover.

First of all—we shall have no rain, no hail, no snow, no sleet, and consequently we shall have no mud, no dirt. We shall have clean boots all day long. The streets will only require to be swept, like a carpet, every morning, and can be kept as clean as the floor of a corn-market, or a lady's boudoir.

Look at the saving, too, in our clothes, in our boots. They will be protected from the ravages of their greatest enemy, dirt. There will be no wet, not a drop of water to plant the seeds of a galloping consumption in the delicate constitution of either. Our Wellingtons will be as dry in the evening as in the morning; our pantaloons as spotless when we take them off as when we put them on.

What a diminution in the annual amount of diseases! Elderly gentlemen will be Kyanised from rheumatism, and ladies will be enabled to walk about with the thinnest shoes in the world—without any shoes at all, if they like—without any fear of their getting wet feet. Such a thing as a cold—with all its accompanying horrors of gruel, hot bath, and tallowed noses—will become an old woman's tradition, only worthy to be sneezed at!

Then, again, if our feet are protected from the wet in winter, our eyes will be equally screened from the dust in summer; for it stands to reason that as there will be no wind in our glass case, there can be no dust, much less any fear of fugitive tiles or dethroned chimney-pots, flying about in the calm air.

"What!" exclaims the clever reader, "will there be then no air—no ventilation whatever?" Yes—we will promise that there shall be plenty of the former, and will also go so far as to guarantee that DR. REID shall not have the management of the latter.

Large windows will be placed at certain distances in the roof—with the convenience of being opened when it was too warm, or shut when it was becoming chilly—or beginning to rain,—precisely like the window of any omnibus, up or down—open or shut—just as you like.

By this means, plenty of ventilation can be secured in summer; for the entire roof can easily be drawn back in the Dog Days, if it is too sultry, and the streets can be aired with hot pipes, filled with water, drawn from our Baths and Washhouses, or heated with large fires, like our churches, only made much warmer; and an invalid will be able to walk from Paddington to the Bank, without any great coat or goloshes, and be as comfortable, as if he was walking up and down his own drawing-room.

Why should not our streets also be decorated like a conservatory? Each street might be converted into an ever-blooming avenue of exotic plants. London might be a garden in a state of perpetual bloom—an illimitable Eden under a glass shade! A map of the different floral beauties of each quarter of the globe might thus be drawn out on the large surface of the metropolis—adapting the climate of each street to the wants of each quarter. Birds, too, of the rarest plumage, natives of those vocal climates, might be allowed to fly about these luxurious plants, and to sing, or chatter us, miserable Londoners, into the happy belief that we were strolling about, with WILSON'S birds, in the woods of North America, or listening to the melody of the plaintive bulbul in the poetic rose-gardens of Persia. But this subject is of such an enticing, flowery nature, that if we do not take care, we shall be losing ourselves, like a dog in the Maze of Hampton Court, in the endless labyrinth of its playful windings. Let us return instantly to London.

We propose that MR. PAXTON—from whom we have borrowed the acorn of our immortal idea—should be appointed the grand conservator of this monster conservatory.

The glass roof can be covered, also, with calico—similar to the plan proposed for the Exhibition—and occasionally sprinkled with water, (with eau-de-cologne on state occasions,) so as to temper the ardour of the sun acting with all its force upon the glass.

Only consider, we SHALL HAVE NO MORE BLACKS! those plague-spots of an Englishman's out-door existence—those bosom friends of every washerwoman. We shall be able to walk about all day, and to return home, with an unstained shirt, with clean collars, and almost with a clean countenance. For, recollect, the chimneys will not be inside the cover, and so, consequently, the "blacks" will fall all on the outside. Ladies will enjoy the same blessing; and a muslin dress, a chip bonnet, or a delicate mousseline, will not be dirtied to Ethiopian blackness, after it has been worn once in the open air.

Crossing-sweepers will also be swept away; and we shall no longer be bothered "for a copper" every time we cross the road. Scavengers, likewise, will be wiped off the dirty face of London, which, when kept under a glass, will be as bright and as clean as a schoolboy's, when ushered into the school parlour, where his mother is waiting to see him.

And, lastly—for it is time to shut up our imagination, though on a subject so invitingly expansive we feel that we could unfold it almost to any extent—we shall be freed from that daily worry of an Englishman's life, the UMBRELLA, which, of course, will carry the parasol with it. The umbrella-makers will, of course, be ruined. We are sorry for them; but really we cannot help it; and, after all, it is a serious question, whether we should weep over their annihilation, when we consider the constant annoyance, and the abuse, and the recrimination, and the large family of plans and stratagems for borrowing, not to say stealing, of which the UMBRELLA is the wicked parent. In putting down the umbrella, therefore, we feel that we shall be forwarding the most effectual plan for the discouragement of robbery. This consideration alone should be more than sufficient to justify the instant adoption of our IMMORTAL IDEA. We shall be disappointed if the next generation of London children are not brought up, like cucumbers, under a glass!

A NEW CARDINAL VIRTUE.—Our Cardinal had better sink the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, and make a virtue of necessity.

TOLERATION FOR ALL PARTIES—AND SOME OTHERS.

DURING the times of our great grandfathers it was the profession of Englishmen to renounce the POPE and the PRETENDER, together with another potentate, regarded as the common enemy. In the present day there are British politicians who are for quietly allowing the POPE to establish an *imperium in imperio*. Consistency would make them equally tolerant of the Pretender were he now extant; and it is a question whether their very enlarged views of "toleration" would not even take in the third individual in the triad, were he openly to endeavour to annex the dominions of HER MAJESTY to the realms of Darkness.

FROM THE DIARIO OLTRAMANO.

WHEN the submarine telegraph-lines have been satisfactorily laid down, it is a great comfort for the piously-minded man to think that communication throughout Europe will be almost instantaneous, and that thus, in five minutes, and at a trifling expense, we can get our answers and orders from Rome. At any difficulty, Propaganda will enlighten us; and I have not the slightest doubt, that a Sacred Board will sit there permanently, with which we can have intercourse at all hours of the day. What a comfortable—what a consoling—what a magnificent idea!—that of Rome being really the centre of the world, and irradiating knowledge and truth to all Europe! A miraculous eye could not wink at Rimini, but the next instant the fact would be known at Fish Street Hill; a difficulty could not occur, but it might have an instant solution; and my Lord A. and S., speaking in the House of Commons, might be reported in the Piazza di Spagna, and actually prompted at St. Stephen's before he sate down.

In the meantime I should suggest that it would be as well that all right-thinking persons, members of either House of the Legislature, should advise with their spiritual director before making any speech or statement whatever in their respective Chambers. A reverend brother or two might be in constant attendance, and so attired as not to attract observation. For example: About the House of Commons, one might sell oranges in Parliament Street; another might be employed as a waiter at Bellamy's, and so forth; and the great object of unity might be obtained, and authority kept up.

A lamentable instance of the evils consequent on the want of unity is to be found, alas! in the speech of LORD CAMOYS, in the debate on the address. His Lordship, who represents one of the most ancient families of the kingdom, says;—"At the period of these introductions (the introduction of our incomparable hierarchy), the Catholics of England were on the best possible terms with the Protestants. They were in the full enjoyment of religious toleration; they had the benefit of perfect equality before the law; they were increasing in numbers * * * the whole tendency of things was to give stability to the Catholic body in this country, to enlarge and to adorn it."

Any person must at once see, that such admissions, as coming from Catholic lips, must be fatal. Where was the spiritual director of LORD C. when that Lord made such statements? Are we not, on the contrary, maligned and cruelly persecuted? How can it be for a moment said that we are in the fullest enjoyment of religious toleration, when other sects are allowed to exist at all? There can be but one religion: therefore, all others are false; therefore, to put falsehood on a par with truth is monstrously unjust and tyrannical; therefore we are persecuted: therefore we are *not* in full enjoyment of our religious opinions—and we have *not* perfect equality before the law: the law makes MR. SUMNER, Archbishop of Canterbury, and does not allow his Eminence as Archbishop of Westminster: therefore the law is monstrously unequal. And a son of the Church, who, in spite of the Church, the groans of its venerable princes, the outcries of its eloquent prelates, the exclamations of the suffering clergy, says that we are not persecuted at all, makes proof of a dangerous indifference and a culpable apathy, for which he ought to be visited with the severest censure. Fancy for a moment this opinion to be general throughout England, that a heretical majority had no intention to persecute! that the stakes prepared for our faithful were without fire, that the swords drawn against our people were only of lath, that the stones flung against our martyrs were wind-bags! What scandal! What ridicule worse than torture! What scorn of scoffers and the profane! The director of this Lord had best be changed: the Metropolitan had best appoint him to a distant cure.

As for the Member of the Commons House, the unfortunate and rebellious CHIS

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THE ARMY AND THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

As the Great Exhibition is intended to be a sort of Peace Congress, whereat the principles of brotherly love are to be taught to all nations, it would naturally be supposed that the Church would be its chief supporter; but, as the Church has lately been making such an exhibition of itself, we are afraid that it will be quite "used up" before the great affair comes off. It will therefore devolve upon the other professions to aid and assist in what we may literally term the great undertaking, viewing it as the funeral of national prejudices.

It is said that even the Army will "form up," and do its best to square the differences which have too long existed between nations, and do its share towards converting the swords into ploughshares.

If *Punch* might venture to give a hint, he would suggest that, some very instructive articles might be sent up for exhibition from military quarters. A recruit before attending drill, for instance, would be a fine specimen of the "raw" material, while a soldier on duty, with "eyes front, arrrrm close to the side, palm of the hand to the front, and little finger in line with the seam of the overalls," would be a specimen of the manufactured article, and a pretty inmate for a glass case—lobster in crystal. Space might be afforded for an intelligent victim to describe and illustrate the interesting processes of club-drill, pack-drill, back-stick, and black-hole, by which the country bumpkin is "licked into shape." This, *Punch* is convinced, would have a salutary effect on the "smart, active, and enterprising young men," who are ambitious of being shot at for a shilling, and induce them to remain at home, instead of seeking glory at the cannon's mouth, or in the barrack parade ground.

THE LOWEST DEPTH OF MEANNESS.

A VULGAR FARCE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

MR. *and* MRS. SKINFLINT *are discovered in a Parlour in a Fashionable Square. The Wife is busy sewing. The Husband is occupied running his eye, well drilled in all matters of domestic economy, over the housekeeping accounts of the previous week.*

Mr. Skinflint. You've been very extravagant in my absence, my dear.

Mrs. Skinflint. It's the same story every week, JOHN.

Mr. Skinflint. But, nonsense, Madam, I tell you, you have. For instance, you had a Crab for supper last night.

Mrs. Skinflint (*startled*). How do you know that? It's not down in the book.

Mr. Skinflint (*triumphantly*). No—but I found the shell in the dust-bin!!!!"

Political Capital.

A NEW phrase has lately come into fashion, called "Political Capital." From what we know of the persons who make the largest use of this new phrase, we take "Political Capital" to mean nothing more than "Personal Interest."

PUNCH'S SERMONS TO TRADESMEN.

TO THE COAL-MERCHANT.

"Five-sixths of the London public is supplied by a class of middlemen who are called in the trade '*Brass-plate Coal-Merchants.*' These consist, principally of merchants' clerks, gentlemen's servants, and others, who have no wharfs; but merely give their orders to some true coal-merchant, who sends in the coals from his wharf. The brass-plate coal-merchant, of course, receives a commission for his agency, which is just so much loss to the consumer."—BABBAGE'S *Economy of Manufactures.*

ANOTHER instance of wide-spread delusion—another cleaving wrong, originating in the brass of London. The merchant, whose whole capital is in his name cut in a brass door-plate—the man of nominal coal, but really the man of smoke, supplies five-sixths of the parlour, and dining-room, and bed-room stoves and kitchen-ranges of London, from a wharf not his own—fed by ships of which he possesses no plank—and laden from mines in which he has not a single pinch of coal-dust. He is a merchant—only a coal-merchant—in right and by virtue of a piece of brass not wider than his congenial forehead. And he is paid for his lack of merchandise, and prospers, and is comforted in his ignorance by the benighted believers in any bit of brass, if written with a proper flourish, and set in a proper place, to strike the dazzled eyes of idolators.

My friends—(*Punch* particularly addresses himself to the true and simple coal-merchant—to the man, it may be, with a touch of coal-dust upon his coat, and whose shirt-frill may be redolent of coal-tar. In a word, to the coal-merchant, in his honest nigritude and legitimate odour of business.) My friends, in this London world, according to the text, if rightly considered and taken to heart—mines are nothing, ships are nothing, wharfs are nothing; no, the name of the man makes the trade of the merchant; and the merchant's capital is brass!

It is painful, my friends, to consider this duplicity of man. To look in upon his heart, and see its vital strings worked into carbonic £ *s. d.* Terrible, indeed, is it to look a little more than skin-deep into the brow of STUBBS, broker's clerk, and read, as in his own brass-plate —"MR. ASPHALT STUBBS, COAL-MERCHANT."

And, to pursue our text, what shall we say of the insidious, doubling gentleman's servant, with *his* brass-plate—"MR. JENKINS, COAL-MERCHANT," on his private six inches of a door, and his wife lurking in the back-parlour to take orders? Terrible is it to contemplate such deceit: to behold now the powdered head of that carbonic gentleman's servant, and now to see on it the shadowy likeness of a fan-tail!

But, my friends, let us turn from the consideration of this human hypocrisy, brazen on a door-plate,—from the merely nominal falsehood twinkling in the midday sun, to ponder the many evils that are born of this duplicity; evils, that like the frozen snake, fail not to hiss and declare themselves on the hearth-stone. False coal-merchants make false weights. It is upon record—and the scandal, like coal-smoke in a fog, pervades the town while we discourse—that out of forty sacks of coals, brass-plate coals be it remembered, twenty-six sacks have been found wanting. And that, whereas a true sack of coals should weigh two hundred and twenty-four pounds, some of these sacks have lacked seventy-two pounds, or almost one-third! One-third weight gone—a burnt-offering, or money-offering, to the idol brass-plate!

My friends,—it may be that with simple folk you have sat about a winter-fire, and it may be that a fragment of coal, has on the sudden bounced upon the hearth. And some one may have taken up that bit of coal, and whilst it tinkled—tinkled with departing heat—may, with ancient superstition, have sought to divine its shape and ominous purpose.

"It is a purse," cries one.

"It is a coffin," says another; and some declare for the purse, and others for the coffin.

Now, my friends, let us suppose the dishonest coal-merchant—the unjust man of wicked weight—to be of the company. Let us suppose that the burnt coal is placed in the hollow of his felonious hand.

But let *Punch* put a short-thrust question. Is there such a man amidst this congregation? If there be, *Punch* declares to him that if, indeed, the burnt coal be a purse, as it came from fire, so should it scorch a conscience, with a sense of wicked gains—and if, indeed, it be a coffin, so should it bring a thought of another sort of plate—very different from the brass of doors, and telling of a removal to another, and a very different sort of dwelling-place.

Nevertheless, my friends, it takes a dupe, a victim, to make a successful rogue. Knaves are fed by simpletons, even as foxes grow sleek on geese. I doubt not that many of you—coal-merchants of this pit—have felt saddened by the idleness, or careless simplicity of your customers, who will not weigh your merchandise at the cellar door; who would not, by balance, assure themselves that every sack shot a full two hundred and twenty-four pounds of coal into the cellar; but who, doggedly, would take coal-heaver's truth on trust.

Let all such men, when they dreamily gaze into their glowing coals, see therein not clouds, and mountains, and cities of faery—but let them behold the likeness of their own foolish faces and over it a flaming fool's-cap.

And for the coal-merchants—brassy or otherwise—who will sell false weight, let them, on conviction, be doomed for a certain time to wear a *san benito*, made from their own coal-sacks, and to drag at their legs their own nominal iron cwt.

For consider, O coal-merchants, what it is to give short weight to the winter poor! Think how, with your avaricious fingers, you pinch poor children, old men and women, at their speck of fire. Think of the reward that shall bless your own hearths. Think——

Think, O fraudful coal-merchants, of the disaster that befel a certain eagle—ÆSOP'S eagle. For it is written of that bird, that, once upon a time, seeing a piece of flesh ready to be sacrificed upon an altar, the bird made a swoop, and carried it off in her claws. Rejoicingly, the eagle made for her nest. And, behold, there was a coal—a burning coal—that stuck to the flesh; and this coal consumed her nest, and with it her young ones and herself!

O unjust coal-merchants, may not some live coal from your own light sacks, as strangely fall upon your own domestic substance? May it not be with you, as with the eagle, that sacrilegious plunder—(and it is sacrilege to cheat the poor and wretched)—may some day bring destruction upon your own homesteads?

THE *LANCET'S* DETECTIVE FORCE.

OUR contemporary the *Lancet* has conferred a great boon on the public by establishing a new order of constabulary, which may be called the Scientific Detective Police. The function of these Detectives is to investigate and expose the fraudulent adulteration of articles of food practised by a set of scoundrels under the names of grocers and other tradesmen. In his researches into this rascality, the *Lancet's* policeman is assisted by a microscope, which, in throwing light on the fraud in question, exerts a power far superior to that of the common bull's eye. By the help of this instrument, an immense quantity of villanous stuff has been discovered in coffee, arrowroot, and other substances sold for nutriment, and, some of them, "particularly recommended to invalids." The *Lancet* seconds the exertions of its intelligent officer by spiritedly publishing the addresses of the rogues at whose swindling establishments the samples of rubbish were purchased. If any of the knaves thus pilloried in the *Lancet*, abetted by a disreputable attorney and a dishonest barrister, endeavour to avenge themselves through the technicalities of the law, *Punch* hopes they will meet with twelve true men in the jury-box who will scout both them and their legal accomplices out of court.

MAZZINI IS COMING.

AN ITALIAN SONG TO A SCOTCH TUNE.

MAZZINI is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
MAZZINI is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
He 's raising a loan, as we hear, we hear,
And a rumpus in Italy 's near, near, near.
Chorus.—MAZZINI is coming, &c.

Italians, if you 'll but unite, unite,
And shoulder to shoulder stick tight, tight, tight,
You 'll establish your freedom all right, right, right,
Which will give *Mr. Punch* great delight, delight.
Chorus.—MAZZINI is coming, &c.

Gentility and Dubbing.

ONE of the questions in *Notes and Queries* is, "Can the QUEEN make a Gentleman?" That depends on the raw material for the manufacture. A Snob by nature is beyond the power of the SOVEREIGN.

A REGULAR BUMPKIN

Is the appellation we should give to anybody who has the bump of conscientiousness so big as to induce him to send the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER conscience-money on account of the Income-tax.

HEARTLESS DODGE.

THE Clergymen of the Metropolis (and especially the poorer curates) are requested to be upon their guard against a fraud of the most novel, as well as the most heartless character. A young couple—young in years, but old in iniquity—are going about to all the churches in and near London—where they get married over and over again, to which there would seem to be *primâ facie* no other objection than that which applies generally to surplusage. But the awful fact remains to be told, that when asked for the usual fees, they are in the habit of tendering and receiving 14*s.* 6*d.* change out of—a BAD Sovereign.

The Cardinal's Archer.

IN consequence of MR. BOWYER, CARDINAL WISEMAN'S advocate, having, in his authorised pamphlet, asserted that the EARL OF MINTO was aware of the intended establishment of the papal hierarchy, which assertion has been flatly contradicted by LORD MINTO, in the House of Peers, *Mr. Punch* is graciously pleased to allow MR. BOWYER to assume the name of LONG, prefixed to that of BOWYER, and MR. LONG BOWYER is hereby authorised to adopt that name and the arms thereunto pertaining.

Insolvent Heroes.

THE condition of the half-pay Officer is often cited as worthy of commiseration. Still more pitiable is the position of those military gentlemen, who, on full-pay themselves, are less than half-pay to their tradesmen; paying, perhaps, a shilling in the pound.

PUFF PASTE.

THE subjoined advertisement, from the *Times*, may perhaps be regarded as one of the curiosities of puffing:—

SANDHURST, Haileybury, and the Indian Army.—A Married Clergyman whose pupils have distinguished themselves in numerous examinations, has VACANCIES FOR PUPILS above 12 and under 17 years of age. His ministerial and family connections render it desirable that he should admit only such as are recommended by a gentleman of rank, and can produce a testimonial of good conduct. His system of instruction ensures the most rapid progress. Principals (*sic*) and manners are strictly attended to. The first masters are engaged for fortification, the Oriental and other languages.

The peculiar orthography of the word "Principals" may be an error of the press, or we should say that the above was a strange mode of spelling for pupils. But what sort of a clergyman is this, who desires to admit such pupils "only as are recommended by a gentleman of rank?" Sure, he must be a mighty High Churchman!

WHAT IS THE WINDOW DUTY?—Why, it's the duty of Government to take it off.

Father Mathew's Old Particular.

THERE is raised and manufactured, on the Missouri, according to the New Orleans *True Delta*, a species of wine of so peculiar a nature, that

"No unpleasant effects are ever experienced from the use of this wine, no matter how large a quantity may be imbibed, the stomach and the head giving, on the succeeding morning, no signs of uneasiness, nor causing any 'compunctious visitings' on account of the extent of the festivities."

This novel and remarkable kind of American drink must be somewhat analogous to the beverage commonly known in this country as "ADAM'S Ale."

A Bedstead and Bed for the King of Spain.

QUEEN DOWAGER CHRISTINA has presented the Spanish King-Consort with a magnificent bedstead and bedding; the tick, of course, stuffed with roses. CHRISTINA having for many years, thrown dust in the eyes of Spain, now does her best to send Spain's King-Consort to sleep. It is further stated, in order to secure to Spanish royalty the profoundest repose, that the bolster and pillows are stuffed with copies of Spanish bonds.

THE GREAT SURPLUS; OR, AS PROUD AS A HEN WITH ONE CHICK.

A WIDOW IN CHANCERY.

E do our best to prevent native widows from having themselves burned in India; and we do our best to consume our own widows in Chancery. The funereal pile and the Chancery costs are alike tormenting, and, in many cases, alike mortal: only in Hindostan the torture is more brief, and the final peace more certain. In one case death comes in fire; in the other, by the slower process of a breaking heart.

Lord Campbell pities a widow in Chancery. Yes; a few days since "he did from his heart pity the poor woman," Widow Gardiner—

"Who, upon the death of her husband, after having been for years in the Court of Chancery, was now dragged into a Court of Common Law, whence she would be taken back to Chancery; and all, so far as appeared, for doing no more than what an honest woman might do.

"The Jury immediately gave a verdict for the defendant."

And this verdict takes the defendant back to Chancery, "for doing no more than an honest woman might do." The moral of the verdict, therefore, is, that every woman, being left a widow, should do anything else than what an honest woman might do!

But Mrs. Gardiner is again in Chancery. There she is, to be slowly consumed by cannibal equity. Now, we ask it, is not the bamboo pile, with pitch and resin, on the banks of the Ganges, a more humane sentence pronounced by custom on the Hindoo widow; by a barbarous usage on a benighted infidel,—than the slow, devouring system of Chancery, that, in what is called a Christian country, eats up to the very bones, the widow and the fatherless?

The Bastile was stormed and carried by human indignation and human vengeance; when will the Court of Chancery fall before justice and common sense?

ENIGMA FOR THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

From the vilest of sources deriving my birth,
I'm familiar with great men and kings of the earth;
From old patches and shreds my existence I draw;
Nay, I may be, indeed, a mere creature of straw.
I'm so light and so thin, with a touch that I'm bent,
Yet a pressure sustain of full fifty per cent!
Though I 'm easily torn, I can form, you will find,
Bonds that even a giant securely will bind.
My fair market-price would be not far from *nil*,
But you *may* make me worth any sum that you will;
And I constitute riches worth millions of gold
More than all the amount which the Bank cellars hold.
Then I circulate over all nations' wide range,
As mankind's general medium of mental exchange.
I messages bear to all parts of the world,
And without me no damsel can have her hair curl'd.
I provide men with servants, who tend them as Pages,
And minister to them the wisdom of ages.
Though nearly opaque, light I serve to purvey,
Like your windows, and like them, for doing so, pay;
For in screwing a duty from me, the Excise
Taxes all publish'd thoughts of the good and the wise,
Which, were I but relieved from this load of taxation,
You 'd soon find me diffusing all over the nation;
And then you 'd behold, in a very short time,
A vast diminution of evil and crime,
Wrought by me and my two great allies, Pen and Ink.
You 'll not want to be told what my name is, I think.

A QUESTION FOR PARLIAMENT AND ALL DEBATING CLUBS.

"Whether Cardinal Wiseman, in wishing to propagate so largely the spirit of the Romish Masses, has not overlooked a little too blindly the sense of the English Masses?"

THE DARK AGES OF ART AND FINANCE.

Why is the Income-Tax like the figure of a Mediæval Saint in a stained window? Because it is monstrously out of proportion.

AN ALTERCATION WITH A CABMAN IN THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Scene.—*Before a* Gentleman's *House. Cab, with* Cabman *on the Box, drives up to the door.*

Gentleman (*stepping out of Cab*). Thank you. What is the fare?

Cabman. Sixteenpence, if you please, Sir.

Gent. Sixteenpence! You are wronging yourself, my good friend. You ought to have more than that.

Cabman. Pardon me, Sir; two miles: eightpence a mile: sixteen pence, Sir, I believe, you will find.

Gent. Oh! but you have driven me over two miles, I am sure. That will be two shillings. Here. [*Offers the money.*

Cabman. Really, Sir, you must excuse me; I could not take it. I should be robbing you—indeed, I should—positively—

Gent. I am confident you are mistaken. My decided conviction is, that this is within the third mile.

Cabman (*smiling*). I am sorry to be obliged to differ with you, Sir; but I am quite persuaded that my estimate is correct.

Gent. Well; this is a matter of opinion which you must allow me to decide. [*Offers money again.*

Cabman. I beg ten thousand pardons, Sir, but really— [*Politely repels the tender.*

Gent. You must, indeed.

Cabman. Upon my honour—

Gent. You distress me by refusing.

Cabman. Considering it is a fine day, Sir, you can't think sixteen pence too little.

Gent. Well; say eighteen. Come. No denial. Not a word. There! [*Forces the sum on* Cabman.

Cabman (*looking at the money in the palm of his hand, and shaking his head with a bland expression*). Well, Sir, if you must have your way, you must—though I am certainly overpaid—you are too good, Sir—upon my word, I am very much obliged to you. [*Pockets the money with grateful embarrassment.*

Gent. Let me offer you a glass of beer.

Cabman. Not any, thank you, Sir. I have just lunched.

Gent. Sure?

Cabman. Quite, Sir; thank you.

Gent. May I trouble you for your card? I should like to employ you again.

Cabman. Certainly, Sir. [*Presents card.*

Gent. Thank you. Good morning.

Cabman. Good morning, Sir; thank *you*, Sir.

[*Exit* Gentleman *into his House.* Cabman *mounts his Box.*

Cabman (*solus*). Dear me! how very strange it is that gentlemen will always, if they can, make one take more than one's fare! Well! To be sure it 's a fault on the right side.—Tclcqk! [*Drives off*

Late Hours in Parliament.

Notwithstanding Mr. Brotherton's laudable efforts to get the House of Commons to bed by 12 o'clock at night, "We won't go home till morning" is still the cry of a large majority. Considering the prejudicial effect of late hours on the skin, we wonder the Legislature is not desirous of wearing a better complexion in the eyes of the public; which never can be done, if the House will insist on going to bed with the lark instead of rising with that most matutinal of animals. Some of the Irish members are likely to be fearfully inconvenienced this session by the after-midnight sittings; for in consequence of the influx of all sorts of characters into London during 1851, the objection to latch-keys among the inmates of the lodging-houses is expected to be general.

A HARUM SCARUM JOKE.

Enough to scare the reader out of his wits, if he ever had any.

What is capillary attraction?
Running after a hare!

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

The Greatest Curiosity of all.—It is reported that one of "Hudson's Lines" thinks it shall be able to show a—Dividend!

INDIAN LAURELS.

The Indian Army, according to Sir Charles Napier, appears to be almost as famous for resisting the claims of tradesmen as for repulsing the charges of the Enemy.

SIBTHORP IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

OUR friends the citizens of Lincoln have good right to a peculiar pride in their great political TOM—the wise COL. SIBTHORP. He is in the present Session as deep and as clear as usual. We are told that the old bell, called the Tom of Lincoln, became cracked in 1827; but though Lincoln's political TOM,

"Swinging slow, with sullen roar,"

has, for many a year, given thundering note of warning and alarm to the whole country, *that* TOM is, in the present Session of 1851, as sound as ever—quite. On the first day of Parliament, COLONEL TOM tolled thus, in the affrighted ears of the architect of the Crystal Palace:—

"They might call it success, but he called it failure. He did not wish to see that building destroyed by any acts of violence, but would to GOD that some hailstorm, or some visitation of lightning, might descend to defeat the ill-advised project."

The citizens of Lincoln cannot but feel their hearts warm and swell with emotion, when they know that they are made to speak such hopes by such a tongue: that it is to the exercise of their electoral wisdom we owe the possession of a Senator who prays for hailstorm or lightning to bring down, with a crash, a fabric destined to awaken the wonder and admiration of millions from all parts of the earth. It is a tremendous thought, to contemplate SIBTHORP seated upon the ruins of glass—the ruins worked by his own patriotic aspiration.

We, however, trust that SIBTHORP will not be permitted to enter the Crystal Palace. MR. PAXTON, we beg you to take good heed of it; lest SIBTHORP, hating the Philistine foreigner, become a second SAMSON; for who knows what mysterious strength may sleep in the SIBTHORPIAN locks? And he has never been shorn, although often by Ministers shamefully cut. Who knows, then, if SIBTHORP find his way into the Crystal Palace, and, laying hold of the pillars of the transept, he may not bring down horrible devastation? The mischief done by that four-footed animal that once wildly danced amid a brood of chickens, would be as nothing to the tremendous moral lesson brought by SIBTHORP upon the head of the foreigner—

"Those two massy pillars
With horrible confusion to and fro,
He tugged, he tore, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath."

We begin to tremble at the imagined horror; and, on reflection, every minute seeing a growing likeness between SAMSON and SIBTHORP; SAMSON—

"On whose shoulders, waving down, those locks,
That of a nation armed the strength contained;"

and SIBTHORP, with his meteoric beard,—we do earnestly hope that some member, with the interest of the Exhibition at heart, will, for the safety of the Crystal Palace, move for

"A Committee, to take into consideration the propriety of shaving COLONEL SIBTHORP once a-week, at least, during the continuance of the Exhibition; that is, from the 1st of May to the 1st of September inclusive. And that the said shaving shall, to all intents and purposes, be the closest shave; a shave clean as the hands of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

We believe there are men so fearful of the hirsute energy of the Colonel, that they doubt the efficacy of mere shaving; and would have the peril plucked out by the roots. *Punch* is not of these: nevertheless, *Punch* is an earnest advocate for the razor. For *Punch*, reflecting upon the powers of that SAMSONIAN weapon which slew the Philistines, and remembering the like maxillary potency of the Colonel in the Commons—fears that unless the Shaving Committee be appointed, the Member for Lincoln will, by pulling down the Crystal Palace, perfect the parallel between himself and the Son of MANOAH. The work of the jaw-bone will be completed to a hair.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S FAREWELL FIRE.

ON quitting the Indian army, SIR CHARLES NAPIER has discharged among his own troops a tremendous broadside, which, if it hits its mark, will be a death blow to the knavery and folly by which not only the army, but every class of society is more or less degraded.

Not the military ranks alone, but every rank in life, may profit by the vigorous assault that SIR CHARLES NAPIER has made upon humbug and dishonesty. He shows that it is idle for officers to boast of the valour with which they meet the charge of the foe, when they are obliged to sneak and shuffle away from the charges of their creditors. As long as a soldier cannot pay the debt he owes to his tailor or his wine-merchant, he is degraded, however much he may pride himself on the manner in which he discharges the debt he owes his country. An officer cannot honourably draw his sword, so long as disreputable mortgages will not allow him to draw his pay for his necessary expenses.

There is something so completely after our own hearts, in the way in which NAPIER calls things by their proper names, that we can scarcely refrain from singing "Charley's my darling," as we peruse his spirited orders to the Indian Army. He denounces as it deserves, the miserable errors of living beyond one's means,—a low-spirited vice which is the curse of nearly the whole of the "professional" classes of society. The world must be knocked out of its snobbish struggles for "appearances," and we gladly hail such a colleague as Sir Charles Napier, in the office of putter down of that hateful humbug, which seeks respect by living far beyond one's income, often swindling one's creditors, and leaving one's family to beggary. If a man is known to have a thousand a year, he must needs live at the rate of fifteen hundred: a proceeding, which among those who take the trouble to calculate, will show that he must be defrauding somebody, and going to the dogs, at the rate of five hundred per annum.

Instead of making it a point to live within one's means, the vulgar ambition of the present day is to live without them. Oh! for a few sensible men in every class, to set the example of making, literally, a virtue of necessity, by doing honour to those who live in accordance with their circumstances however narrow. Let the rich spend their money as freely, or waste it as foolishly as they please, but let us knock for ever on the head the footmanlike idea that the having or throwing away of money is, in itself, respectable, and that to live as if we had it, when we really have it not, is anything but swindling of the lowest description. SIR CHARLES NAPIER has done a great deal towards the promulgation of this wholesome doctrine, and we must say that, notwithstanding all the good he has done in the service of India, nothing has become him better than his last act in leaving it.

THINGS FROM THE CONTINENT

WHICH MAY *NOT* BE EXPECTED IN THE FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION.

THE Chair of ST. PETER, from Rome.
The Passport of ABD-EL-KADER, from France.
The Payment of a Government Bond from Spain, or Pennsylvania.
The Emancipation of a Slave from the United States.
The Liberation of a Pole from Siberia.
The Unity of Germany from Prussia.
The Copy of an Unpirated Book from Belgium.
The Freedom of the Press from Austria or Italy.
The Abolition of Serfdom from Russia.

The Pope's Hierarchy Higher than Ever.

AN arrangement, we understand, is about to be made, by which the vexed question of the Papal Hierarchy will be settled to the general satisfaction. The Popish prelates are to retain their spiritual jurisdiction over their flocks, enforcing it, as well as they are able, simply by the moral power of the crosier; in other words, by hook or by crook. To compensate them for the loss of their territorial sees, they are to be located in palaces which will be selected from the numerous castellated edifices situated in the region of the atmosphere; and are to be dignified by the exalted titles of Archbishops and Bishops *in nubibus*.

OBSERVATION FOR FOREIGNERS.

OUR Foreign Visitors, during the Exhibition, will observe many things that will be new and strange to them. Among others—independently, let us hope, of any coercion—they will observe Sunday.

MOTTO FOR "CONVOCATION."—We meet to part again.

MR. FERRAND WITHOUT "A PEAL."

A Country paper, the *Yorkshire Gazette*, has a fling at a "Free Trade Parson" who would not consent that the bells of Pocklington Church should ring a peal in honour of the arrival of Mr. Ferrand, about to enact his favourite political part of *Sheepface;* that part, as most of our readers may know, consisting chiefly in the various intonation of—"Baa-a," the poor fellow being sheep-stricken, or otherwise having his brains set wool-gathering. Mr. Ferrand has repeated this character to very large audiences; and, though we fear he will not make a very great sensation with his "Baa-a" in the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's, it must nevertheless be conceded to his genius, that few men have made more of the sheep's cry, the great cry with much wool (*in futuro*), than has Mr. Ferrand in some of his agricultural engagements. But touching the political peal of bells in honour of the advent of the actor, our charity would fain hold the incumbent of Pocklington guiltless of any wilful disrespect to Mr. Ferrand. The reverend gentleman may haply believe that it is not the function of Church bells to peal out at once a welcome and an advertisement on the arrival of any exhibitor, histrionic or political: and further, Pocklington's incumbent duly considering the peculiar powers of Mr. Ferrand, might think even the least amount of bell-metal unnecessarily thrown away upon a man, who has ever such a stock of sounding brass at his own command.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM OXFORD TO ROME.

As soon as the Exhibition begins to throw open its doors, the season for Cheap Excursions will be in full train. In addition to the many trips which will be covering Europe with lines, as close as a cobweb, we understand it is the intention of Mr. St. Barnabas Bennett and others to start a series of Cheap Excursions from Oxford to Rome.

One great peculiarity of these Excursions will be, that they will not come back again. Once at Rome, the excursionists will be compelled to remain there, for no return tickets will be issued.

Communications will be entered into with all the Puseyite chapels in the kingdom, and great facilities offered to all Puseyite clergymen to carry them to Rome as quickly as possible.

Persons travelling by these Cheap Excursions, will be provided with tickets to the Vatican, and no extra charge demanded.

Arrangements are pending, by which it is hoped the Committee will have it in their power to throw in as a *bonus* to each train, a certain number of introductions to the Pope, who has kindly condescended to lend his toe on these occasions, for the use of such excursionists as may feel a holy fervour to kiss it.

All the numerous places of public resort in Rome, its gorgeous churches, and the valuable relics and curiosities they contain, will be thrown open to the visitors free of any additional charge.

The chains of St. Peter will be kept ready to be hung round the neck of any British nobleman who chooses to lower himself for the occasion.

Very little luggage allowed, and gentlemen bringing "thirty-nine articles" with them decidedly objected to.

Persons, who cannot afford the expense, accommodated with a free pass.

For further particulars apply to the Bishop of London; and tickets may be procured at all the shops, where the Tracts are sold, in Oxford.

*** A Grand Illumination of St. Peter's at Easter.

Fine Practical Satire.

We expect every week to have the pleasure of reading the following paragraph:—"On Monday morning an infuriated bull escaped from its drover, and, tearing into Cheapside, burst into the little building which has been recently opened to exhibit the beauties of Smithfield Market, and in less than two minutes tossed the highly-extolled Model into a thousand pieces."

THE POPE'S VALENTINE TO THE CARDINAL.

To Nicholas, in sore affliction,
Pius sends Peace and Benediction.

The daisy's pied, the violet's blue,
The rose is red, and so are you.
I dyed you with that tint of ochre;
I made you like a red-hot poker;
And now, what I shall have to do,
Will be to drop you like one, too.

Indeed, indeed, my Man of Red,
My Holiness you 've much misled:
You told me that the Pear was ripe,
And only waited for my gripe:
You of the British public spoke,
As quite prepared to don my yoke.
I acted upon what you said;
And here 's a pretty mess I 've made!—
Utter'd a peal of empty thunder,
And launch'd a Bull which proves a blunder.

Submit to me! They would be caught
As soon confessing Juggernaut,
Serapis, Brahma, Woden, Ammon:
They clearly vote my claims mere gammon,
My high pretensions joke and jest on,
Or, worse, examine what they rest on.

Who, sense and reason have deserted
For me—that is, have been converted?
We 've had no luck among the masses;
Some few of the "superior classes"
Have joined us—manifestly raving,
Or else for mere excitement craving;
Parsons the rest, and of a College
Famed for the dearth of useful knowledge.
Cambridge, that Euclid's lore pursues,
Sends scarce a soul to kiss my shoes:
From Oxford come our chief recruits—
Monastic education's fruits,
That in choice Latin fudge can speak,
Write nonsense cleverly in Greek,
Couch in good Hebrew silly thought,
But are in Science quite untaught.
We get no men in high positions,
As Chemists, Surgeons, or Physicians,
Astronomers, Geologists,
Political Economists;
No Statesman sage to us succumbs;
To us no famous Jurist comes;
Your own 's the only Eminence
To which in England we 've pretence.

Expecting an immense secession,
I make a premature aggression;
Into a flame all England flashes,
Rakes up the Marian martyrs' ashes;
Cries out on Hildebrand's ambition,
And twits us with the Inquisition;
Recounts our massacres, and gathers
The pious frauds of holy fathers—
Things that had out of memory grown,
Had I but let John Bull alone:
But now, these awkward points are mooted,
Our tenets questioned and confuted,
And many, on their quiet way
To Rome, warned off, I 'm bold to say.
Our progress will at present cease;
At least, my subjects won't increase;
Nay, this same storm, in my opinion,
Will blow down some of my dominion.
You instigated me to brew it,
And I was blind enough to do it.
If, as is likely, you 're unseated,
Infallibility 's defeated.

Small thanks to you, from me and mine,
Although you are my Valentine.

A POKE AT THE PAPER DUTY.

It is the general opinion that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should do something with respect to Paper. We decidedly think he ought to turn over a new leaf.

BON-BONS FOR JUVENILE PARTIES.

Alfred. "I SAY, FRANK, ARN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE SOME SUPPER?"
Frank. "A—NOT AT PRESENT. I SHALL WAIT TILL THE WOMEN LEAVE THE ROOM."

JANE WILBRED, AND JANE WILBRED'S BOX.

THE SLOANES, man and wife—brute of brute, and wretch of wretch—have confessed, and are sentenced. They are to have two years imprisonment: and without hard labour. They are to be withdrawn awhile from the world; and their daily meals to be found them without their daily handiwork. And they will have warm, decent raiment and bedding: they who starved, striped, and outraged to the national scandal, their workhouse victim!

Wherefore was JANE WILBRED wholly assaulted in her person? Very nearly did her persecutors break into "the house of life:" a little more, and the wretched drudge would have slipped through their fury hands. But JANE WILBRED, on the very threshold of death, is avenged; and the monsters who outraged the sanctity of human nature in her person, are imprisoned, without labour for—two years.

What a pity that JANE WILBRED suffered alone! What a pity that her box—if indeed she had one—had not been as roughly handled as JANE WILBRED'S suffering body! Had the deal lid been forced, and a riband valued twopence, a cap, a comb, been taken therefrom by either of the SLOANES; then would the law have arrayed itself in tremendous terrors; then would it have pronounced imprisonment—transportation it might be, with daily slavery. But it was only human flesh that was striped; only human feelings that were outraged; and the evil-doers, the evil not being worked upon property, have the milder punishment.

How lucky for the SLOANES that they ill-used only JANE WILBRED, and spared JANE WILBRED'S box!

The Romish Calendar.

THE POPE, out of compliment to his French allies, is about to find room in the Calendar for a new Saint, who, it is universally acknowledged, has been proved—and more especially by the Italian blood that has been shed in the Saint's behalf—the noblest champion that the Romish Church has had for centuries past. The name of this new Saint, we have full permission to mention, is to be "*Sainte Baïonnette.*"

MR. ROEBUCK'S DEGREE.

POOR ROEBUCK is represented by the newspaper reports as having delivered, in the course of the debate on the Address, a quibbling, crotchetty, and disingenuous speech on behalf of the POPE, characterised by gross insolence towards LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and containing, amongst many remarks beneath contempt, the following observation worthy of some notice:—

"He might himself to-morrow parcel out the kingdom if he could get anybody to join him, and call himself D.D. or A.S.S., if he pleased."

If MR. ROEBUCK really vented the nonsense imputed to him by the journals, it is probable that his gross ignorance of the relation of Papal authority to political government—which even Roman Catholic legislatures are obliged to regulate—will allow few to join him in an attempt to dub himself D.D., in any other sense than that of Double Dunce. The other degree which he mentions will be conceded to him by acclamation.

Juvenile Night at St. Stephen's.

IT is proposed that the Legislative Management at the Commons' Theatre, should, once during the approaching discussion on the POPE'S bull, give a juvenile night, opening the doors early, and admitting children to the strangers' gallery. MR. ROEBUCK, MESSRS. BRIGHT and COBDEN, and other gentlemen who mean to declaim against imaginary intolerance, will, it is to be hoped, consent to say all they mean to say on that occasion; by which means, their speeches, in amusing their youthful audience, will at least serve some kind of purpose.

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL AND THEIR ORDNANCE ESTIMATES.

IT is wonderful that MR. COBDEN, who is so strenuous an advocate of Peace, should be willing to allow CARDINAL WISEMAN to "introduce the Canon Law into England."

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FROM ROME TO BELGRAVIA.

Copy of a Letter from MISS VERONICA NEWMINS, *Rome; to* MISS ANGELICA BARNABAS, *Belgravia.*

"*Rome, Eve of St. Pimini.*

THEN it is true, my dearest Sister, you are all coming over to us. We have all along felt a seraphic conviction that it must be so. We knew that you must be rendered to our vows, and our delightful penance! We have this day heard a letter read to us, by FATHER LAZARUS, of the Barefooted Beggars, a letter received by him from one of his order now in London—(who, not too much to shock your heretical prejudices, had received a dispensation from his Holiness permitting him, whilst on his mission, to wear shoes)—a letter that has been milk and honey to all our bosoms.

"We were glad to learn—for it is not our desire to be uplifted by the victory that our prayers have given to us—that Lambeth Palace has been quietly rendered up to his Eminence the Cardinal; and that FATHER IGNATIUS, his mission being done in Liverpool, will take peaceable possession of the abode of the blessed BONNER, too long—for sins of ours—possessed by heretical Bishops of London.

"We are all at work upon a beautiful carpet for ST. PAUL'S; and—either by incessant labour or miracle—trust to have it ready by the 1st of April, when the Cardinal of London is to be enthroned in that edifice; snatched, at length, like a burning brand to the true faith.

"We are a little anxious about the opening of Parliament; nevertheless the fraternal correspondent of FATHER LAZARUS—who gives the most faithful and the most minute account of all that is passing in your City—assures us that LORD JOHN, his eyes a little opening to the regenerated condition of England, has allowed the introduction of six little boys in the procession—(six to begin with)—to swing censers before the cream-coloured horses on their way from the Palace to the Lords.

"They tell us that the day is not *yet* fixed when LORD TRURO shall give up the seals to the Cardinal of Westminster; nevertheless, the change is only a little delayed. Any way, a beautiful milk-white mule will be sent from the stables of his Holiness, for the use of the Cardinal on his visits to Chancery; and at this minute the nuns of St. Gammoni, with the nuns of St. Spinaccio, are employed embroidering a saddle-cloth for that too happy animal.

"I cannot express to you what delight it is to us to have all the news from England—all of it, as true and as particular, sent in the letters of our missionaries—as though we were on the spot itself.

"Farewell, sister! I could write a longer letter; but I am engaged to go with a party of noble converts—the GREENYARDS and the ST. NODDY'S—to the Monastery of St. Cockcrow, so called from the possession of the brood—in a direct line—of the bird that crowed to ST. PETER.

"The only revenue of the monks is derived from the sale of the eggs of this breed; and it is a comforting sign to know that there has been, and is, an encreasing demand for these eggs, in what was—but what no longer is—your benighted England.

"Your Sister, in love and hope,

"VERONICA."

Don't Believe it unless You Like.

IT has been rumoured that MESSRS. PICKFORD AND CO., the great carriers, have been desired to send in a tender for the carrying of all the Government Measures during the present session. It is expected the saving of time and expence will be prodigious, if the arrangement can be effected; for it is found that there is nothing so dear, slow, and uncertain, in carrying the Government Measures, as the present Parliamentary Train.

THE SERVANTS' HALL.

FELLOW-SERVANTS, gather round me, while I speak upon our wrongs;
They are plain as yonder poker, and they pinch like yonder tongs.
Poker-like I now would stir you—into blazes break your ire;
Throw a shovel-full of Wallsend on your indignation's fire.

Listen! Listen! Bells are ringing in my fancy's heated ear:
At the will of fellow-mortals we are summon'd to appear!
Would that every hated clapper on the ear of freedom fell,
Like the dirge of every despot, like oppression's parting knell!

Why are you or I, my comrades, at another person's call,
To be hurried, willy nilly, from the cheerful Servants' Hall?
Shall we stop the lively story, shall we check the jocund glee,
When a master wants his slippers, or a mistress wants her tea?

Must we quit the downy pillow, when soft slumber still we crave?
Must we rise to boil the water in which our tyrants shave?
Shall we soil our freeborn fingers still to deck another's foot,
And throw a dazzling polish on the proud oppressor's boot?

You, partners of my sorrow, companions of my grief,
You know how, in succession, we've dined two days on beef;
You know, the bread, on Monday, was very nearly stale,
And, bitterness on bitterness! thick was the bitter ale.

You groan with indignation—Yes! Yes! 'tis time to rise!
'Gainst common Dorset butter, and dripping-crusted pies—
'Gainst Holland's cheaper cheeses 'tis time we should appeal—
'Gainst the hashing of the mutton, and the mincing of the veal.

Why should we take the fragments of joints commenced up stairs?
Our tyrants take the first cuts—then let the last be theirs.
Reflecting on such treatment the suffering spirit groans;
They take the primest slices—be theirs as well the bones!

But oh! my ill-used comrades! These are not our only woes,
For e'en our little perquisites they frequently oppose;
They would check the flow of commerce, bid the tradesman's traffic cease,
In the pan of paltry dripping and the pot of useless grease.

How they curb the kindly feelings that betwixt us should prevail,
And would place 'twixt loving cousins the area's iron rail:
How they trample down affection, and crush the spirit kind
That would in each policeman a near relation find!

The laws of hospitality they coldly set aside,
Nor suffer us for visitors a table to provide.
What harm, my fellow-servants, can any of you see,
In asking each a friend or two to dinner and to tea?

And then the utter selfishness, that uses not, nor lends,
The wardrobe that on shelves or drawers its freshness all expends;
If the tyrant is not wearing it—oh, wherefore, tell me pray,
Should I not wear his coat for him, to-morrow or to-day?

How could it ever signify, how is the tyrant hurt,
If, just to keep it air'd a bit, I wear the tyrant's shirt?
And when he's nearly done with them, as long as no one knows,
What harm to him or any, if I go and sell his clothes?

Of our woes the dismal catalogue 'twere easy to prolong,
But mournful would the story be and profitless the song;
Then rise for retribution—and listen to the call,
Which seeks to bring the good old times back to the Servants' Hall.

Distress on Wheels.

THAT long-suffering body, the coach-body, or body of coachmakers, has had a pathetic interview with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in order to obtain his sympathy with the distresses of the trade. The coachmakers handsomely suggest that all carriages be placed

"Under three classes only, at reduced rates, commencing with £3 for the highest, £2 for the next, and £1 for the lowest, exempting none, as at present, but charging them with the lowest rate."

We only hope that a part of what my Lord Duke pays for his state carriage will not be taken off and laid upon the pony gig—something bigger than a tea-chest on wheels—kept by the invalid upon a small annuity.

A CONGENIAL TASTE.

WE are informed that Leicester Square has been taken for an exhibition of MR. WYLD'S. We do not wonder at that locality attracting his notice, inasmuch as, for years past, the Square has presented the most perfect model of a Wyld Exhibition.

MR. BRIGHT AND "HIS EMINENCE."

"EXTREMES MEET."

A HOPE FOR LEICESTER SQUARE.

A PROPOSITION is now before the public for reclaiming the waste land at Leicester Square, and we believe a party of huntsmen are already engaged in exterminating the catty tribes that have long infested the spot, and rendered it dismal, after nightfall, with the howlings of the feline inhabitants. MR. WYLD, the great geographer of Charing Cross, who has opened up to us in his maps so much of the world, of which we should otherwise be ignorant, has a plan for civilising a spot which has hitherto been as completely a desert—as far as all useful purposes are concerned—as Sahara's sand or Libya's dusty level.

It is proposed to bring all the world to Leicester Square, by throwing over the railings the Great Globe which MR. WYLD has modelled, and which will enable us to visit every corner of the earth in a quarter-of-an-hour. If the scheme should be carried out, and the world is safely deposited in Leicester Square, it is in contemplation to rent the tops of the adjoining houses for the erection of a regular Solar System, in order to make the allegory complete; and we have heard that the proprietor of a highly effective Moon is already in treaty for the tiles of the LINWOOD Gallery.

If Leicester Square can be rescued from the state in which it has for years been lying, almost untrodden by the foot of man, though constantly bearing the imprint of the boyish high-low and the feline claw—if this, we say, can be effected, whoever accomplishes it will deserve a statue for his pains—and as the statue in the centre will no longer be required, why should not that be at once conferred on the author of the project?

Sunday and Freedom.

MR. W. WILLIAMS is reported to have obtained, the other evening, leave to bring in a bill "to prevent unnecessary trading on Sunday, within the metropolitan police district and City of London and liberties thereof."

Mr. Punch is opposed to Sabbatarian legislation; but he would not object to a measure for the prevention of unnecessary trading on Sunday, throughout Great Britain, if its provisions could be kept strictly within the "liberties thereof."

ALARMING PROGRESS OF THE SCARLET FEVER.

DOCTOR CULLEN, Archbishop of Armagh, according to the *Limerick Reporter*, is to be made a Cardinal!

GEMS OF PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

ANY one who looks over the debates in the Houses of Parliament, and not having time to read the whole wishes to make the best selection of the most telling points, would of course be naturally guided by the "*cheers*," "*hears*," and other exclamations of delight which may be supposed to have been elicited by the most effective passages. We ourselves tried the experiment the other day, and taking the speech of one of the cleverest of speakers, MR. DISRAELI, we were attracted by the "*hears*" and "*cheers*" to the following, which we are therefore justified in quoting under the splendid title of "Gems of Parliamentary Eloquence."

"Now the average price of meat in 1850 was 3*s.* 8½*d.*" (*Loud cheers from the Protectionists.*)

A few sentences further on—the gap having been filled up with some allusions to mutton at 5*s.* 2*d.*—we arrive at this exciting passage:—

"The average of 1850, after two years of temporary depression, was only 4*s.* 2*d.*" (*Renewed cheering from the same quarter.*)

After this ecstacy on the price of muttons—prime and inferior—had in some degree subsided, we find no very strong proof of excitement among the hearers of the great orator until he comes to a passage which partakes rather too much of the old legitimate clap-trap to suit our taste, but it seemed to go down splendidly with the House of Commons. It ran thus:—

"Great injustice was done to the noble character of the British farmer." (*Loud cheers.*)

The word "British" used always to be the cue for at least three rounds of applause from the galleries of a theatre; but this species of enthusiasm has been long banished from the play-house, and taken root, it seems, in another house, where "the British Farmer" creates a *furore* similar to that once raised by the "British Seaman," the "British Female,"—especially when in distress,—the "British Merchant," and others, who seem to have lost their old *éclat* since we have become acquainted with such articles as "British plate" and "British brandy."

The speech goes on quietly enough, interlarded with a few ordinary symptoms of approbation, and a somewhat enthusiastic ebullition of "*hears*" at the word "Tobacco," until the honourable orator, having gained such a hearty round of applause for mentioning the "British Farmer," tries him again under the title of the "British Agriculturist." This is followed by renewed "*cheers*," which are scarcely met with through several succeeding paragraphs, until we find a regular hurricane of delight at the mention of "British barley."

The above having been the most applauded, and we presume, therefore, the most interesting portions of a long oration by one of the ablest of political orators, we have a right to regard them as Gems of Parliamentary Eloquence. Whether the specimens we have offered will be so attractive to the general reader, that he will go through the whole of the debates, as reported day by day in the morning papers, it is not for us to determine. We confess we find the Gems quite enough for us, and scarcely worth the trouble of digging for in the mine of Parliamentary intelligence that we are expected to explore every morning at breakfast-time.

Paved with Good Intentions.

THE old proverb says, "Don't holloa till you're out of the Wood." Regent Street, Oxford Street, and many other localities, do not act apparently upon this very sensible advice; for they are a long way from being "out of the Wood;" and yet, as every omnibus, cab, and carriage-horse knows, you are stopped at every second step by a most tremendous *hollow*.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

MR. OSWALD, with a triumphant air, told LORD RUSSELL that CARDINAL WISEMAN, contemptuous of all measures, "would snap his fingers." People generally do, when they have burnt them.

A "Strictly Irish View."

MR. MOORE would vote for DISRAELI against RUSSELL, because LORD JOHN "had excited the rancour and hate of a deluded people," against the benign fraternity of the POPE. Thus, MR. MOORE did not vote for a return to the Protection of the Corn Laws,—but for Protection of Pio Nono.—Not for taxed wheat; but for free trade scarlet stockings! Truly "a strictly Irish view."

VERY GOOD GENERALSHIP.

As another proof of the admirable generalship, which has always distinguished the career of GENERAL HAYNAU, we may mention that it is not his intention to visit London this year.

A CHEAP WAY OF ADVERTISING.—Writing a letter to a newspaper to contradict a rumour which you have invented yourself.

THE TAILOR AT THE BAR.

THERE are certain Polyglot tailors who, on the confusion of the builders of Babel, would have been quite ready "to receive the orders" of any of the hodmen, whatever tongue they might suddenly have possessed. These tailors—"there is a young and sweating devil," as *Othello* says, manifest in their advertisements—have—

"Already furnished estimates for attorneys practising in County Courts, which, as a new institution, will necessarily attract the attention of all intelligent and inquiring foreigners during the forthcoming grand jubilee of all nations."

We are very happy to know this; because England, as a nation, desires to appear well to all the world by her attorneys: and it would really afflict us if that important, that vital body of men—more especially the limbs of the body—practising at our County Courts, were not handsomely got up for public exhibition to all foreigners.

Mr. Punch has been favoured with a view of the sort of dress "estimated" for our County Court attorneys, and has no doubt that it will challenge the admiration of all the world. The thing is epigrammatically cut, being cut as closely as possible, to indicate the lowness of costs; whilst the pockets are of the smallest, and every pocket with a hole in it, further to illustrate the melancholy fact that the County Courts are ruining a glorious profession; and—thanks to LORD BROUGHAM—that nothing is now to be made by it.

As our friends the many-tongued tailors have set their prolific goose to hatch new forms of robes for legal practitioners, could they not invent something for Chancery wear? Some strong, stout, black, enduring web; black as though dyed in the lake Cocytus, and enduring as though woven of NESTOR'S heart-strings? If not for the practitioners, at least for suitors in Chancery, this should be the only wear. In such a suit they might possibly see out a suit.

A PLAN FOR A PRIZE NOVEL.

In a Letter from the eminent Dramatist BROWN *to the eminent Novelist* SNOOKS.

"Café des Aveugles.

"MY DEAR SNOOKS,

"I am on the look out here for materials for original comedies such as those lately produced at your theatre; and, in the course of my studies, I have found something, my dear SNOOKS, which I think will suit your book. You are bringing, I see, your admirable novel, *The Mysteries of May Fair*, to an end—(by the way, the scene, in the 200th Number, between the Duke, his Grandmother, and the Jesuit Butler, is one of the most harrowing and exciting I ever read)—and, of course, you must turn your real genius to some other channel; and we may expect that your pen shall not be idle.

"The original plan I have to propose to you, then, is taken from the French; just like the original dramas above-mentioned; and, indeed, I found it in the law report of the *National* newspaper, and a French literary gentleman, M. EMANUEL GONZALES, has the credit of the invention. He and an Advertisement Agent fell out about a question of money, the affair was brought before the Courts, and the little plot so got wind. But there is no reason why you should not take the plot and act on it yourself. You are a known man; the public relishes your works; anything bearing the name of SNOOKS is eagerly read by the masses; and, though MESSRS. HOOKEY, of Holywell Street, pay you handsomely, I make no doubt you would like to be rewarded at a still higher figure.

"Unless he writes with a purpose, you know, a novelist in our days is good for nothing. This one writes with a Socialist purpose; that with a Conservative purpose: this author or authoress with the most delicate skill insinuates Catholicism into you, and you find yourself all but a Papist in the third volume: another doctors you with low church remedies to work inwardly upon you, and which you swallow down unsuspiciously, as children do calomel in jelly. Fiction advocates all sorts of truths and causes—doesn't the delightful bard of the Minories find MOSES in everything? M. GONZALES'S plan, and the one which I recommend to my dear SNOOKS, simply was to write an advertisement novel. Look over the *Times* or the *Directory*, walk down Regent-street, or Fleet-street any day—see what houses advertise most, and put yourself into communication with their proprietors. With your rings, your chains, your studs, and the tip on your chin, I don't know any greater swell than BOB SNOOKS. Walk into the shops I say, ask for the principal, and introduce yourself, saying—'I am the great SNOOKS; I am the author of the *Mysteries of May Fair;* my weekly sale is 281,000; I am about to produce a new work called *The Palaces of Pimlico or the Curse of the Court*, describing and lashing fearlessly the vices of the aristocracy—this book will have a sale of at least 530,000; it will be on every table; in the boudoir of the pampered Duke, as in the chamber of the honest artisan. The myriads of foreigners who are coming to London, and are anxious to know about our national manners, will purchase my book, and carry it to their distant homes. So, MR. TAYLOR, or MR. HABERDASHER, or MR. JEWELLER—how much will you stand if I recommend you in my forthcoming novel? You may make a noble income in this way, SNOOKS.

"For instance, suppose it is an upholsterer. What more easy, what more delightful, than the description of upholstery? As thus:—

"'LADY EMILY was reclining on one of DOWN AND EIDER'S voluptuous ottomans, the only couch on which Belgravian beauty now reposes, when LORD BATHERSHINS entered, stepping noiselessly over one of TOMKINS'S elastic Axminster carpets. 'Good heavens, my lord!' she said—and the lovely creature fainted. The earl rushed to the mantelpiece, where he saw a flacon of OTTO'S eau-de-Cologne, and, &c.

"Or say it 's a cheap furniture-shop, and it may be brought in just as easily. As thus:—

"'We are poor, ELIZA,' said HARRY HARDHAND, looking affectionately at his wife, 'but we have enough, love, have we not, for our humble wants? The rich and luxurious may go to DILLOW'S or GOBIGGIN'S, but we can get our rooms comfortably furnished at TIMMONSON'S for £20.' And putting on her bonnet, and hanging affectionately on her husband, the stoker's pretty bride tripped gaily to the well-known mart, where TIMMONSON, with his usual affability, was ready to receive them.

"Then you might have a touch at the wine merchant and purveyor. 'Where do you get this delicious claret, or *pâté de foie gras*, or what you please?' said COUNT BLAGOWSKI to the gay young SIR HORACE SWELLMORE. The voluptuous Bart. answered—at So-and-So's, or So-and-So's. The answer is obvious. You may furnish your cellar or your larder in this way. Begad, SNOOKS! I lick my lips at the very idea!

"Then, as to tailors, milliners, bootmakers, &c., how easy to get a word for them! AMRAMSON, the tailor, waited upon LORD PADDINGTON with an assortment of his unrivalled waistcoats, or clad in that simple but aristocratic style, of which SCHNEIDER *alone* has the secret. PARVY NEWCOME really looked like a gentleman, and though corpulent and crooked, SCHNEIDER had managed to give him, &c. Don't you see what a stroke of business you might do in this way?

"The shoemaker. LADY FANNY flew, rather than danced, across the ball-room; only a *Sylphide*, or TAGLIONI, or a lady *chausséed* by CHEVILLET of Bond Street, could move in that fairy way; and—

"The hairdresser. 'COUNT BARBAROSSA is seventy years of age,' said the Earl. 'I remember him at the Congress of Vienna, and he has not a single grey hair.' WIGGINS laughed. 'My good LORD BALDOCK,' said the old wag, 'I saw BARBAROSSA'S hair coming out of DUCROISSANT'S shop, and under his valet's arm—ho! ho! ho!—and the two *bon-vivans* chuckled as the Count passed by, talking with, &c., &c.

"The gunmaker. The antagonists faced each other; and undismayed before his gigantic enemy, KILCONNEL raised his pistol. It was one of CLICKER'S manufacture, and SIR MARMADUKE knew he could trust the maker and the weapon. 'One, two, *three*,' cried O'TOOL, and the two pistols went off at that instant, and uttering a terrific curse the Life Guardsman, &c.—a sentence of this nature from your pen, my dear SNOOKS, would, I should think, bring a case of pistols and a double barrelled gun to your lodgings, and though heaven forbid you should use such weapons, you might sell them, you know, and we could make merry with the proceeds.

"If my hint is of any use to you, it is quite at your service, dear SNOOKS, and should any thing come of it, I hope you will remember your friend."

Simple Plot for a Grand Roman Play.

SCENE, *Rome*. PERIOD, 1851.

Exeunt French Troops. Enter SIGNOR MAZZINI.

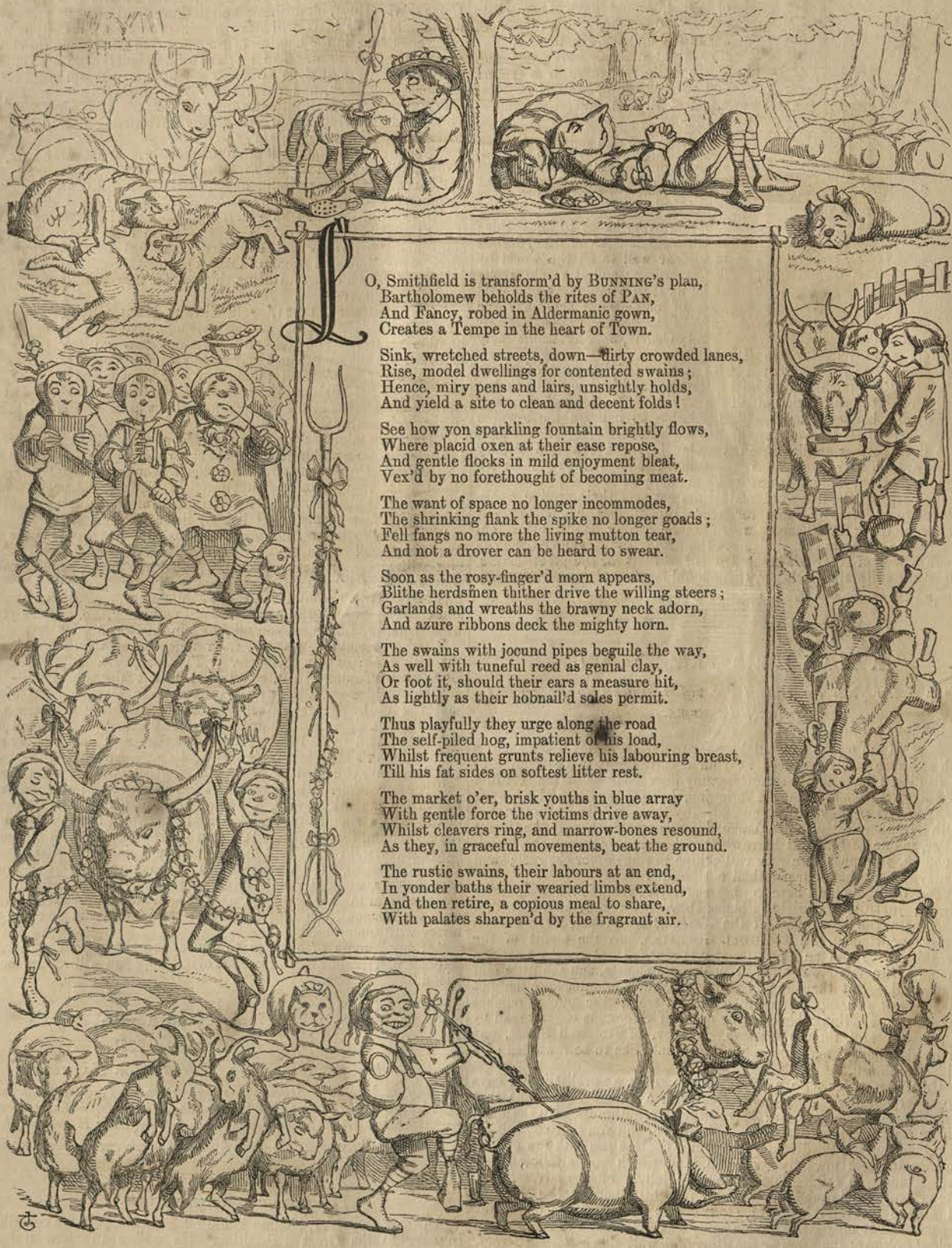
[*Half-an-hour is supposed to elapse, when a Foreign Ambassador's Carriage, with the* POPE'S *Cook inside—the Cook bearing a strong temporary resemblance to his Holiness himself—passes through the Flaminian Gate.*]

Curtain descends as the Guns from St. Angelo commence firing in the Republic.

PHYSIC FOR ALL NATIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "BOTTLES," has a contribution to offer to the Great Exhibition. He wishes to know if he may "exhibit" medicines there to any gentleman or lady who may chance to be taken ill.

SMITHFIELD AS IT IS TO BE. A PASTORAL.



LO, Smithfield is transform'd by BUNNING's plan,
Bartholomew beholds the rites of PAN,
And Fancy, robed in Aldermanic gown,
Creates a Tempe in the heart of Town.

Sink, wretched streets, down—dirty crowded lanes,
Rise, model dwellings for contented swains;
Hence, miry pens and lairs, unsightly holds,
And yield a site to clean and decent folds!

See how yon sparkling fountain brightly flows,
Where placid oxen at their ease repose,
And gentle flocks in mild enjoyment bleat,
Vex'd by no forethought of becoming meat.

The want of space no longer incommodes,
The shrinking flank the spike no longer goads;
Fell fangs no more the living mutton tear,
And not a drover can be heard to swear.

Soon as the rosy-finger'd morn appears,
Blithe herdsmen thither drive the willing steers;
Garlands and wreaths the brawny neck adorn,
And azure ribbons deck the mighty horn.

The swains with jocund pipes beguile the way,
As well with tuneful reed as genial clay,
Or foot it, should their ears a measure hit,
As lightly as their hobnail'd soles permit.

Thus playfully they urge along the road
The self-piled hog, impatient of his load,
Whilst frequent grunts relieve his labouring breast,
Till his fat sides on softest litter rest.

The market o'er, brisk youths in blue array
With gentle force the victims drive away,
Whilst cleavers ring, and marrow-bones resound,
As they, in graceful movements, beat the ground.

The rustic swains, their labours at an end,
In yonder baths their wearied limbs extend,
And then retire, a copious meal to share,
With palates sharpen'd by the fragrant air.

MUST BE CLEARED IN A FEW DAYS
ALARMING FAILURE!!!
LOOK HERE!
To Theatrical Managers and Pantomimists a great Number of Red Stockings for almost Nothing
TO TRACTARIANS A PRIME LOT OF WAX ENDS
SEVERAL WINKING PICTURES WITHIN
HAIR SHIRTS IN GREAT VARIETY
THE ORIGINAL RED HAT
THIS SHOP WAS ESTABLISHED TO SUPPLY THE BRITISH PUBLIC WITH
REAL POPERY
NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER
ESTABLISHMENT
PUSEYITES
NOW IS YOUR TIME
a great number of white neck-cloths and black waistcoats buttoning up to the throat almost
GIVEN AWAY
A QUANTITY OF OLD BONES AND RAGS
GREAT BARGAINS ADAPTED FOR MASQUERADES
PRETTY LITTLE GIMCRACKS FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN AT ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.
YES! THIS IS THE SHOP

SELLING OFF!!

MINERAL MANURE.

(*To Mr. Punch.*)

"SUR,

"THERE 's a potion o' MR. DISRAELI's spache about agriculteral distress as drat if I can make out nohow. He says, 'cordin' to the *Times*:—

"'The theory of M. LIEBNITZ was the application of mineral manure to the soil.'

"LIEBNITZ, I take it, is a mistake of the printer's, for t'other feller whose neam begins wi' LIE, as taches us to cure the poorness of the land by givn of it physick—LIE-BIG, I thinks they calls un, and big enough bouncers he tells I'll warrant un. But what 's his 'mineral manœuver?' Furder on, MR. DISRAELI tells the House o' Commons as how the agriculteral classes

"'Were still told to apply more capital to the land.'

"What do this here mane, *Mr. Punch?* Is capital what they calls 'mineral manœuver?' Be we t' empt our pusses into a siv, and goo and fling the money broadcast over the fields? As to sinkin' capital in the soil, I've tried that way o' puttn 'mineral manœuver' to 't, and hope 'twill answer by-'m-by; but harvest time 's a long way off. They says we be a grumblun reace o' mortals, and praps we be; but at last here 's the QUEEN allowun in her spache that we've got zummut to grumble about. I hope we baint to be put off wi' mere pity—which is wus than the workus. If our complaints desarves to be spoke about, they surely desarves some little attention. We can't expect the country 'll goo back to Purtection; but dooant'ee think if Guvment was to try, they could ease us of our load a bit; and gie us some chance in 'plyun a little moor o' this here 'mineral manœuver' to the land?—I be, &c.,

"BUMPKIN.

"P.S.—I spose 'mineral manœuver' is to prodoose a golden harvust. That 'll do; wun't 'a?"

WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN JUDGES DISAGREE?

(*By our Reporting Poet and Poetical Reporter.*)

1st Judge. Now this is a case of appeal,
Requiring our closest attention;
What each on the subject may feel,
I beg of him freely to mention.
2nd Judge. I think the conviction a wrong one,
3rd Judge. My judgment is opposite quite;
4th Judge. The point that 's reserved is a strong one,
But I think the conviction was right.
5th Judge. There ought to have been an acquittal.
6th Judge. The verdict of guilty must stand.
7th Judge. I rely on the case, R. *v.* SPITAL.
8th Judge. That was never the law of the land.
9th Judge. They ought to have had but one trial.
10th Judge. I think had the peril been less;
Of justice 'twould be a denial:
11th Judge. Of justice I think there 's excess.
12th Judge. The parties were perill'd twice over,
Both times for the selfsame offence.
13th Judge. For that view of the case I discover
In the books not the smallest pretence.
14th Judge. The duty devolves upon me
The tribunal's decision to state.
Since all of us cannot agree,
The majority's voice will have weight.
My opinion is certainly strong,
'Tis irregular twice to indict:
So I think the conviction was wrong,
But I say the conviction was right.

Arch Waggery.

SOME economists in the House of Commons are complaining of the expense of removing the Marble Arch; when, if some less remote site had been chosen than Cumberland Gate, the arch might have been within a stone's throw of its former position; and thus, by pitching it rather strong, the whole work of removal could have been done by hand, instead of by horses and waggons.

An Index in Petticoats.

THE *Sun* says:—

"At the Queen's Printing Office, in New Street Square, is a middle-aged woman with a wonderful head. She recollects the year and the chapter of every act of Parliament upon any subject."

We understand it is the intention of MR. HUME, at an early day, to move that this woman—"Be bound, and placed upon a convenient shelf of the House of Commons' library."

TRAVELS INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"A GENTLEMAN WITH A WOODEN LEG" writes to us, complaining of the vast extent of the Crystal Palace. He dreads having to go through it. He says it will be nothing less than an immense expedition, the fatigues of which he is little prepared to encounter. He doubts if many people, unless they are blessed with the legs and constitution of CAPTAIN BARCLAY, will be able to do it. He, for one, is not going to walk twenty or thirty miles a day, navigating the narrow channels in which the counters are to lie at anchor. How ladies will manage, he is fairly at a loss to imagine. Why, the walk from one end of the Exhibition to the other will be quite enough of itself to knock them up!—and to expect them, after that, to promenade down half-a-dozen miles of counters, crowded with steam-engines and monster lumps of coal, is to expect what no lady, unless she is a farmer's daughter, or an Acrobat, can accomplish.

He suggests that a cab-stand might be established in the Centre Promenade, or that omnibuses should be allowed to run, taking passengers, which they might easily do, for 6*d.* "all the way;" "or, if that was all," inquires our grumbling correspondent, "why couldn't a miniature railway be laid down?" Two lines of rails—for an up and down train—would be all that would be necessary, and a train might start every quarter of an hour. Otherwise, without some such expeditious means, one will never be able to get over the ground.

Our wooden-legged contributor runs on in the above strain for several pages; and at last he thinks he has discovered a simple remedy for the above difficult state of things. This remedy is nothing more nor less than—

A MOVING PANORAMA OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

He proposes, for the convenience of persons who are not fond of walking, or who have not the spare time, or the strength, to walk through twenty miles of counters, that all the objects exhibited on those counters should be represented in twenty miles of canvas, or, perhaps, ten miles would be quite sufficient. The visitors are to sit down in comfortable chairs, whilst the collection of wonders is being slowly unrolled before them.

That the room, in which the Panorama is to be exhibited, should be fitted in glass, as much like the Crystal Palace itself as possible, so as to assist the imagination.

That a Professor of all the Arts and Sciences should deliver a rapid lecture, explanatory of the history and rise of the various products of the earth as they respectively appear upon the canvas.

That appropriate music should be played during the Exhibition, introducing all the national melodies, from the Hebrew melodies down to those of Ethiopia.

That the Panorama might terminate with a Grand Allegory (*say*) of Peace and Industry, with all the Nations of the World shaking hands, and forming a sort of manual shield on which PRINCE ALBERT is being lifted up to the skies.

That the price of the Panorama do not exceed One Shilling.

Our Wooden-legged contributor expresses the fervent hope that something like the above notion will be carried out, by which means a person will be enabled to go through the Crystal Palace comfortably in less than two hours, and without being in the least fatigued.

LECTURES BY THE HIGHER ORDERS.

THE *Morning Post* lately agreeably astonished us with the following new and improved style of fashionable announcement:—

"ANOTHER ARISTOCRATIC LECTURER.—MR. GRANVILLE EVELYN HARCOURT VERNON delivered a long and interesting lecture to the members of the East Retford Literary and Scientific Society, last week, 'On English Poetry, illustrated by the works of living poets.' The lecture was delivered in the Town Hall, East Retford, and was listened to by a crowded and delighted audience.'

Punch rejoices to find the schoolmaster—started by the EARL OF CARLISLE—abroad in the persons of the aristocracy. Delightful task, to lift the vulgar thought, and teach the low idea how to soar!—no doubt. Aristocratic teaching on any subject will aid in the diffusion of knowledge; but more particularly by imparting information which the masses can obtain by no other means. We can all read TENNYSON; but we cannot, all of us, study TATTERSALL'S. Lectures on "The Turf," by a Nobleman, would form an attractive, if not an edifying course. "The Chase" would afford an excellent subject for a similar series. So would "The Gaming Table," especially if its mysteries were elucidated by a foreign Count. Some of the many ornaments of the Peerage, who have devoted themselves to the practical pursuit of gastronomy, might agreeably enlighten a literary and scientific society "On Taste in Relation to Wines and Viands." And wives and mothers might derive the most valuable instruction from a Countess who would lecture at a popular institution on "Domestic Economy," were it possible that any lady of rank and wealth could know anything at all about it.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER'S SENT BACK THE FIRST VOLUME, AND HE SAYS, WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO LET HIM 'AVE THE SECOND?"

LABOUR AND THE RICH.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

PARLIAMENT—ITS LABOUR AND ITS LABOURERS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"Now that the Correspondents of the *Morning Chronicle* have exhausted the subject of 'Labour and the Poor,' I deeply feel the painfully interesting nature of the investigation you have trusted me to make into the almost untrodden field of 'Labour and the Rich.' I hope that in the course of this inquiry no strength of sympathy I may feel for the unfortunate class whose condition I am describing may warp my views, or colour my conclusions. I am to give you facts, and to leave your readers to draw their conclusions. It is thus I understand my duty.

"Many persons will, at first sight, be astonished to find 'labour' and 'the rich' brought together. They are accustomed to think that work is the lot of the poor, and that the curse of Adam has, somehow, been slipped off the shoulders of that half of his posterity which, in the vulgar phrase, is born 'with a silver spoon in its mouth.' I trust that these letters may remove this most erroneous impression, and show the rich as they are without any question—the most over-worked and under-paid class of the British community.

"I commenced my inquiries in a field of industry which the wisdom of our ancestors has reserved strictly for the rich, viz., the House of Commons.

"Accustomed as we are to read, night after night during the session, that the House rose at one, two, or even three in the morning, how seldom do we devote a thought to the lot of those who are compelled to get up thus early in the morning! But great as must be the fatigue of such hours, their lateness, or, rather, earliness, is nothing, as compared with the exhausting nature of the work in which the time is occupied.

"Of all who, morning after morning, skim the close-printed columns of the debates in the *Times*, how few give a moment's compassion to the over-worked operatives, to the toil of whose wretched nights we owe these long-drawn tissues of print. When we feel inclined to grumble at the number of slips in a statute, or are about to get angry because an Act of Parliament is ill-drawn, let us remember the hot and steaming 'shop' where the manufacture of legislation is carried on, under the glare of gas, and the intolerable din of prosy oratory—the dizzying whirl of arguments almost always moving in a circle—the chopping of stale logic—the endless drawing out of the same small staple of matter into those interminable yarns, for the production of which our House of Commons is so justly famous.

"When we think that the place where our Acts of Parliament are manufactured is of this Manchester School, who can wonder that the wearied wits should, now and then, turn out clauses which courts cannot unravel, or the reeling brains spin a section too rotten to resist even the bluntest point of the most bungling barrister?

"Much sympathy has been expressed for the poor little slubbers, and piecers, and winders of Lancashire or West Riding cotton mills; but your correspondent will probably be the first to direct the stream of pity towards the poor slubbers, and piecers, and winders of our St. Stephen's law factory.

"In the course of my Parliamentary inquiry I mixed freely with all classes of the workmen in the House of Commons; from the hard-featured old reformer of seventy, who remembered Peterloo and QUEEN CAROLINE, down to the stripling private secretary, with the toffy of the public school hardly dry upon his lip, and the greenness of the University still visible in his eye. I found amongst all a great readiness to give information so soon as they knew that I was not a Financial Reformer in disguise, with a strong sense of the misery of their position, and a sort of hopelessness of any change for the better, which was most touching.

"'I've been working here, let me see, these eight-and-thirty years, I think, come next August,' said a grey-haired and hard-featured old man, whom his fellow-workmen called JOEY. 'I'm used to it now; but it's cruel hard work at my time of life. Do I feel the confinement? In course I do: but I'm stronger than some, and hav'n't much taste for amusements, as they call 'em. I suck an orange now and then, before I go to work, and it does me good. But I always was long-winded, and don't feel the want of sleep much. Do I ever go to sleep myself at my work? No; but I've seen others asleep, lots of times, while I've been spinning my own yarn. I've seen them stretched out on the benches like lobsters on a shop-front, snoring, that you could hear it, through all the row.

"The Speaker's kind to us. He don't wake them up. He knows they'd be asleep again in no time; especially the young 'uns. I suppose he winks at it. Of course they oughtn't to be asleep. We ain't sent here to go to sleep. There's a chap that flogs them up, now and then. He's called the 'whipper-in.' They try to hide themselves, of course; but he finds them out. Do they turn out good work when they're so sleepy? Of course there must be slips now and then, and the measures are sometimes badly put together. It would be a wonder if they weren't. I think it would be an improvement, if we didn't work so late. Have they tried to shorten time? Oh, yes. There's one BROTHERTON, he's a great short-time man. He tries it on every year. Our masters won't listen to him, of course.

"I don't think times have changed for the worse. Some fancy so. I think I'm comfortabler myself. They used me very badly when I first came to the work. They called me 'Jacobin' and 'Radical,' and I've seen when I couldn't stand up hardly for the hard things they'd throw at me. I worked at the same style of article then as I do now. They don't call me names now. I suppose it's that times have changed. *I* haven't.

"Do I think there's waste in the shop? Don't I just! I always said there was. There's waste of words, I'm sure, and a great waste of time. Am I as good at spinning my yarns as I was when I first came? I think I get better every day. It's very seldom I get what I call a comfortable dinner—a chop or so, most days, close at hand. We haven't time to go home often. I may have worked twelve hours at a spell; not often that; but eight and nine often. The article we're at work on now is called 'Papal Aggression.' It's stuff, I think. Others don't think so. I sticks up for my own opinion.

"It will take us a long time to get it out of hand, I'm afraid. I don't like the cut of it. It's a Roman pattern—but I don't see any thing in it. I've often designed things. Yes, that's a little thing of my own design I've got in my hat there. I won't show it you, 'cause you might crib it. Thank you, but I don't drink—except tea now and then—can't afford anything stronger. I don't see what business it is of yours whether I've saved a trifle of money, or not. I believe I've a good character in the shop, and out of it too, if you come to that."

Leaving this veteran, who had a gruff geniality about him, which impressed me in his favour, despite all his hardness of face and manner, I next addressed myself to a poor young man, apparently about thirty, but fatigue might have aged him. His heartrending communication I must reserve for a second letter.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLMASTER AND THE PROTESTANT DUNCE.

Schoolmaster. Now, JOHNNY, you spalpeen, how do you spell His Holiness?

Johnny. "P. O. P. E."

PERSECUTION AND PUNCH IN 1851.

(A Page from Posterity's *Decline and Fall*, &c.)

SHOULD England, in the course of centuries, yielding to the encroachments of Popery, sink in the scale of nations, and ultimately disappear from among the Powers of the Earth, the future historian of the *Decline and Fall of the British Empire*, writing in Australia, may perhaps, with reference to the existing controversy, compose a few paragraphs of this sort:—

"The first attempt of the See of Rome to reduce the haughty and obstinate English to subjection beneath the papal yoke, provoked a furious and sanguinary resistance. The pious zeal of ecclesiastical writers has destroyed the partial, and perhaps untrustworthy, records of heretical adversaries; but, for the conjectural inferences of historical criticism, we may substitute the unimpeachable testimony of infallible churchmanship. If any credit is due to the declarations of the most eminent prelates, a persecution, unparalleled in extent and cruelty since the atrocities of DIOCLETIAN, was set on foot against the Archbishop and Bishops of the restored hierarchy. Popes, Cardinals, and Monks, after being paraded with ignominy through the streets of London during the day, were burnt, at night, amid the acclamations of the multitude; and the flames, which excited the sufferings of the martyrs, illuminated the revels of a frantic populace. The addresses of the Irish Clergy to ST. NICHOLAS WISEMAN, coupled with the language of the Saint himself, by their frequent allusions to the fires of persecution, attest the nature of the torments which he had endured for the faith. Yet, after having suffered barbarities more savage than any that could have revealed the weakness or tested the fortitude of the victim of the North American Indian, we find this holy confessor in so short a space of time performing the duties of his pastoral office, that the supposition of a miracle is absolutely necessary to reconcile a fact of church history with possibility in the nature of things.

Opposition to the Papal Hierarchy.

By persecution.

St. Nicholas.

His sufferings.

And miraculous cure.

"Foremost among the persecutors of ST. NICHOLAS and his holy associates, was a tyrant, whom the popular will and favour had invested with almost absolute power. The name of this merciless and inhuman despot was *Punch*. This monster, in character and disposition, appears to have been a combination of RICHARD THE THIRD with the eighth HENRY; and a physical resemblance corresponded to the mental similitude; for to the corpulence of the latter of these tyrants was added, in his person, the deformity of the former. From his magnificent residence, which desecrated the holy precincts of St. Bride's Court, he was accustomed to sally forth periodically, armed with privileged impunity, and a huge cudgel with which he belaboured his victims, who were for the most part dignitaries of the only orthodox Church. The ingenuity of malice seems to have been exhausted by the variety of the tortures which he not only devised, but inflicted. Ecclesiastics most venerable for their station, if not for their virtues, were unsparingly lashed, and caustic, applied to the most sensitive places, added poignancy to anguish. Some of the martyrs were slowly roasted by a process which lasted in several instances for months; others were exposed on the gibbet, or in the pillory; and many slaughtered by being completely cut to pieces; yet shortly afterwards resuming both their integrity and their avocations, afforded at once examples of extraordinary cruelty, and supernatural interposition. Retribution, however, at length overtook the persecutor. Having incautiously penetrated into a remote part of Ireland, he was seized upon by the indignant faithful; and having been solemnly condemned by the Synod of Castlebar, expiated, if the expression can be allowed, his accumulated atrocities in the avenging flames."

The tyrant *Punch*.

His personal appearance.

Persecutes the new hierarchy.

His barbarities.

And punishment.

Such is the account which unerring Tradition has handed down to us, of the renowned *Punch*; yet the perversity of scepticism has not failed to insinuate that the whole history is a hyperbolical allegory; that the deformity of the tyrant was only the grotesqueness of a puppet, and that his cruelties were but the sarcasms of a biting humourist.

Historic doubts concerning him.

The Greatest Legal Reformer.

THERE is no doubt that the present LORD CHANCELLOR is the greatest legal reformer of the age. He seems to be so thoroughly disgusted with the goings on in Chancery, that he is resolved there shall be no goings on at all, if he can help it. He appears to be of opinion that the proceedings in Chancery required to have a stop put to them,—and there is a regular stop put to them, at last.

"THE REASON WHY."

SIR JAMES GRAHAM, in his magnificent defence of free trade in corn, called certain bellies for his witnesses. He called

The ploughboy, whose belly is the fuller—since unprotected by landlords—and GILES SCROGGINS, the ploughboy, "*knows the reason why.*"

SANDY, the shepherd, on the distant and barren hills of Scotland, sees a larger mess of porridge; and his natural acuteness, quickened by his belly, "*knows the reason why.*"

JOHN BROWN, the Lancashire weaver, with no decrease in wages, counts a larger number of quartern loaves, and he—and his wife, be sure of it—"*know the reason why.*"

And CORNWALLIS SMITH, full private of the 204th Royal Skullbones, returned from foreign service, has a cheaper, a larger, and a fuller mess; and, with the instinctive conviction of the stomach, CORNWALLIS SMITH "*knows the reason why.*"

And the leaf of this knowledge is from the Free Bread Tree—from the great Banyan, spreading over England, that DISRAELI AND CO. would cut down—no, not cut down; but would quietly "bark."

But then great are the equivalents offered by DISRAELI. He says to the ploughboy—"Here, GILES, look here, young chawbacon. Some capital sugar; English sugar—patriotic sugar—grown from beet-root; no nigger's-blood in it; but the honest sweat of honest British ploughmen. And here's 'bacco for you; none of your outlandish Virginny; but real Kentish bird's-eye. Do you hear, GILES? Do you attend, SANDY? Do you see what I mean, JOHN BROWN? Are you up to what I say, CORNWALLIS? English beet-root sugar, and Kent bird's-eye."

And the ploughboy—the shepherd—the weaver—the soldier ask for cheap bread, and the Member for Bucks offers English tobacco. Give up your mess of foreign wheat, and smoke the calumet of Kentish bird's-eye.

PROTECTION FOR HOUSEWIVES.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"PACKING up some things in the newspaper one day last week, I happened to notice a speech made in Parliament, by MR. DISRAELI; and in it a passage so interesting that I thought I *would* cut it out and send it to you. Here it is:—

"'The average price of meat in 1848 was 4*s.* 5½*d.* That was the average of the temporary depression. Now, the average price of meat in 1850 (taking it from the official return from Smithfield) was 3*s.* 8½*d.* (*Loud cheers from the Protectionists.*)'

"Most gentlemen talking politics, I have observed, ridicule the Protectionists, and say they know nothing about political *economy*. Well; now, *I* think there is *great* economy in paying 3*s.* 8½*d.*, instead of 4*s.* 5½*d.* for meat; and I must say, I think it was very *natural* and *sensible* of the Protectionists to cheer at the idea of such a saving, and I shall try all I can to persuade JOHN to vote for their side at the next election.

"Your sincere admirer,

"MARTHA NOTABLE.

"P.S. I suppose what Protectionists want is to protect us from being imposed upon, and to make everything as reasonable as they can. There *can* be no nonsense in that. M. N."

A Job for Jullien.

WHAT is JULLIEN about, now that the Saints of the dark ages are so much the rage in Belgravian society, that he does not immediately set to work, and compose a "ST. VITUS'S Polka?"

A LITTLE BIT OF HUMBUG.

Shoemaker. "I THINK, MUM, WE HAD BETTER MAKE YOU A PAIR. YOU SEE, MUM, YOURS IS SUCH A REMARKABLE LONG AND NARRER FOOT!"

THE POOR MAN'S INTEREST IN THE EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY.

I BE a bit o' corduroy,
The best o' wear for man or boy;
So prime a piece o' stuff be I,
My manufact'rer 's got permission
To send me up to Town by -'m -by
And show me in the Exhibition.
The 'traction of me, you must know,
Is that I sells so werry low;
Which will, in course, be wholly lost:
For I maun't tell 'ee what I cost.
I don't depend on lookin' nice,
Like satins, silks, and filligree:
If people bain't to know my price,
Why, what 's the use of showin' me?

Henry Grattan and Son.

LORD JOHN, in his manly defence of his previous political life in favour of Catholic Emancipation, with his no less manful avowal that his opinions towards Catholicism had changed, seeing that Catholicism itself was, under all liberal tendencies and treatment, unchangeable—LORD JOHN, amidst "cheers and great laughter," said he had followed HENRY GRATTAN *when* "the name of HENRY GRATTAN betokened great eloquence and great public service." And what does it betoken now? Much froth, and much fussiness. To great men, great is the danger of sons, seeing that they are so often the contrary of their sires: as much so, as if the white squares on a chess-board were the cause of the black.

WRECK OF THE GLASS SHIP.

SOME months ago, poor WILLIAM BALL—the artificer of a beautiful glass ship—suffered shipwreck somewhere, unless we are mistaken, in the dangerous roads of Ludgate-hill. A cab drove aboard of the crystal vessel and smashed it; and as poor WILLIAM BALL was not insured by the underwriters, his daily bread—as honestly traded for by his craft—suffered total shipwreck. The ship was worth about £10; and BALL got together about one-fourth of the amount, and with a stout hopeful heart, set to work to blow and build himself another craft. May it be more prosperous than the last vessel—

"Built i' th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark!"

Well, last week, glass-shipwright BALL appeared at Guildhall. He had finished his new ship. All he wanted of the magistrate was the loan of ten shillings for a glass case to cover the craft. Ten shillings, your worship, and WILLIAM BALL would pay back the money in weekly instalments of 3*s*. The money was given—very properly bestowed, a free gift—and WILLIAM BALL departed, a richer and a happier man.

There is something fine and touching in the independence and energy of poor WILLIAM BALL. There is his ship, shipwrecked, shivered upon the hard, hungry stones of London; and the shipowner is utterly ruined. His fate as wretched, hopeless, as any *Antonio*, or other "royal merchant," with his argosy wrecked on the Goodwins. But WILLIAM BALL plucks up heart, and there is an excellent, good man, the REV. MR. LYONS, of Whitechapel, who helps him with a weekly two-shillings' worth of bread—unprotected bread, MR. DISRAELI—and to work goes WILLIAM BALL, and with the supplementary donation of the Guildhall ten shillings, he has now ready his new glass ship—his new trader amid the shoals and straits of London.

We really think this is a case for LLOYD'S. There is an energetic independence—a cheerfulness under calamity—as shown by this poor WILLIAM BALL, that might teach a useful lesson, preach an exalting sermon, to many a rich man, suddenly pauperised by winds and waves.

We should not at all be surprised, if "a few gentlemen at LLOYD'S" made up a little matter for WILLIAM BALL, the glass-shipwright, forwarding the same to him, with their good wishes, "to the care of SIR CHAPMAN MARSHALL, Guildhall."

The Great Magnet of 1851.

MANY Exhibitors begin to fear that, as long as the Crystal Palace is open, it will be a great difficulty to induce the Public to visit any other Exhibition. We can perfectly understand this fear; for, as the Great Exhibition is to contain no less than twenty miles of counters, it is sure to defy all *counter-attraction*.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL.

MR. PUNCH'S last advices from Elysium bring intelligence of a great stir in that quarter. The shade of SHAKSPEARE, with the shades of GARRICK, KEMBLE, and KEAN, as shades in waiting, will be at Drury Lane on Wednesday next, the 26th, on the farewell performance of MACREADY. A very handsome bit of laurel has been provided by SHAKSPEARE for the occasion; whilst the great spectral actors will have their tributary bouquets of asphodel and amaranth to dedicate as their offerings.

Were *Punch* sovereign despot of England—which he has no wish to be, except on special occasions, and the one he is about to name is certainly one of the most special—he would exact tremendous bail of MR. MACREADY that he should, in the course of the next summer, make certain appearances; and if such bail were not given, *Mr. Punch* would commit MR. MACREADY, under close guard, to—let us say, the Star and Garter, Richmond, with the range of the Park, sending him with a guard of honour (and safety) to the Haymarket Theatre, personally to put in the following appearances, for the instruction and pleasure of the several foreign nations, to be represented by their peoples, here in London, during the Great Show. We ought, at least, to prove what we *can* do in tragedy; therefore, *Punch* would hold MR. MACREADY responsible for such exhibition. Hence, MR. MACREADY should play—

Hamlet, for the visitors from Denmark;
Cardinal Wolsey, to the folks from Rome;
Prospero, to the Milanese;
Benedict, to the gentry from Messina;
King Lear, to the Ancient Britons, wherever they might come from;
Othello and Iago, to the Moors and Venetians;
Claude Melnotte, to the ladies from Lyons;
Richelieu, to our other lively neighbours from Paris; and
Macbeth, (at half price), to all friends from the North.

Of course, the list might be appropriately lengthened; and were *Punch* sovereign despot he would lengthen it; as he is not, he must make the most of the "farewell," and array himself in his best for Wednesday next, to do farewell honour to MACREADY, and—no, we will not despair—for a while to SHAKSPEARE.

A File to smooth Asperities.

THE *Sheffield Times* describes an extraordinary file, which is to be sent from Sheffield to the Great Exhibition. This remarkable file is adorned with designs as numerous as those on the original shield of ACHILLES, all cut and beaten out with hammer and chisel. How much more sensible and friendly to show distinguished foreigners files of this sort, than to exhibit to them files of soldiers!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at the Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY FEBRUARY 22nd, 1851

LONDON WITH A CLEAN FRONT ON.

OUR good city of London is determined to deck itself out for the forthcoming Exhibition in its very best. Every street is either whitewashing its face, or rubbing up its dingy complexion with a fine layer of Roman cement. Houses that have not shown a bit of colour for years, are coming out "as fresh as paint." Every little bit of ornament is being put on for the occasion. No expense has been spared in making brass-plates look brighter than ever, or in touching up area-railings that were turning rusty from long neglect, or in hanging some little article of *vertù* or decoration about the balcony that hangs gracefully in front of the house, as if suspended, like a châtelaine, from its waist. The London balconies this year promise to vie in luxuriance and splendour with the hanging gardens of Babylon. Every mansion, like a beauty at a grand ball, will exhibit a monster bouquet before it.

The shops are not in the least behind the houses. The alterations that are going on in all directions promise a beautiful harvest to the bricklayers and carpenters. Every shopkeeper seems to have said to himself, "Now is the time to beautify my shop, or never!" And, accordingly, he has set to work with his cheque-book in one hand, and NASH'S *Designs for Mansions* in the other. If his shop-front ran up merely to the first floor before, he has given directions to have carried it now to the second floor; and he would carry the ceiling right into the garrets, if the alteration did not involve, the necessity of taking another house for the purpose of eating, drinking, and sleeping in. As it is, we imagine that half of the shopmen in London must sleep in hammocks slung across the shops, or else in the drawers of the kitchen-dresser; for when two-thirds of a house are thrown out of window to enlarge the shop, it is very clear that there can be very little room left for the bedrooms. But such is the peculiarity of the age we live in—not one-half of London knows how the other half sleeps!

Of course, it is the firm belief of every shopkeeper, that the increase of his business this year will more than repay the expenses of his mighty alterations.

After all, these alterations will make London look very gay and clean, as well it may, when every house, every shop, is coming out expressly for the occasion with a new front. We trust that nothing in the shape of extortions or dirty impositions will be practised upon the poor foreigners inside, so as to soil the purity of the dwellings outside.

But the question arises, since private individuals are exerting themselves so much to put a clean face and a decent look upon London, what is Government doing towards the fulfilment of the same object? We are afraid it is neglecting, amidst the excitement of divisions and the mortification of minorities, its proper share of the work.

Will it do anything to improve the looks of the National Gallery?

Will it complete in time the Lions and the alto-relievos of the Nelson Pillar?

Will it remove, before the arrival of our visitors, that intolerable nuisance, Smithfield Market?

Will it allow Westminster Bridge to remain as it is?

Could it not interest itself in having the railings removed, and the entire area of St. Paul's Churchyard thrown open before the First of May?

Will it see that the Marble Arch is completed by the same period?

The same with the British Museum?

Will it take any measures that St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey shall be thrown open to foreigners without any fee of twopence or fourpence?

Will it exert itself in the least, in carrying out any of the above improvements? for if not, we are afraid that the clean front which London has put on for this grand holiday occasion, will be smeared by two or three large spots of dirt, flung upon it by the careless hands of Government. We know the answer will be that just at present Ministers have quite enough to do to keep themselves clean, without troubling themselves about anything else; but, in the oft-quoted words of a celebrated Irishman, we can only say then that "It 's a dirthy shame!"

Smelling a Joke.

Query. Is the perfume termed *patchouli* a luxury of modern invention?

Note, by a juvenile Antiquarian. It would seem not, if we can make anything like scents of the line beginning with *Tityre tu patulæ* in VIRGIL.

"MORE POLITICAL CAPITAL."

TALKING of "Political Capital,"—and though there is a great talk about it, we see very little of it—poor LOUIS NAPOLEON has been endeavouring to raise a trifle, but the French Chamber has refused to accept his bill, which we think was very shabby. The consequence is, that LOUIS has been compelled to sell twenty of his horses. How the "*Char de l'Etat*" is to get on without a horse to draw it, we cannot tell!—and especially without any money to grease its wheels. But, the people have promised to put their shoulders to the Common-wheel, and to help it along for him with a pull out of their own pockets. This, however, LOUIS NAPOLEON will not listen to—he will not accept any "Political Capital" raised by any such means. The Frenchmen, meanwhile, unaccustomed to anything like denial, where money is concerned, from their rulers, are wonder-struck, and stand aghast with their bank-notes fluttering aloft in their hands. We must say we are very much in the same position, (without the bank-notes, however,) and find it difficult to unravel this confusion of "Political Capital." What between LOUIS NAPOLEON asking for an advance of "Capital" which the Chamber will not grant—and the people making a gratuitous advance of "Capital," which LOUIS NAPOLEON will not accept—we are driven to this conclusion: That if France, under its President, does not make great *advances*, it is not so much the fault of the nation, as of its illiberal Government.

The Ministerial Budget.

WE always knew there was a serious difference between the EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and some of his colleagues on the subject of the Budget. In a recent conversation with a member of the Cabinet, the EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER observed consolingly, "Never mind, the Budget will turn out very well after all." "Yes," was the reply, "I 'm only afraid it will turn out too well—but a turn out just now is not exactly what we, as a Government, desire."

THE POPE IN ENGLAND.

WE understand that POPE, the Kensington carrier, who has hitherto carried everything before him—and seldom left anything behind him—has written to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, to inquire whether the Government measure against the assumption of ecclesiastical titles in this country will render it necessary for him (POPE) to drop his nominal Papacy, which he has exercised without molestation for nearly fifty years.

Woodman Spare that Surplus.

CONTRASTING the good intentions with the financial incapacity of the late CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, there is, perhaps, some reason for the name recently bestowed upon him of SIR CHARLES WOOD—if he could.

LABOUR AND THE RICH.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

PARLIAMENT—ITS LABOUR AND ITS LABOURERS.

THE last letter exhibited a specimen of the hale and hearty old Parliamentary labourer, whom habit, that second nature, has so broken in to his work, that he scarcely feels the fatigue of an eight hours' night's labour, and rather endures than enjoys the idleness of his brief holidays. But with the poor young man to whom I was next introduced, the case was very different. When I called on him, at his morning employment, (for the poor creature had to labour both night and day,) he was seated at his desk. The languor of his attitude, the paleness of his cheek, and the slight aureole which fatigue and ceaseless work had traced round the hollow of his eyes, which looked dull and fishy, (if I may be allowed the expression,) all showed the exhaustion of an over-tasked frame. He appeared to me hardly to have strength to support the newspaper which he held in his hand, or energy to understand its contents. He was polite, though cold in his manner, and the exertion of speaking was evidently almost too much for him; but he grew more animated as he spoke of his sufferings and hardships.

"'I suppose,' he said, in answer to my question, 'it must be about two o'clock. I seldom know exactly what o'clock it is. What's the use of knowing what's o'clock, when one's always cooped up at this sort of thing? I'm working in the red-tape line, now. That's my day work. I came to it at twelve this morning. Perhaps I may get away at four—I don't always; sometimes it may be earlier. It depends on what there is to do. Yes, reading the newspaper is part of my work. I shouldn't say it was the hardest part. I came off House-work last night at one. I don't call that a very hard night's work. I went on at five. I'm tired when I go to the House. Of course, I can't stay away. I should get 'ear-wigged' if I did. The whipper-in would be after me. The long hours are too much for me. I sometimes fall asleep in the House. I should say I fall asleep most nights. I don't think the yarn-spinning the hardest work. I think taking in the yarns is harder work than spinning 'em. My work's what they call 'dividing.' It's carried on in a place called the Lobby. I don't think people knows half the cruelty that goes on in that Lobby: you're whipped in, no matter how tired you are, or how hungry. Bless you! I've been called away from my meals, or my little bit of 'bacca, over and over again. They ring a bell, and you must come, and set to work, whether you know what you're a-dividing on or not. Of course there's mistakes sometimes.

"'I don't know where I suffer most. I feel tired-like all over, and as if I must go to sleep. Some nights it's worse than others. It all depends on the spinner whose yarns you've got to take in. There are some of the spinners very hard on us. There's OLD JOEY, that you were talking to last night—he's reckoned a very hard customer; then there's 'DEADLY-LIVELY,' as we call him—he's a terrible chap; you'd think he'd never stop. Then there's him we calls 'DIZZY,'—he turns off his yarns at such a pace. He's a stunner, he is. Do I often get a night's holiday? Very few, while the House is in work. Before I went to the House-work I was fond of amusing myself, like other young fellows. Oh yes! I went to balls a good deal, and to the Opera. I don't go to the Opera now—no, not ten times in a season; nor I have n't been to a ball, I don't know when, except on a Saturday night, or a Wednesday.

"'I worked in the new shop, last session, a few nights. I don't like it so well as the old shop, on the whole. There's not cover enough in it. The Speaker can see you everywhere. One can't cut a fellow's yarn short, in this new shop, as we can in the old one, nor sleep so comfortable. But you can't hear in it; that's a comfort. I earn pretty good wages while 'the Governor' can keep things going. Of course, if there's a turn out, I turn out with the rest, and my wages must stop. I haven't saved any money. I never did save any. I can't afford it. I suppose something will turn up, if we're forced to stop work. My friends are very kind to me. They'll get me something to do, I dare say—something in the red-tape business. I'm a pretty good hand at it. It don't take long to learn, but there's a deal of sitting in it, that you must get used to, or it's very tiring. There's too many of us in it. It's not so good a business as it was—not half, I'm told. The wages have come down, and you must do more work. It's little better than downright 'sweating' in some of the red-tape shops.

"'There's the Treasury; they've got a very hard overlooker there. He's considered one of the sharpest chaps going to keep the hands to their work, and cutting down their wages. Of course I wouldn't try to get taken on there, if I could do anything better. I've been told there was n't such an eye kept on a fellow in the old times, that the hours were shorter, and the wages better, and nobody never asked no questions. There's an old hand here told me so. He thinks the red-tape trade's going to blazes. Them's his words. I fancy people don't use so much red-tape as they did. It's gone a good deal out of fashion, like shoe-buckles. I don't think I could turn my hand to anything else, now, if I tried. I'd rather do nothing, of course.'

"We are glad to state that our statement of the case of honest OLD JOEY, last week, has elicited various strong expressions of sympathy, and that we have received many presents for the worthy veteran. Among others, 'DORCAS' transmits for him a warm knitted night-cap; 'DULCIBELLA,' a packet of 'STOLBERG'S lozenges;' while 'A Friend to Persevering Industry' sends a copy of '*Enfield's Speaker*.' They shall be faithfully forwarded to the worthy object of the senders' sympathies."

PUNCH'S POPISH RELICS.

WE have a turn for archæology, and sometimes amuse ourselves with an old barrow, when we happen to tumble over one. Having lately had occasion to resort to our cellar—which we do very frequently—we fell upon a stone; and having conveyed it to the light, we found it to comprise a piece of sculpture, worthy of the antiquarian relics to be found in Stonecutter's Yard, and other old civic spots of venerable interest.

The subject of the sculpture is a very curious design, which, like most of the curious designs of the present day, smacks of Popery. It represents a Bull, not unlike some of those found, and supposed to have been worshipped, at Nineveh; but in this country we are not such ninnies as to pay respect to anything so contemptible. The Bull has a triple crown; but, though aping an attitude of confidence almost amounting to defiance, he has got the British Lion so completely down upon him, that the idea of his making a successful stand is by no means likely to be realised. It is a curious fact, that this old Papal design should have been brought to light through the medium of the *Punch* Office, where such matters are held at their proper value. We, in accordance with our duty, take the first opportunity of exposing the design, and holding it up to the public ridicule with our customary good-humour.

FOUND IN THE CELLAR OF THE PUNCH OFFICE.

Tractarian Illumination.

"PAPA," said a precocious boy to his literal Papa, "why do the Puseyites burn candles?" "Why, TOM," replied the matter-of-fact Governor, "I suppose because they are in the dark."

SIR GRIFFYN DE GULES.

A ROMAUNT OF THE "AGES OF FAITH."

SIR GRIFFYN DE GULES was as worthy a knyghte
As ever throve by the strong ryghte hande;
Hys elder brother stood in hys lyghte,
Soe he slit hys weasaunde to gett hys lande.

SIR GRIFFYN DE GULES was faine to wed;
The ladye's father sayd hym naye;
He fyred hys house above hys head,
And carryed hys daughter clene awaye.

When stout SIR GRIFFYN was out of beefe,
He wolde helpe hymselfe at the next castèll;
And yff that his neighboure called hym theefe,
He gave hym hys quittance in single battèl.

SIR GRIFFYN DE GULES, when he bore a spite,
But helde hys foeman's strengthe yn dredde,
He wold not defye him to open fyghte,
But hee had hym waylayed and yknockt on the hedde.

SIR GRIFFYN DE GULES, when he lacked for cash,
Was wont to seize on the nearest Jewe;
And MOZHYSH he sett hys knaves to thrashe,
Till a byll for the needfull the caytif drewe.

SIR GRIFFYN grew tired of hys fayre ladyè;
He was never the man to abide a boare.
He mixt her a posset ryght craftilye;
And she dronke yt, and slept, and awoke noe more.

Nowe merry Englande yt grewe too hot,
Eftsoons, SIR GRIFFYN DE GULES to holde;
Soe he crosst the sea with a goodlye lot
Of valyant knyghtes of hys own swete molde.

He crossed the sea to Paynim land;
And soone was assoyled of synfull staine,
By slaying more Paynims with single hande
Than ever at home he had Christians slayne.

SIR GRIFFYN DE GULES from Paynim stryfe
Returned with plunder and much bootyè,
And he drank himself drunke every night of hys life
Till he nethar colde goe, nor stand, nor see.

At last SIR GRIFFYN he came to dye,
And then of hys soule he hym bethoughte;
Soe he left all his riches and landes, therebye,
To the Church; and bequeathed hys chyldren noughte.

Nowe, peace to SIR GRIFFYN DE GULES hys soule,
And hooraye for priestcraft and monkeryè!
And yff ever we yeeld us to such controule,
Such knyghtes we agayn shall deserve to see.

JUMPING FOR REVENUE.

WORDSWORTH'S beautiful poem of *Hart-Leap Well* has celebrated the extraordinary leap of a stag; the chamois is famous for its daring bounds; the squirrel can spring some distance; the kangaroo a long way; the opossum considerably. The grasshopper and the flea perform prodigies of hopping. The British sportsman, riding a steeple-chase, will "take" almost anything under a steeple. What have we not seen Harlequin and Clown go over and under? But from no precipice, over no gulf, between no two trees, across no plain, through no space, over no hurdle, fence, or five-barred gate, through no fanlight or shop-window, on no field, arena, or stage, did ever mortal witness such a wonderful jump as was exhibited the other evening in the House of Commons. Let the world—Ireland inclusive—match, if it can, the following instance of jumping to a conclusion:—

"But, after all, *I have come to the conclusion*, that, under all circumstances, the fairest and justest mode is that of placing one uniform rate upon all descriptions of income."

The "fairest and justest mode," alluded to, is that of raising the Income-tax. The jumper is the right honourable baronet who held the public purse-strings. But what a jump! Over what "switchers" of unfairness—what "raspers" of cruelty—what "bullfinchers" of extortion—what gulfs, what mountains of injustice! The seventy-times-seven-leagued boots, in which such a feat was performed, ought to be sent to the Great Exhibition. Well! QUEEN ELIZABETH had her dancing Chancellor, and, verily, QUEEN VICTORIA has had her jumping Chancellor of the Exchequer; but SIR CHARLES WOOD beat SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

However, if the pailings of justice and morality are to be jumped over in levying the Income-tax, be it so. If we have thrown away equity, and are to be as dishonest as we please, very good; and let us see how far we also can jump in evading Schedule D.

THE LIBEL DODGE.

CAPITAL opening to persons desirous of earning a dishonest penny is afforded by the Law of Libel.

For proof of this assertion, the sceptic who may not believe *Punch's* word, is referred to the *Times* of Thursday last, wherein he will find it fully substantiated by a leader, which is a considerable libel in itself, tending, as it does, to bring into extreme contempt the numerous and distinguished persons who are responsible for the maintenance, in its present state, of the law in question.

Moreover, the greater the truth, the greater the libel; and the article in the *Times* is perfectly true. It embodies the substance of the following statement, which, much as it may reflect on the Government and the Legislature, *Punch* publishes without caring a button for the Attorney-General.

A short time ago a report appeared in the *Times*, containing a brief passage just capable of being construed to the prejudice of a certain person. For injury to his sensitive, but rather suspicious, character, that person brought an action against the contemporary of *Mr. Punch*. No pretence whatever was made to impute malice; but it was pleaded that special damage had been sustained through the allusion. The proof of this entirely failed; but the letter of the law demanded a verdict for the plaintiff, which the jury returned, and assessed his loss of reputation at a farthing.

Thus—a moralist might observe—the common sense and honesty of the British juryman counteract the folly and injustice of the British legislator. Why, no; not exactly. Though twelve true men in a jury-box may defeat extortion, they cannot prevent the infliction of annoyance. For, as the *Times* complains,

"Without letting the public into the secret of our attorney's bill, we may say that the amount is equivalent to a heavy fine for what a jury have pronounced to be no offence."

Therefore it is in the power of any fellow, if he has the smallest excuse, however frivolous, for bringing an action for libel, to put the party sued to great expense at any rate. Should he sue *in formâ pauperis*, he can do this without any risk to himself, though formerly he would have been liable to a whipping, in the event of losing his cause—and ought to be still, some hard-hearted people may perhaps think.

The Papal Fountain of Honour.

To MASTAI FERRETTI, *Pope of Rome.*

POPE,—As you have been pleased to give your Cardinal the title of ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, don't you think you might as well encroach a little farther on the QUEEN'S prerogative, and add to his Eminence's red stockings the Order of the Garter?

PUNCH.

A NEW TITLE.

We beg to suggest that MR. SIMON, for his excellent Report on the readiest means of cleanliness in London, should be christened "the real *Simon Pure*."

SHOULD THIS CATCH THE EYE OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL, it is to give him notice, that over a dairyman's door in the Hampstead Road, not more than five minutes' walk from the Zoological Gardens, may be read, in large brazen letters, the following inscription:—"JOHN WATKINS, PURVEYOR OF MILK TO THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE HIPPOPOTAMUS."

A BREAK DOWN.

HURRAH FOR AUSTRIA!

Now that the Sclavonian and Italian provinces of Austria have joined the German Confederation, sauerkraut may be said to have taken root over the greater portion of Europe: and the friends of the cause of order in this country may have reason to rejoice in their assault on LORD PALMERSTON last year. After all, what is there so wholesome, so much needed for Europe just now, as quiet? and is not this the best way of securing it?

For instance, suppose it is found necessary to flog some refractory MADAME DE MADERSBACH on the Danube, a regiment from Coburg may be sent to do the business, and the Austrians be employed elsewhere. Suppose the Emperor (GOD save him!) wants to shut up a Newspaper Office at Vienna, he may march a Milanese detachment into the city who will perform the job. Suppose the Holy Father is uneasy, and from fear of his own subjects, a Lutheran garrison from Berlin may maintain order in his capital, and a High Dutch-æsthetic-mystific-Prussian force accompany the religious processions, and keep guard in Saint Peter's.

Suppose—for such things are possible still—suppose, in spite of the paternal government of the KING OF NAPLES—(Heaven bless his Majesty and reward him!)—another rebellion were to break out in his country—like that, we will say, in Hesse the other day? The tranquillity of Naples is necessary for the tranquillity of the Roman States, and of the Austrian possessions in Italy; the Austrian possessions in Italy form part of the great German Confederation. Forwards, Hanover and Brunswick! We march you into Naples to mount guard over the Italian rebels IN CHAINS AND SOLITARY IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE, and to back up the spies of CARRETTO.

And *we* have done this—or helped to do it—and chuckled over our prudence as Conservative statesmen. Confound that PALMERSTON—that *brouillon*, the cause of half the mischief in Europe! We have stopped *his* meddling at any rate.

Yes, and we have seen the noble Hungarian sink, without a hand to help him; we have seen the Hessians, with the best cause, the honestest cause, the cause of every lover of peace and law, handed over to Bavarian courts martial—and never said a word: we have seen twenty thousand men rotting in Neapolitan dungeons, and we read that forty thousand Austrians are on the Sardinian frontier, because the Emperor is disquieted by the encouragement given to liberalism in Savoy.

O how unselfish we English are! how generous, gallant, and wise! How we trounce a Minister who meddles with other folks' affairs, because as long as we are happy and easy, what matter what tortures, what tyranny, what misery and shame our neighbour may undergo? Let us get over a Neapolitan gentleman, manacled and put into solitary confinement for life on the word of a spy: let us have one over, in a glass box, and put him in the Crystal Exhibition. His tortures will be profitable to us; it will be amusing to see the lonely wretch caught in the trap, and served right.

So Italy, Hungary, are chopped up, and rolled finally into the great German Sausage! So forty thousand men are close upon Sardinia! O you children of HOCHE! O you inheritors of the name of NAPOLEON! We are cowards and money-grubbers, we are shopkeepers and selfish—but you!—there is chivalry still among you!

"Not allowed to be Drunk on the Premises."

No Spirits (with the exception, perhaps, of a glass of Cherry Brandy)—no Wine (excepting, probably, a taste of Antimonial)—no Beer (saving, always, the harmless Ginger), are to be served in the Great Exhibition. After a long day's journey through its many streets of counters, we can imagine a thirsty countryman rushing up to the refreshment stall, and being told that they cannot possibly let him have anything to drink stronger than a glass of water. How disappointed, how enraged he will be! and we can imagine his looking round the Crystal Palace and giving vent to the following philippic: "Dong it! I must say the building is beautiful enough, but I tell you I should have admired your Glass a precious sight more, if one could have had a drop of summut in it!"

The Ministerial Crisis.

AMONG the rumours current during the days of the Ministerial Crisis, there was a large mixture of fiction and fact, but we saw no announcement of *Mr. Punch* having been sent for to Buckingham Palace. He, however, with his usual loyalty, presented himself at Court—by standing in the court-yard—expecting to be "called in" for the purpose of kissing hands upon the receipt of some important appointment; but feeling himself doomed to disappointment, he was satisfied with kissing hands to one of the Royal Children, who happened to be at one of the windows of the newly erected nursery.

DRESSING FOR A MASQUERADE.

MR. D—SR—LI AS A GREAT PROTECTIONIST LEADER.

A DELICATE CASE.

In a Letter from MR. MUFF *to* MR. PUNCH.

"DEAR P.,

"IN the midst of the agitation occasioned by the resignation of Ministers, the affairs of *the heart* can find little interest, perhaps; and yet, dear *P.*, what does a Cabinet Minister matter to me in comparison to domestic bliss: and how would an Income-tax more or less, or a Popish aggression or so, aggravate me *and terranize* over me, equal to a wife? I have been for some weeks an *ingayged mann*. I am of age, *and an Aberdasher in a quiet line of business*, in Lambeth, left to self, Ma, and sisters, by Pa. I met MISS EMILY P—TTS at a *dancing acaddamy*, which I danced with her several times: and had the honour of excorting her and her sister home to their Ma's apartments in the neighbourhood of K-nn-ngton Ov-l.

"Me and SAM TH-MPS-N, a friend of mine, used *gennly* to be the partners of MISS A. and MISS E. P-TTS at the acaddamy, and walk home with them after the ball. MISS A. fell to TH-MPS-N, MISS E. fell to me. In our many walks and conversations, poetry and scentiment, LALLA ROOK, BYROM, ELIZA COOK—every think refined and *intalectial*, in a word, came from MISS EMILY P-TTS, which her Christian name there is no need to disguise, it being the same as that of the victim of the fascinating *Steerforth* (which she always called me STEERFORTH) in MR. DICKENS'S *most admirable novel*.

"At that dancing Astabblishment, in those moonlike walks, no being could appear more charming than EMILY P—TTS. Her form is that of the Nymth; her air dark auburn, and curling naturally; her woice like the cooing of the ring-dove, which SAM TH—MPS—N (he is an air-dresser, and has a great phansy for pidgings and things,) keeps in his shop. In fact, '*I wandered by my* EMILY'S *side, and wooed her for my blushing bride!*'—as I told her in the Valentine which I sent the 14th of this very month, Febyouary, having courted her for fourteen days.

"My Ma and sisters keep house for me, I am jest 21 years of age, managing the business for the family; and, after I had pledged myself to MISS P——, which she had it in my hand-writing, and no mistake—I did not like, for a few days, to break the news to Ma, whose temper is what I should call *uppish*, and who won't like to have a person put over her at a table where she have sate and precided so long in my pore Pa's time. At last, however, last Friday, I told her, and there arose an *exceeding unplesnt row*. Ma and sisters all cried. Ma asked how I could go for to engage myself, being quite a boy (though I am of age these six months, and SAM says, with the use of his Mycasser, my whiskers will very soon grow quite large)—how I could engage myself with a gurl whom I 'd met at a sixpenny Op, and whom I knew nothink of? I told her that Love is Love; that ever since the wurld begann, mann was the slave of woman; that if I didn't marry my EMILY, I felt I should *peridge in an untimely grave:* and that she was just as bad about me. So being the Head of the family, Mar had nothink for it but to conscent to my whishes, which was for *immediate marridge*. She kist my sisters all round—said what must be must; and, putting on her bonnit, said she would go with me and see her daughter.

"This was not exackly to my liking. I have forgot to tell you that *I* didn't much like MRS. P—TT'S, EMILY'S Mamma, nor her big brother, (which he is an horse-rider at a sircus and a bullying feller, always borroring money of me, and gettin tipsy and swearing, and thretnin he 'd have my life if he thought my intentions towards EMILY was not honorable;) and MRS. P—TT'S lodgings was not kep as neat as they might be, and she 's a bigg large woman with a black wigg and *very odd ways*, and I can't help thinking that she is fond of drink too.

"Well, Ma and me goes to see MRS. P., and I couldn't help seeing by Ma's face that she didn't like my EMILY'S family at all. They 'd jest been having their dinner at 1 o'clock. There was a pewter pot, and a bottle of sperrits on the table, and the cloth wasn't very nice—neither was MRS. P.'s gownd, which she looked as if she wore it in bed; whereas pore Ma is always as neat as a pinn, and they 'd been having Hirish Stew, and Ma don't like that *neither*—and EMILY scolded me for bringing MRS. MUFF (which is our name) without giving warning before hand.

"'O, BOB,' says Mar, going away and crying her eyes out. 'How can you expect that young woman can make you happy? Her horrid mother was, I 'm afraid, tipsy; she herself is ten years older than you.'

"'Law, Ma,' I said, 'she 's only twenty-two;' but Ma said EMILY was 30 if she was a day. 'Your sisters can never live with her and that dreadful brother of hers.' And Ma took on and would n't be consoled, do the best I could; and again and again asked how after six walks home (which I had but six, and that is true) with MISS P—, I could give up my Mar and sisters for sush *a creature*, Mar called her.

"Then when I went back to EMILY *she* gave it me too. Her voice aint so sweet when she scolds, as it is when she 's walking by moonlight, nor she don't look so well by daylight as she do at the acaddemy in her musling dress; and I see she *is* a good bit older than me; but she has my promise: and there 's that big brother (the beast) and the other brother, who is in the Attorney's office, which I hate him almost worse than I do the big one—and I 've given my word, and what can I do?

"Now, dear *Mr. P.*, I read in the paper to-day, that a party who was engaged to another party for a fortnight, and who have broke off his engagement, have been judged to pay the party *eight hundred pound*. I don't mean that our cases is in the least like; but what am I to do in *my* case, and how much should *I* have to pay, suppose I broke off with EMILY P—TTS? I *did* pop the question on rather a short acquaintance. I *do* think none of us will be happy if we marry. I do think, if I feel this, and say so honestly to a gal, it ought to be a reason, and a good reason, why we shouldn't be tied together for hever. I do think that the lor, which makes a matter of barging and money of this, has somethink immodest in it, somehow. I do think that a jury, sitting on a girl's feelings, and assessing the walue of them (where there has been no harm done, and nothing but honorable courtship,) ain't right; and that the Law which forses a party to marry a party the other party don't like, is stoopid and wrong—and—and—I know I wish I hadn't been at that Dancing Academy: and am your obedient servant,

"ROBERT MUFF."

"P.S.—SAM THOMPSON has just come in, and told me that he has had it in confidence from a professional friend, that EMILY'S Hair is *died*."

NEW PANORAMA.

MR. PUNCH having perceived the success which has attended the numerous Panoramas exhibited in London during the last season, determined, with his usual liberality, to place an entirely new and very comprehensive one before his countless readers. The Panorama of the *Over-land Route to India* was amongst the most favoured, and *Mr. Punch* does not see why a Panorama of the *Over-sea Route to America* should not be equally appreciated. So far from its requiring three miles of canvas for its representation, it will be found to occupy but three inches of paper, and will yet be found to exhibit all that is worth seeing over a distance of 2,000 miles. Here it is:—

Punch's Panorama of the Over-Sea Route to America.

Representing every Object of Interest between the Time of leaving the English and arriving off the American Coast.

THE WOODEN BUDGET.

To the EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,

HOW easily you might have abolished the duty on paper, if you would only have imposed a rather larger amount of tax upon printing-presses!

Only think with what facility you might have done away with the malt-tax, by transferring it, slightly increased, to brewing utensils.

Just by taxing coals to an extent rather greater than would make up to the revenue for the deficiency, consider what very little difficulty you would have found in taking off the tax upon tea.

Why, now, you might have got rid of the Customs and Excise altogether, and more than saved the expense of collection, by substituting for them a judiciously augmented shop and warehouse duty.

If you would have modelled your budget on the principle of these simple examples, oh what a deal of satisfaction and content you would have given the country! Much such content and satisfaction as you gave it, by proposing to shift the window-tax to houses, and to charge a house-tax on humble dwellings that never have had a window-tax to pay.

But, my dear SIR CHARLES, if you could distribute the window-tax so as to compel small houses and their poor occupants to partake of the burden, it really was absurd to say that you could not adjust the income-tax in such a manner as to make property bear a fair share of it in proportion to earnings. See what a mess you have got yourself and colleagues into by your financial tricks. Believe me,

Your humble Servant and suffering Victim, PUNCH.

P. S. Did you ever hear of Dead Sea apples? They are very like the fruits of your fiscal ingenuity.

SCENE—A CAFÉ IN PARIS.

London Gent. "GARCONG! TAS DE CORFEE!"

Garçon. "BIEN, M'SIEU'—VOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE ZEE *TIMES*?"

London Gent. "HANG THE FELLER! NOW, I WONDER HOW THE DOOSE HE FOUND OUT I WAS AN ENGLISHMAN!"

RELIGION FOR SERVANTS.

IT would appear that there are two qualities of religion, as of almost every other article; and there is a particular sort supplied, in some of the metropolitan parishes, to the domestics whose souls are considered worthy of salvation, through the medium of "sittings." There was a discussion, in the Marylebone vestry, not long ago, about the amount of accommodation in the churches, when the following formed part of the proceedings, as we found them reported in the *Observer*:—

"SIR PETER LAURIE rose to call the attention of the vestry to a return he held in his hand, relative to the number of sittings vacant, and the amount of applicants for sittings, in the respective churches of the parish. From this return it appeared that there were 921 vacant sittings in the various parochial churches and chapels—namely, in the parish church (the rectory), 145 vacant sittings, and 16 applications; in St. Mary's, 50 vacant sittings, and 18 applications; in All Souls, 61 vacant sittings, and 22 applications; in Christ Church, 485 vacant sittings, and 1 application (*laughter*); in Trinity, 149 vacant sittings, and 17 applications; in the parish chapel, 7 vacant sittings, and 4 applications; and in St. John's Wood Chapel, 111 vacant sittings, and 4 applications. This he (SIR PETER LAURIE) thought clearly proved MR. STEPHENS'S statement of the previous week to be wholly incorrect (*Hear, hear*).

"The REV. MR. GURNEY said it would appear that SIR PETER LAURIE was trying to make the vestry believe the churches were empty. Now, so far from that being the case with regard to St. Mary's Church, the only seats that were empty were those in the servants' gallery, and so distant from the pulpit that the minister could not be heard or seen. He would, however, venture to observe, that in two months hence, when the families returned to town, his church would be filled to overflowing, even in the servants' galleries, and every other part."

We find, from the above explanation, that servants are considered to be suitably supplied with religious instruction, if they are furnished with places where "the minister can neither be heard nor seen." This is leaving much to the imagination, and, perhaps, it is believed by the authorities that, as distance sometimes lends enchantment to a view, the servants of a congregation may be more enchanted the further they are removed from the clergyman. The admission made at the vestry meeting is, certainly, one of the coolest and boldest we ever remember to have met with: namely, that the appropriate places for domestics in a church are those seats where they can see and hear nothing.

We should have thought the more educated classes might better have been entrusted with the task of filling up, from their own imaginations, the blanks in the service, or the sermon, at a place of worship; but we find it is quite otherwise, for the servants are those whose senses it is not thought worth while to appeal to, by placing them near enough to enable them to know what the clergyman is talking about. When, however, "the families come to town," the unfortunate flunkies must turn out of the galleries, where nothing is audible or visible, and, if they go to church at all, their religious instruction must be laid on for them into the lobbies and passages or porticoes of the churches, while their "superiors" are receiving the article in a more direct fashion. If the servants are expected to profit at all by a sermon, and are only provided with places in which nothing can be heard, we presume that some mesmeric influence is calculated upon for bringing to their senses the words that their ears are not permitted the apprehension of.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THIN-SKINNED PEOPLE.

By a Pupil of ERASMUS WILSON.

OF all complaints, none are so difficult to treat as those of thin-skinned people. There is no classifying them; and the worst is, the thinner-skinned such unhappy creatures are, the more difficult it is to treat their complaints. Medicine has but little to do with the cure. Gentleness, patience, and a spirit of forbearance, accompanied with a mildness of remonstrance, are the only remedies known to have any effect whatever.

These complaints assume a thousand eccentric shapes, that frequently baffle the experienced eye of Science. A medical man never can be sufficiently prepared for them, and should always look upon the various symptoms, perplexing as they may be, with the greatest pity. He should listen with an air of the most profound interest, and if he cannot effect any good, still he may evince a feeling of sympathy, which may go a long way in removing the imaginary complaint.

I say imaginary, for, after all, the complaints of thin-skinned people are mostly imaginary. Herein lies the great difficulty of knowing how to remove them. As it is absurdly impossible to discover in most instances what has been the origin of the complaint, so it becomes a matter of extremely hazardous risk to understand what particular remedies to apply to it, and great care is requisite in many aggravated cases before you determine on what you should say, or what you should do, for fear of making the complaint worse. The most efficacious method of treatment is to say nothing at all. Leave the patient to himself. Let him be as peevish, and snarl, and rave as much as he pleases, he will soon get better, when he finds out that no notice is taken of him.

The conduct of a thin-skinned person, when his complaints are very loud and frequent, is exceedingly curious, and anything but pleasant. First of all, do what you will, there is no pleasing him. The very first word that is capable of two meanings he will take offence at. In such a mood I have known him quarrel with his dearest friend, and nothing has been able to convince him he was in the wrong. If he has a relation in humble trade, he is perpetually fancying that every one is making allusions to the circumstance purposely to insult him. If by any accident some distant member of his family has been guilty of an indiscretion, which has rendered necessary his removal beyond the seas, then his torments are endless. The slightest touch upon any subject, bearing ever so remotely upon the Old Bailey, sends him into a fit of the greatest fever. He will colour, cough, roll about in his chair, get red in the face, and the chances are that he does not fly into the greatest passion, and commit himself by spluttering out insults to the persons who never meant anything insulting to him. Explanation in such a case becomes hopeless. His malady is of that sensitive degree that the more you endeavour to persuade him you did not mean to offend him, the more he becomes convinced that such was your intention. The only remedy is to leave him to himself, and to send a friend to relieve his mind the next morning—that is to say, if you think the case worth it. For my own part, my practice invariably is to let thin-skinned persons undertake the management and cure of their own complaints; for, treat them as kindly as you will, I have uniformly found that you receive nothing but hard words and no pay, much less thanks.

Protectionist Dialogue.

"I SHOULD like to see the Whigs without a leg to stand upon," said one of the farmers' friends to DISRAELI. "I can't exactly say that my wishes go to that length," exclaimed the Minister *in (non) posse*; "I don't desire to see them without a leg to stand on, for I want them to walk out."

THE POPE'S ADVOCATE.

MR. ROEBUCK is a gentleman of great forensic abilities; so great, that he seems to have been entrusted with the POPE'S brief.

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE STREET STOPPERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAB DRIVER. OMNIBUS DRIVER.
GENTLEMAN. COAL WAGGONER.
Foreman, Passengers, &c. &c.

The Stage represents one of the principal Streets in London—any will do, so as it is a leading thoroughfare. A few Vehicles pass over freely, and among others a Cab.

Cab Driver. How pleasant this—'tis quite a luxury!
First time this month since down this street I've driven;
Yet there's some good in blocking up a street;
It sends one round, and round, and round, and round,
Making the fare a thing *ad libitum*.
I've often taken up at Fetter Lane,
To drive to Ludgate Hill—which by the crow
Is scarcely half a mile—but, thank the Sewers,
It's just as often two, or sometimes three;
For I have driven round, and round about,
Through all the City's ambiguities,
The Lane of Fetter and the Hill of Snow,
With all the tortuous sinuosities——
But hold!—this language ill becomes my station.
When on the stand, none would suspect my rank:
No matter—fate impels—and I drive on. [*Exit* CAB DRIVER.

Enter various Workmen, with spades, pickaxes, &c., &c., headed by their FOREMAN.

Foreman. Quick! Ply the rapid pick! Let fall the spade!
Turn up the pavement with the crowbar's force.
'Twas water yesterday—to-day 'tis gas—
To-morrow may be sewers. No matter, friends!
The present moment is at least our own.

[*The Workmen set to work, and, in a short period, large chasms are opened in all directions. During their labours, the daily traffic of vehicles has set in, and at length an enormous crowd of carriages and carts of every description may be seen brought to a dead stand-still.*

Omnibus Driver. Now, then, you Coaley—just pull up a bit.
Coal Waggoner. Pull up a bit of what—or how—or where?
If I go on, I'm into yonder gig.
If I go back, I smash that cab to bits.
If I pull off a bit, I 'm down those steps.
If to the near I go a foot or two,
I'm through that large plate-glass.
Cab Driver. Now then, you 'bus!
Can't you go on?
Omnibus Driver. Can't I go on, indeed!
Now, what's the use of your a-going on
In that ridiculous way?
Cab Driver. Pull a one side!
Old Lady (*from the window of the Omnibus*). Let me get out. Conductor, set me down.
Conductor. Impossible—the door won't open, Ma'am,
Except upon the pole of t'other 'bus.
Gentleman (*from the window of his Carriage*). Hollo! Police! This stoppage is disgraceful.
I'll take that Cabman's number!
Cab Driver. Now, then, stupid!
Gentleman. Drive on—or let my coachman pass.
Cab Driver. Of course;
You 're in a hurry, ain't you? So am I.
1st Foot Passenger. Now, this is shameful—more than half an hour
I 've tried in vain to get across the street.
I 'm on my way to go to meet a bill.
2nd Foot Passenger. Pity the bill can't manage to meet you,
At least half-way—you 'll never reach it else.
1st Foot Passenger. The Bank is closed at five.
2nd Foot Passenger. But here, you see,
The earlier closing principle prevails;
This thoroughfare is closed, or nearly so,
From early morn till early morn again.
Gentleman (*from Carriage window*). How can I reach my home in Baker Street
In time to dress, when I dine out at six?
Passenger (*from Omnibus window*). 'Tis striking five, and I have miss'd the train.
1st Foot Passenger. My credit 's gone—my bill will be return'd.
Coal Waggoner. They won't receive these coals later than five.
The house of business shuts,—all are away;
So, to the wharf we 'll leisurely return.
Gentleman in Cab. My friend goes off by rail by five o'clock;
So just turn back, and drive me home again.

[*The Workmen, who are tearing up the thoroughfare in all directions, burst out into the magnificent chorus of "Come if you dare;" the various Coachmen go off into "Britons Strike Home;" and the curtain falls.*

REPORT OF THE INSANITARY COMMISSIONERS.

PUNCH and TOBY having been appointed to inquire into the state of Insanity in England, this is the Report we beg to make upon the prolific subject:—

We are at a loss to say if Insanity is on the increase in England or not. However, we will let facts speak for themselves.

We have found the same number of evening-parties going on, at which twice as many people have been invited as the rooms would hold. The consequences have been a system of crowding and crushing, in the midst of which anything like dancing was entirely out of the question. Then we witnessed a crowd of old ladies scrambling into the supper-room as if they were at the last point of starvation. Then we have seen young ladies almost fainting with fatigue still continuing to dance up to a very late hour. But the most extraordinary thing of all is, that, at the conclusion of the evening-party, the greater proportion of the company, before retiring, go up to the hostess, and thank her, in the most solemn manner, for "the very *pleasant* evening they have passed."

We have thought it our duty, in the prosecution of our painful inquiries, to accept several invitations to fashionable dinner-parties, which have lasted, on an average, from three to four hours, terminating at an hour when rational people generally go to bed.

From the above facts, it will be seen that our countrymen are not much improved in their fashionable habits. We are bound to admit—which we do without a word of comment—that they keep the same bad hours as ever, and that the mad practice of turning night into the day is not in the least altered for the better.

The practice of making long speeches in Parliament continues with unabated force, and the newspapers, curiously enough, continue to report them, though we must say that we have met with but few individuals insane enough to read them,—which pleasing fact speaks largely, we think, for the growing intelligence of the country.

Smithfield Market is not yet removed, nor does there seem much chance of it—for we have encountered herds of City people who, far from thinking the market a nuisance, maintain, most seriously, that it is a great boon and ornament to the Metropolis, in the midst of whose population (nearly 2,000,000) it has the good fortune to be situate.

The gentlemen, we regret to say, still wear the unwieldy, uncomfortable kind of thing which they persist in calling "a hat." This obstinate habit convinces us, as much as anything, that there is something very wrong about the heads of our countrymen.

The ladies' dresses are as long as ever; which, however useless and extravagant, is connected with one good advantage, and that is, from the effective way in which they sweep the streets, they leave the crossing-sweepers far behind them.

To conclude:—Whether England can boast of an increase or decrease of Insanity, it would be extremely difficult to determine; nor would it, do we think, at the present moment, when there has been such a quantity of excitement about the Papal Question, be exactly fair to judge.

(*Here follow the Signatures.*)

APOLOGY FOR THE INCOME-TAX.—The best reply that can be made to the complaint that the Income-Tax operates unfairly on those who have to pay it on their hard earnings, is, that Schedule D. was precisely intended to take that class of people in.

FLOWERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY—PICKED AT PARIS.

AT LAST!

We see by the advertisements of the *Art-Union*, that one of the pictures for distribution to subscribers this year is "*The Burial of* Harold." We cannot sufficiently express our congratulations over this pleasing fact. Artists have been such a number of years intent upon "*Finding the Body of* Harold," that we are rejoiced to discover that they have succeeded, after so many wearisome trials, in finding it at last! Our rejoicings are all the more boisterous on this happy occasion, as we perceive from the above source, that not only is the body of Harold actually found, but that some artist more venturesome than the rest, has proceeded so far as his "Burial."

This progress in the Arts is most cheering; but, let us hope, now that the body of Harold has been found, and that it has been fairly buried, that artists will allow him a few years' rest, and busy themselves in digging up some fresher subject. Might we recommend to the notice of R. A.s that mine of pictorial wealth, as yet totally unexplored, "*The Vicar of Wakefield?*"—or if they want a companion to poor Harold, and as pathetic, what do they say to "*The Beadle Finding Somebody in the Exeter Change Arcade?*"

A Proverb at Fault.—The Window-tax was to be commuted for a House-tax. This, at least, was not a case of "Exchange no Robbery."

RATHER TOO BAD.

To Mr. Punch.

"Sir,—You divide at the Club the honourable title of 'The Guardsman's Friend,' with dear old G——, and I think you can help us.

"Of course you 've heard people talking about the building in Hyde Park, which they say it isn't safe, and so on. There 's Cocky Sparks of the Grenadiers, you know, who was at Cambridge, has been as bumptious all the week, talking about impacts, and resolutions of forces, and lines of pressure and thrusts, and catenaries, and things, and proving to all the fellows in the billiard-room from 10 p.m. till 2 a.m. regular, that all the galleries must come down, and all the girders go to immortal smash with the first rush. I heard him talking about it the other day on Howell and James's steps, to old Lady Squabash, who turns eighteen stone, till I thought the venerable dowager would have sunk into the arms of her own Jeames, who was waiting to give her a hoist into the brougham.

"I don't know anything about mathematics myself, but I know Sparks is a humbug; and I 've no doubt what he says is all chaff—if one could only find it out. But other people have been saying the same sort of thing, who are supposed to be up to snuff; and whether there 's any reason for their funk or not, we 're told that the galleries and all are going to be *tried*. Of course, I 've no objection to *that*. But how do you think, old fellow, they talk of trying them?

"They *say*, they 're going to have all our fellows up from Chichester and Windsor, as well as the Tower, and the St. George's, Portman Street, and Regent's Park barracks, and march the three regiments—every man jack of 'em—slap through the blessed building, galleries, and all, with a battalion practising the goose-step at a time—to try the effect of the vibration, Sparks says.

"Now, I say, the building may be weak, but isn't *this* rather too strong? Of course the men have taken the shilling, and they can do what they like with *them*. I can't see what right they have to send *us*. The sergeants could put the men through their facings, just as well as we can—and take the whole kit of us (officers I mean), in the three regiments, and we don't weigh anything to speak of.

"Besides, if they really want to try the strength of the building, why don't they send the Life Guards, or the Blues; or, better still, why don't they have up a few regiments of Heavies from the provinces? That would be something like a trial, and, if anything happened, the Plungers would not be missed in the season. But just think what Almacks', and the Balls, and Pratt's, and the *Matinées dansantes*, and the Casino, and the C. C. C., and Epsom, and Ascot, and the Opera, and the Ballet, would do without *us*.

"If such a thing is in contemplation, I 've no doubt it 's a dodge of those Manchester snobs, with Cobden and Bright at their head, to get rid of us at one fell swoop.

"The Commissioners had much better set a lot of *them* working their infernal Manchester spinning jennies in the gallery instead. Then, if the girders *did* give way, it would be a good riddance.

"Anyhow *I* shan't stand it, I can tell you. If F. M. does mean to perform such experiments with gentlemen, he 'd better try it on with somebody else, than yours ever, old fellow,

"Algernon Vauntbrace, *Lieut. 1st bat. Coldstream.*"

CRUMBS OF COMFORT FOR STARVATIONISTS.

It is melancholy to find the Earl of Hardwicke, as reported by the *Times*, complaining to the House of Lords that,

"Under the stimulus we had given, we should get from France, not grain, but plenty of flour. The milling interest was growing largely (*Hear, hear*). A large steam mill was being erected at Rouen."

So the mill at Rouen, in grinding French corn, will grind the flower of Britain's chivalry; and the molar teeth of the British public will complete the barbarous process. The lords of the soil, however, have some consolation under their martyrdom. His Lordship added:

"The miller would not send to Paris and pay the octroi duty of 5 francs, when he could send the same produce to London for 2 francs (*Hear, hear*).

Decidedly—hear, hear. Content is generally in inverse ratio to the price of bread, and the chances of its continuance in London, compared with Paris, are just five to two. Has it never occurred to Lord Hardwicke that protective duties on food operate rather strongly as an encouragement to that branch of active industry that displays itself in the construction of barricades? Certainly, if the milling interest is growing in France, the fighting interest is declining; instead of bombshells, the French are pitching among us twopenny busters; and are giving us a bellyful without a drubbing.

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FROM THE OWN CORRESPONDENT OF THE MONITEUR DES BOULEVARDS.

London, 28th February.

ONSIEUR THE EDITOR.

"I have not yet delivered my letters of introduction, or done more than arrive in the brumous capital of Albion, after a brief though stormy passage across the Channel. My sufferings were severe. They are over. I am now lodged in my hotel in the neighbourhood of L—st—r Squar, the centre of the fogs, the fashion, the commerce of this city.

The proprietor of this hotel (an intelligent compatriot) informs me that little interest has been felt in the late ministerial perplexities and changes. This I shall see quickly for myself. For the present I have but the day's journal before me—reflex of daily opinion—and I read therein matter sufficient, indeed, for many a day's thought. Intimately acquainted with the English language and history, the contents of these journals is not a mystery to me—I give my views and shall transmit you other letters, of time in time.

"A singular process, illustrative of English manners and life, appears before me in the journal which is laid upon my table. You may not, perhaps, have heard of an English writer of merit, M. DISRAELI. In his first novel, called the *Curiosities of Literature*, he made proofs of esprit: his *Letters of Junius*, published subsequently, were sufficiently picquantes, and caused their publisher, WOODFALL, more than one prosecution: his *Life of Vivian Grey*, was a bleeding satire upon the celebrated Whig Earl, head of the powerful family the members of which have, for 20 years, governed this country.

"The Whigs, since that satire, have vowed to him an undying detestation. Lay your heel upon one member of the English aristocracy, and the whole body writhes and turns, encircles you with its enormous folds, and crushes its poisoned victims.

"Having quarrelled with the Whigs and PEEL, that transfuge to their camp, DISRAELI, the literrator, suddenly appears as the man politic. He enters the Chamber of Commons. He attaches himself to the party opposed to the Whigs. He defies the huge aristocratic dragon, lancing at the sweltering and venomous monster the shafts of his sarcasm, and piercing his scales with the brilliant glaive of his wit. PEEL, the champion of the oligarchy, falls under his blows—DISRAELI, like PEEL a man of the people, like PEEL rises to the command of a great aristocratical party in the state; he is unanimously elected as member for the Bucks, and leads them in their battle against their Whig enemy.

"What arrives? The aristocracy of England never pardons—it resorts to assassination rather than forgets. The death of DISRAELI was resolved upon, and very nearly put into execution but a few days past.

"Would you know how? By a stratagem brutal yet deadly. An infernal machine was invented by English treachery to destroy the first Consul: an omnibus is employed to crush DISRAELI.

"Being in his brougham traversing the streets of London, an omnibus, waiting its opportunity, dashed into the vehicle of the illustrious author, burst the armoriated panels of his light carriage, and cast him to the ground.

"The name of the proprietor of this omnibus was NELSON. Does not this explain the attack and the mystery?

"A NELSON does not retreat before armed force, brutal violence, and murderous stratagem.

"It was a NELSON who bombarded the peaceful city of Copenhagen.

"It was a NELSON who struck, like an assassin and incendiary, amidst the midnight flotilla of Boulogne; whence he was flung back by the strong arm of our braves. It was a NELSON who would have destroyed the member for the Bucks.

"SIR DISRAELI, escaping by a miracle, carried his plaint before the tribunals of the first instance. And in this country of England, where everything judges itself by money, where the chastity of the spouse, the purity of the daughter, pays itself at so much; what do you think, what does France think, was the fine imposed upon the agent of NELSON, the bravo of the box, who, in fault of a dagger, would have driven the pole of an omnibus and two horses into the dauntless bosom of the Member for the Bucks.

"SIR BINGHAM, the magistrate at the Court of Marlborough, (remark, Marlborough!—another name full of fatal recollections to France, another name suggesting blood, retribution, vengeance!) sate under the Statue of outraged Themis, and delivered the astonishing verdict.

"SIR BINGHAM fined SIR STANTON, the driver of the omnibus, SIXPENCE.

"—For the attempted murder of a poet, SIXPENCE!

"—For the assault on a statesman, SIXPENCE!

"—For the assassination of genius, SIXPENCE!

"Do you know what it is, sixpence in this City of London? The drive in an omnibus (without correspondences) is sixpence. The waiter at the taverne where you eat the bleeding beef, grumbles at the gratuity of sixpence. The maid at the hotel, who makes your chamber, scornfully flings you back sixpence—it is not enough for her service; it is not enough for the smoothing of a bed, for the passing of a *bassi noire* for the jug of hot water. The very pint of *hafanaf* costs sixpence; the beggar in the street expects sixpence; and the life of the greatest man in England is rated at the value of a chopine of ale, of a drive in an omnibus, of a waiter's fee, or a beggar's gratuity! Note, that this is true; that this is patent; that I read this in the public journals in the nineteenth century, in superb England, that builds palaces of crystal, and pretends to dominate the civilisation of the world!

"SIR DISRAELI's menaced life is valued at sixpence then: but his broken coach panel is rated at—how much think you—£8 10*s*.—at 212 francs 50 centimes!

"A life, 65 centimes!—a coach panel, 212 francs 50 centimes!—Oh, Albion!

"Yes: but the coach panel is armoriated: the coach panel has a blazon. It is an insult to attack a blazon in England: it costs 65 centimes to attempt a murder.

"To attempt to assassinate an unpopular statesman is the same cost to you as a cigar.

"Enough for the present regarding MONSIEUR DISRAELI. I grieve to find that another leader of the Chamber of Commons, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, has met with a still more melancholy fate, and has succumbed.

"Flying from the odium which his administration had caused in this country, it appears that SIR RUSSELL took shelter in Ireland, which, as you know is now joined to England by the vast Menai Tunnel. The journals of to day, the 28th, received from Ireland, announce his fate.

"A Limerick paper states, that, 'On Monday last immense crowds paraded the streets of the town of Ennis, with blazing tar-barrels borne on rafts, and bearing in the centre LORD JOHN RUSSELL, wearing a hideous mask. The yells and shouts of the crowd were terrific, and after traversing the town—*not forgetting to visit Bindon Street, where the Judges of Assize were lodging*—the crowd returned opposite the Old Court House, and there committed LORD JOHN to the flames, amidst vociferous execrations, and repeated cheers for CARDINAL WISEMAN. *No stones were thrown or disrespect offered to the Protestant Church, which they passed twice.*'

"The EX-PREMIER seems to have escaped, however, from the roasting at Ennis: and probably fled in disguise from that beautiful city: for we find, by the *Tipperary Free Press*, that he was at Clonmel the next day, '*most ludicrously attired*, carried on the back of a brawny fellow, a number of men following and belabouring him with huge wattles. They conveyed him through several streets, and, at length, having suspended him from a lamp-post, it was set on fire, amidst the groans of those assembled.'

"Is not this an awful picture—a haughty nobleman ludicrously attired—carried before the courts where the judges of the land were sitting, belaboured with wattles and hanged, and burned à la lanterne? O LEDRU ROLLIN! you said well that this country was hastening to dissolution, and was to pay a speedy penalty for historic crimes! The indignant people rise in their wrath upon the minister who has designated their beloved rites as superstitious, carry him to the doors of the Protestant temple which they respect, dress him in ludicrous disguises, and slay him in the public place!

"Were these facts not narrated in a newspaper, I should hesitate to believe them. But they are in print, and cause neither denial, nor surprise, nor indignation. The shops are not closed; the tocsin is not sounding; the phlegmatic people are not in arms, but move with restless egoism on the affairs of their commerce. I feel that I am about to gaze on awful convulsions in the midst of a great, a doomed, a terrible people!

"Agree the assurances of my highest consideration,

"GOBEMOUCHE."

MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS.

(From our own Reporter.)

PUNCH'S own Reporter was constantly under the windows, and up and down the areas of Downing Street, during the past week, for the purpose of catching the droppings from the official eaves, and collecting all the official kitchen-stuff that was to be obtained from the culinary department of the Government.

One of the first incidents that seemed to show the hopelessness of the return of the late Ministry to power was the appearance of a small truck at the door of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S official residence. The truck remained empty for about half-an-hour, when a wash-hand-stand, which we ascertained to be the private property of SIR CHARLES WOOD was thrown into it; and from the removal of this stand we inferred that all hopes had subsided of his being able to continue his stand in Downing Street. Shortly afterwards a pair of slippers and a boot-jack were placed in the truck; and we at once surmised, from these arrangements, that SIR CHARLES intended walking away while his shoes were good—or, at all events, while he thought them so.

Our observations at the back door of the Foreign Office were rewarded by an interview, pregnant with political meaning, between the Porter and the Pot-boy; for the emphatic words, "no more beer wanted after to-day," were sufficient to let us into the secret that there was a break up in that quarter. Bearing round to the kitchen windows of the Colonial Office, we were fortunate enough to catch the milkman in the act of taking back one "ha'porth" out of the usuul "pen'orth" of milk; and we had the privilege of overhearing the following dialogue:—

Milkman. Only half the quantity of milk! Why, what's up now?

Servant. What's up—why, it's all up for the present. We shall only want a ha'porth till we know whether the new minister takes any tea here. That's all I know about it.

We immediately drew from this, the obvious conclusion, that the ordinary domestic arrangements in Downing Street were thrown out, which could only have arisen from the throwing out of the Government. How far our suspicions were justified, will have been seen by the result, and we only regret that our inability to be in two places at once—a regret many office-hunters will share with us—prevented us from having a thorough good sneak, about the areas and railings of the Protectionists, which would have brought us regularly within the pale of all the principal political intelligence.

ACCOMMODATION FOR THE CITY JUDGES.

I'd be a City judge, sitting for hours,
Where rogues, lawyers, juries, and witnesses meet,
Roaming Guildhall, like a bee among flowers,
Except that the atmosphere's not quite so sweet;
I'd never agitate worshipful powers
Until they assign'd me a permanent seat;
I'd be a City judge, fagging for hours,
In this hole or that, as the Court chanced to meet.

Hit Him, He's got no Friends.

LAST week, while HER MAJESTY was sending right and left for the heads of parties to get a Government, it is strange that the Royal summons was not directed to SIR CHARLES WOOD; for it is allowed on all hands —by foes as well as friends—that there is no one so capable of knocking up a Cabinet.

THE UMBRELLA AT THE PALACE.

ON a certain day last week was seen an umbrella lounging against a certain door opening to a certain back-staircase. In ordinary times, an umbrella in such a place and position might have lounged unnoticed: but there are political and social occasions in which an unassuming British umbrella is invested with a powerful significance, akin to that which clothes and elevate the royal umbrella of the Emperor of Morocco. It seemed tolerably certain that the umbrella was the property of some individual sent for. Whose could it be? Certain beholders gave their different thoughts upon the matter.

The umbrella was manifestly of cotton—could it be Manchester cotton? Was the article the chattel of R—CH—D C—B—EN? Occasion and place gave warranty to the supposition. For R—CH—D, if not the originator—or, so to speak, the discoverer—of the principles that make cheap bread; thereby making the great national prosperity which the Royal Speech, as with a silver trumpet, sounded—if not the inventor of the principle, R—CH—D must be acknowledged (nay, there have been some 70,000 minted witnesses to the fact,) the triumphant general who carried such principles into the fight, and won the hard battle with them. Corn from Egypt, corn from the vallies of America, may intertwine upon the brow of the general of Manchester; and, therefore, it is almost conclusive that the aforesaid cotton umbrella is the umbrella of C—B—EN "sent for." And for this well-known, national reason. We are a people singularly addicted to patronise and reward the man whose genius has first patronised and rewarded society. We care nothing for a man's register of birth—heed nothing whose names it carries as the begetters of the man of ability—we ask not what is his escutcheon, or whether he has one or not, treating heraldic griffins and cockatrices as of no part of the man soever—but only considering his works as his best quarterings; and so, believing that it is the habit of England so to believe in and reward the real man, with never a thought of his tree genealogical—why, then, there can be no doubt soever that this cotton umbrella here significantly left at the Palace-door, is the property of R—CH—D C—B—EN, "sent for?"

The umbrella, albeit of cotton, was certainly *not* the umbrella belonging to C—B—EN. Not at all his sort of umbrella. It was evidently too big—of too large a compass. An umbrella that expanded in a pelting shower, was wide enough at once to cover the broad brim of a Quaker, and the shadowing (blighting) scarlet of a Cardinal. The umbrella—any odds would be given upon such belief—the umbrella was the property of J—HN BR—HT. For why, although one of the Friends, why should not he be "sent for?"

No doubt of it, the umbrella is cotton—but not of the Manchester manufacture, certainly not. That web was spun on the other side of the Tweed; and is, moreover, of so strong a sort, that it has defied any thickness of Scotch mist. The umbrella can belong to nobody, if not to J—S—PH H—ME. An admirable family umbrella adapted economically to do double duty—a thing, at once an umbrella and a parasol. The handle is no doubt a Scotch pebble; or, if not Scotch pebble, a bit of buck Scotch-horn. Beneath this umbrella J—S—PH has for nearly half-a-century stood safe from the Treasury beams; nay, even in showers of manna—as they were wont to fall in the good times—J—S—PH has kept himself perfectly *dry*. And by means of this umbrella J—S—PH would encamp the British army, cutting it down to dimensions that even one umbrella should cover. Were it permitted to open an umbrella leaning at a Palace door, then would be seen ribs of iron—old iron; but still true as steel. Well, it is something to live for: to know that a man may work for fifty years, and at last be "sent for."

Well, how any man, with what he thinks to be eyes in his head, can take that for a cotton umbrella? Why, is it not plain? The umbrella is made up of Persian; flimsy Persian; and—who can doubt it?—is the property of "hurried" B—NJ—IN D—R—LI, in hot haste sent for. Look at the article. Expand it—there can be no gainsaying it—it is shabby, and full of rents; it has, in its day, been used in so many adverse modes; now striking the Marylebone hustings in the cause of Reform, and now exposed as a scarecrow in an English corn-field. And here and there it is patched with bits of foreign silk of every colour, and the handle called a Scotch pebble; why, look again—is it not a bit of Minories mosaic? Therefore is it a real Bucks' umbrella; and, therefore, past all question, is the fact, that at last D—R—LI has been "sent for."

And after this various fashion did divers people view and review the umbrella at the Palace door. We merely give their contending speculations. *Whose* umbrella—at the time we write—is really there, is more than even *Punch* knows; although he has a hankering opinion that it ought to be no other than his own.

THE D——E OF W——N. P——E A——T.

SENDING FOR THE OLD DOCTOR.

THE BRITISH BANKER ABROAD.

THE new passport system is a most significant, and withal, a most honourable characteristic of England. An English traveller moves upon his banker, as his watch, to be worth anything, moves upon a diamond. The price of the foreign passport—still to be had, whilst we write, of PALMERSTON AND CO.—is lowered to the small sum of 7*s.* 6*d.* Three half-crowns fit the wanderer with a document that saves him time and trouble on his way, rejoicing; and haply obtains of the small folks in foreign office some additional momentary respect—some transient smile or rudiment of a bow to the bearer. But of the thousands of carpet-bagged Britons who cross the sea, how few in proportion, are there worthy of the glorification of a Foreign Minister's passport; albeit the three half-crowns may peep from between the ready thumb and finger of the traveller, yearning to pay! For there are three provisos, one of which must be achieved, ere the document can be exchanged for the aforesaid seven-and-sixpence. Three provisos: namely—

I. The incipient traveller must be known to the Foreign Secretary of State.

II. The would-be traveller, not knowing the Secretary, must get at him through an acquaintance; otherwise, by knowing somebody who knows him.

III. The prepared traveller, not knowing the Foreign Secretary of State, and, further, being on so low a round of the social ladder, that—miserable, depressed man!—he even knows not any fellow-biped acquainted with the Minister; why, still there is hope for him;—if he can be recommended as a fit, decent, and proper person to cross the seas, by "an eminent banker."

Having no banker, the man has no being; that is, as being is interpreted and understood at the Foreign Office. And this is a very proper definition of a nothing, a nobody, a *nullus homo*. And it is, moreover, decent and wise that the English traveller should have his condition translated in the polyglot of our Foreign Secretary; that the bearer's passport should surround him with a halo of importance, as reflected either from a personal acquaintance with the Foreign Minister—or from an acquaintance with his acquaintance—or, what is possibly as bright a glory, if even not a brighter aureole—from the cash account, held by an eminent English banker. Under either of these aspects, the traveller is an interesting biped, awakening divers speculations in the bosoms of *douaniers* and in the disinterested brain-pans of landlords and waiters. The Foreign Office passport is known to be in the pocket of that very gentlemanly traveller; and one of these results becomes the metaphysical property of certain people, as they believe, concerned in the inquiry:

"Our Traveller knows LORD PALMERSTON. Haply goes to his parties; any way he is acquainted with his Lordship. If not—

"Our traveller is hand-and-glove with somebody who knows LORD PALMERSTON so well that the traveller's friend, for all passport purposes, need not know him at all. Or—

"Our Traveller has been recommended to the distinguished consideration of the Foreign Office, by an eminent banker; who, no doubt, takes care of the cash of that most interesting individual, newly crossed the seas, and with the odour of London coal yet fresh upon him."

And the traveller, as he ought to do, vindicates abroad the human dignity that we insist upon at home; the dignity of human nature; for an Englishman can hardly be said to walk upright, considering the stars, who have no balance. Indeed, he can hardly be allowed a human consideration and position. There are, we know, hundreds of thousands of sign-post likenesses of men, who, having no banker, "eminent" or otherwise, do notwithstanding pay their taxes; but, after all, they are but dumb dogs; for although they are compelled to pay—they have no voice. In fact, your true Briton—like your true sovereign piece—is only made at the Mint.

So preach Britons of one another; and so to all the nations—through its passports—shouts the Foreign Office.

THE JARGON OF GENTILITY NOT NEW.

YOUNG ladies—and other persons of that kind—entertain a notion that the language of our ancient law is rugged, harsh, rough, uncouth: the reverse of everything that is genteel and refined. They know not how closely its phraseology resembles the labial delicacies, the tip-tongue prettinesses of speech and elegant levities of style, resulting from the admixture of foreign with native expressions in the language prevalent in Belgravia, and thereabouts. Take, for instance, the following quotation—made in the House of Lords the other evening by the EARL OF ST. GERMANS—from MOORE'S *Reports*:—

"33 ELIZABETH.—*En le* case *d'un* Manu *que fui* sue *en le* court Christian *pour le marier d'un de ses* wives' sisters' daughters, *et* prohibition *fuit agard* (awarded) *quia tel mariage n'est prohibite per le* Levitical *ley*."

It will be seen that the dialect of the old courts is even more sublimated in its gentility than that of the modern drawing-rooms: being actually based on the Zephyrine tongue of France, and only garnished, or, more tastily to speak, ballasted, with the strong Saxon. Whereas, in the *salons*, however *recherché* may be the discourse, the Saxon predominates, and the language of compliment, *la cuisine*, and *la danse*, occupies only a secondary place in the hodge-podge.

MR. PUNCH'S POEM ON THE POLITICAL CRISIS.

SINCE HUMPTY DUMPTY, whose immortal smash
A king's whole power could not repair at all,
Eyes have not witnessed such an awkward smash
To remedy, as LORD JOHN's recent fall.

And what a task our gracious QUEEN has had,
Trying to mend a shattered Cabinet!
Why, 'twas enough to drive a Sovereign mad,
Whose crown had on a common head been set.

Suppose you had to join a broken dish,
With no cement at hand but gum or glue,
Wanting Poo-loo, Oh! would you not cry "Pish!"
And "Poo!"—or worse than "Poo!"—without the loo?

Such botheration as yourself might feel,
About your fractured platter or tureen,
Has been experienced—more, perhaps, a deal—
During this plaguy crisis, by the QUEEN.

And yet, how many subjects of the realm—
How many liegemen—honest, wise, and true,
There are, who might be found to guide the helm,
And work the vessel, like a first-rate crew.

To satisfy the nation is the job!
Well; you might do it in an easy way:
Construct your budget so as not to rob
Income of more than it should fairly pay.

Take off, without reserve, the tax on light;
Further reduction, if you fear to try,
Extend the franchise—there you 'll sure be right—
And see about retrenchment by-and-by.

The tax on bread pretend not to restore,
In fact, you 'd not be able, if you wished;
Protection's shout is but an empty roar—
DISRAELI knows, himself, the cause is dished.

As to the POPE, in England put him down—
Down, mind—don't play with him at fast and loose;
Let Ireland be; however sad to own,
The fact is, PADDY's Popery 's gone goose.

This is the programme for the "Coming Man,"
Forthcoming who does not appear to be,
But will be, if, approving of his plan,
HER MAJESTY will only send for me.

A LATE LAMENTED PARTY.

THE newspapers report a meeting of the County of Cambridge, which was convened the other day, at Ely, for the purpose of considering what could be done for Agriculture, in reference to her present embarrassed circumstances. Unfortunately the assembly failed to suggest anything that could be done, except the community at large, which it proposed to do out of a tax on food. A sensible recommendation, however, was delivered to the farmers by MR. BALL, of Burwell—though, perhaps, that gentleman did not intend his advice to be understood exactly as *Mr. Punch* understands it. He declared, that,

"In answer to the threat of SIR JAMES GRAHAM, the Agriculturists ought to wave aloft the banner of Protection, inscribed with the motto '*Resurgam*.'"

Yes: *Resurgam* would be a good motto for the Protectionist banner. So would *Mors Janua Vitæ*, or *In medio vitæ morte sumus*, or *In Cælo Quies*; or any other inscription borrowed from a hatchment. The great fact expressed by all such legends is that the party is defunct.

The Unacknowledged Cabinet.

"WY d' yer call this here Crisis a Hinterregnum?" an individual belonging to the inferior classes of wags was heard to demand. "With LORD STANLEY, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and SIR JAMES GRAHAM, continually drivin' backards and forrads, ain't there a cabbin' it goin on all the wile?"

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

(By our own Reporter.)

THE moment the ministerial crisis was known to exist, we chartered a cab for our own reporter, who was instructed to gallop as fast as he could after everything and everybody that seemed likely to afford a clue to the movements of the ex- or embryo ministers. The following sketch of the proceedings of the past week, will take its place among the most important of our annals; and the future MACAULAY will find his account in consulting our account, when he sits down to write the history of the Great Crisis.

FRIDAY.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL, on leaving the House of Commons, "had an audience" of the cheers which greeted the announcement of the majority against the Government. On his arrival at home, he lamented to his private secretary, over his misfortune, and seemed to be struggling to resign himself.

SATURDAY.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL, having this morning disconnected the Seals of Office from his watch-chain, proceeded to Buckingham Palace to lay them at the feet of HER MAJESTY.

While LORD JOHN RUSSELL was selecting his umbrella from the palace hat-stand, the bell was rung, for pen and ink, with which HER MAJESTY immediately wrote to LORD STANLEY. LORD JOHN having let himself out, a special messenger was despatched—who run himself out of breath, making the bystanders wonder what was in the wind—to LORD STANLEY'S residence.

His Lordship called immediately for his "old office coat," and putting it on, to make as near an approach as possible to official habits, at once proceeded to the palace.

MONDAY.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL rose at an early hour, and, while in the act of shaving, was ruminating on the hot water into which he had got himself, when a communication reached him from HER MAJESTY.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM, on hearing of the crisis, called for a clean collar, put on a bold front, and, calling for his best boots, to make his footing good, waited for what might happen.

In the course of the day LORD JOHN RUSSELL called upon LORD ABERDEEN, and after stating that he, LORD JOHN, looked up to him,

LORD ABERDEEN, for advice, the latter with much ambiguity, said, he might look down upon the former.

During the afternoon, LORD PALMERSTON, hearing that he was likely to lose some of his dearest "diplomatic" relations, proceeded to call on somebody to inquire after them.

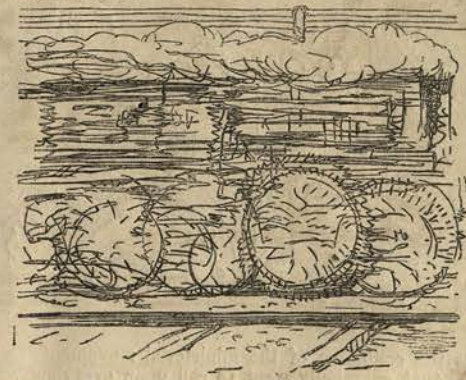
MR. DISRAELI, on hearing of the Ministerial crisis, immediately waited upon Fortune, but was not favoured with an interview.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was in a state of much anxiety during the day; and at about three o'clock, his official residence presented a very moving scene, for several articles of furniture were conveyed to his private abode. The budget was thrown into a silk handkerchief, to be conveyed by his own hand; but it was found to be so carelessly put together, that it could not be carried.

TUESDAY.—LORD J. RUSSELL called upon *Mr. Punch*, with whom his Lordship remained closeted for several hours. It was expected that his Lordship would take a leaf or two out of *Mr. Punch's* book, which gave great firmness to the Funds, and caused a lively sensation in the City.

At half-past ten HER MAJESTY again sent for LORD STANLEY, who undertook the task of forming a self Protectionist Ministry.

On hearing that LORD STANLEY had gone a second time to the Palace, MR. DISRAELI took his seat—and the oaths—as "gentleman in waiting," before the fire.



WEDNESDAY.—Every thing remained in abeyance until the arrival of MR. GLADSTONE from Paris, and inquiries were made at the terminus of the South Eastern until the Right Honourable gentleman was recognised in one of the carriages.

Every thing, it was thought, would be in train directly MR. GLADSTONE stepped out of it.

In the course of the day LORD STANLEY called upon MR. DISRAELI, and, in the course of the same day, MR. DISRAELI, erroneously calculating that a quick return might lead to some small profit, returned the visit.

On MR. GLADSTONE'S arrival, the honourable

gentleman, wholly regardless of expense, proceeded by the handsomest of hansom cabs, to the residence of LORD STANLEY.

The interview was of the briefest description, for after a few inquiries MR. GLADSTONE refused for one moment to take a seat in the library, or in the Cabinet of LORD STANLEY.

Such was the confusion of the ministerial movements and political promenades, that everybody went to call upon everybody. The hall porters were never known to have had such a time of it, but though knocking and ringing at doors continued throughout the whole day, nothing seemed to answer.

THURSDAY.—In the course of the afternoon the EARL OF ABERDEEN was sent for to the Palace, where he remained till past midnight. What was the result of his Lordship's advice is of course not known, but we have reason to believe that an illustrious personage was much inclined to sleep upon it.

During the whole of the day, MR. DISRAELI was understood to be so particularly engaged, that, with the exception of LORD STANLEY, he could see nobody. So important were MR. DISRAELI's interviews with himself during the Ministerial Crisis, that it appears to have had the effect of shutting him up in the most extraordinary manner.

Rumours were afloat early in the day that *Mr. Punch* had been "sent for." The funds jumped about in the most buoyant manner as these rumours began to be credited, but we have authority to state that *Mr. Punch*, however willing to serve and assist his royal mistress, considers that his present honourable office (85 Fleet Street), is the only one he has leisure to fill with due regard to the happiness and welfare of his country.

FRIDAY.—MR. GLADSTONE waited upon LORD ABERDEEN, and it was generally understood that everybody declined having anything to do with everybody also; and, accordingly, orders were sent to the washer-women of the late Ministers to send their things as usual to Downing Street.

A Hint for the Quacks.

WHY is it that the advertising doctors will catch hold of our legs, when they might just as profitably seize us by the ears, or have a pull at our noses? Why is it always a bad leg of so many years standing, that is promised a cure by the advertising practitioners? Surely this "bad leg" has had a pretty good run; and all the old hands must be so familiar with the leg, that something else ought to be set on foot as soon as possible. What would the world say to "a bad sneeze of five years standing," or "nose and eyes of twenty years running;" either of which would be a change at all events, from the leg which must have tired itself out by this time, almost as completely as it has tired the public.

A PARLIAMENTARY DIVISION.

SIBTHORP says, "The present House of Commons may be divided into two classes: Cotton-spinners and Yarn-spinners; and he doesn't know which is worse."

PUNCH AND THE VEGETARIANS.

Everybody knows that *Punch* never laughs at a really good thing, except, perhaps, at a good joke—if it should chance not to be his own—a condition which very rarely happens. We have laughed once or twice at the Vegetarians, who stand ridicule with so much good humour, that quizzing them seems to put them in spirits; and, as they are precluded by their rules from anything exhilarating, in the way of drink, we dare say they find a threepenny "go" of *Punch* a most agreeable substitute. Of course, if their principle is the true one, there will be no laughing it down; but if otherwise, a little ridicule will be wholesome in a double sense; for it will afford them the excitement of a laugh, while it cures them of their folly.

The Vegetarians profess to see a close connection between the kitchen-garden and morality, as well as a near relationship between the orchard and the intellect. They profess the belief that the mind flourishes on mashed potatoes, and that we must look for true virtue among cabbage-plants and beds of asparagus.

We do not look upon any man as better than his neighbours, because his life may have been one perpetual round of potatoes, beans, and broccoli; nor do we believe that one whose mind is always in the costermonger's cart, can attain to any very high degree of intellectual culture. The imagination that is bounded by Covent Garden Market, the fancy that plays about the greengrocer's sieve, the heart that is true to the pottle, the affections that twine themselves round the rope of onions, the sentiments that mix themselves with the salad, are nothing in our unprejudiced eyes; and we cannot, therefore, concede to the Vegetarians the credit they claim for a grand union between the market-garden and the moral and mental attributes.

We have no doubt there are some excellent men living on green stuffs, and we think they would be none the worse for a moderate indulgence in a more generous diet. The Vegetarians seem to imagine that the virtues are to be cultivated on garden produce; that a certain number of potatoes will make a man a Raleigh, and that a constant adherence to cabbage will ultimately make a Bacon. We protest against the whole system as an absurdity, but admit that we are open to correction; and we promise our vegetarian friends that when we can be persuaded that their plan is something better than mere gammon, we will stick to spinach for a twelvemonth.

A NICE TIME OF IT IN ST. JAMES'S.

If we desired to lay our hands upon a grievance, we should at once lay our hands on St. James's clock, which seemed to be without hands when we looked at it last from the corner of Sackville Street. Musing on its dismemberment, we had got into Jermyn Street, when we looked up again to the other side of the clock, which did not exhibit a manual deficiency. Not only was another face put on the matter, but there was also a pair of hands, pointing to half-past ten as the time of day; when, happening to look up at one of the sides of this doubly double-faced clock, we observed that it seemed to be going hand in hand, for both hands were at 12 precisely. Watching the clock for a few minutes, we observed that the hands, thus united, never moved, and we came to the conclusion that the great parochial arbiter of the times was prevented, by having its hands tied in some way, from doing its duty.

We have since been inundated with letters from the parishioners, who complain that the clock is guilty of the grossest irregularities; that its goings on are only to be equalled by its standings still, and that it has completely given the go-bye to all who have been accustomed to go by it. As to striking, the clock has become so eccentric, that its movements ought to be watched very narrowly, for, every time it strikes, it may be said to aim a blow at truth, inasmuch, as what it says, cannot be relied upon. We understand that a paltry plan of economy has been the cause of this horological outrage upon all the best interests of business in the parish of St. James, and that the few shillings formerly allowed for winding up the clock have been cut off by the financial reform party in the vestry. The result is, that nobody is now responsible for the winding-up of the clock, which is thrown entirely on its own hands, and, having no one to regulate its works, there is no keeping its hands out of mischief.

An Ephemeral Ministry.

The *Daily News*, in a complimentary article upon the Protectionist party, says, it is composed of nothing but "fops, fools, fanatics, and foxhunters." The existence of such a party, then, composed of so many *fs*, must necessarily be very f-f-f-f-em-ral.—*From a Rejected Contributor.*

The High Baker Party.—The Protectionists in Parliament, who—as a judicious housewife has observed—are trying to get up a ferment to make the bread rise—will be known to after ages as "The Members who quarrelled with the Belly."

THE MINISTER WITHOUT ARMS.

Many years ago, a Grand Turk caused his Vizier's arm to be cut off, and proclaimed that the arm should be thrown up, and whoever caught it falling should succeed in the Vizier's place; but upon terms to be served the same sauce at a year's end. When the crowd was come together to catch the arm, one man, more diligent and dextrous than the rest, caught it. So he was Vizier; and, at the year's end, his right arm was cut off and thrown up as before, and he himself, with his left arm, caught it again; and after his second year, his left arm was cut off, and thrown up, and he caught it with—his mouth. And for this parable—at the relator names the story—we are indebted to the travelled experience of Sir Roger North; a parable narrated in Constantinople, now some nearly two hundred years ago; in which time, the world, top-like, has had many spinnings.

And yet, in 1851, Protectionist Minister Stanley has the choice of becoming Vizier of all England—but is to be Vizier without arms. And Minister Stanley refuses the hard conditions: it would be impossible for him to hold place without arms. Whereupon, Mufti Disraeli comes forth; and declares that the embryo Vizier never refused office upon such terms; and further the said Mufti, there and then, in Divan, indicated that if even place were to be granted without arms, he—the Mufti—was prepared to catch and hold on to office with his mouth.

THE REV. HUGH STOWELL ON *PUNCH.*

At the late rather considerable meeting, at Exeter, of persons who object to the Church of the Inquisition, and are disinclined to allow their country to be enslaved by its hierarchy, *Mr. Punch* had the honour of being introduced by

The Rev. Hugh Stowell, who made an eloquent speech, warmly in accordance with the national sense of the Pope's paternal kindness in giving us a new priesthood to govern us, and regulate our family relations, and look after our spiritual affairs, and also take care of any temporal property which shall be bequeathed in conformity with the advice of the holy gentlemen who may "get the death-beds" of our relations. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Stowell, according to the *Morning Post*, observed that

"It was most astounding, that men, calling themselves Liberals, should now be the special apologists of the Papacy. (*Hear hear.*) Why, they now had, in this country, extremes meeting indeed. He had been shown, in a publication he did not often look into, and which was noted for wit, a singular sketch—they had in *Punch*—(*a laugh*)—a representation in which Mr. Bright, the impersonation of liberalism, was embracing Dr. Wiseman, the impersonation of despotism. (*Laughter and cheers.*)"

It was kind of the Rev. Mr. Stowell to make such handsome mention of the name of *Mr. Punch*. Mr. Stowell's confession that *Mr. Punch's* publication was one which he did not often look into, was made, *Mr. Punch* trusts, only as a pledge that the omission should cease. Everybody, especially every public character, should read *Punch*. Through the neglect of the perusal of *Punch*, or inattention to *Punch's* warnings, political characters are betrayed into the courses that bring them to an ignominious end; and many a minister may date his fall from the disregard of some article or paragraph, or large cut, or initial letter in this periodical. The Pope would never have invaded us if he had minded his *Punch*; nor would Mr. Bright have helped him in that attempt to trample on England, which will only, *Mr. Punch* sincerely hopes, end in his putting his foot in it.

Miraculous Industry.—Whilst Protestants, in the pride of their superior intelligence laugh at the winking and bleeding pictures of Continental credulity, it must not be forgotten that we have numerous saints—some of them adored, too—in Belgravia, who have worked a great many miracles—in Berlin wool.

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THE BALLAD OF JOHN BULL, AND THE LOATHLIE THING THAT SAT ON HIS SHOULDERS.

It is a large and lusty man,
In hose of the buckskin true,
And tops of the brown mahogany,
And a coat of Windsor blue.

And sore he toils, and more he moils,
At all work man may ply—
He layeth the rail, he setteth the sail,
He delves the land, and he plies the flail,
To the tune of "Never say die!"

His shuttle you hear, in the morning clear,
Its hum with the lark's song blending;
There's a glare from the gorge of his roaring forge,
Hours after the long day's ending.

O'er the ledger's red rule, at desk and stool,
You may see him patiently poring;
Or, till ready to drop, he sells in his shop
The goods he is ever storing.

'Tis work, work, work, without stint or shirk,
Till the world of his wares is full;
This worker, I trow, we all of us know,
And his name it is John Bull.

But in day-light or gloom, at forge or loom,
In mart, or eke in mill;
And whether he go, or sit, or stand,
And whether his work be of brain or hand,
He beareth a burden still.

A loathlie thing doth clasp and cling
About his shoulders square;
It weights his back, till the bones they crack;
It clutches his throat, till the face is black;
It sticks like a burr, and it lies like a sack,
And still poor Bull must bear.

"Now what 's amiss, what thing is this,
That sticks to thee like wax?"
With a doleful pull of his face, quoth Bull,
"They call him Income-Tax.

"There doth he stick, 'tis vain to kick,
His weight I may not doff—
In grumble and groan, nine years are gone,
Since he asked for a ride and I let him get on,
And now he won't get off.

"He said he 'd but bide for a three years' ride,
And I felt no apprehension;
But when, in three years, I tried to pitch
Sir Income-Tax off into the ditch,
He took a fresh turn, and a double hitch,
And announced a change of intention.

"For, *he* was easy, he declared,
And meant to sit there still;
And when I swore, with rage and roar,
He said I was ne'er so well off before,—
And declared he 'd never come down any more;—
And I don't suppose he will!"

Then the thing 'gan laugh—and John to chaff,
How he 'd ride for many a year—
"And look," he said, "how fairly I 'm laid,
On neck and arms, and shoulders and head—
Ne'er was weight so well distributed,
So saith the Chancellère—"

Sir Charles the Wood, that Chancellor good,
Did hap to come that way—
And as he passed by, John Bull's sore cry,
And Income-Tax's pleasant reply,
To listen to, did stay.

Quoth he, "Good John, forbear thy moan,
For Income-Tax saith true;
His sitting there is easy, I swear,
For me, if not for you.

"I rede ye, bear him as ye may,
And grumble not so sore—"
Which rede John Bull did take in huff,
For he started forth, and with fist so rough,
He seized the Chancellor by the scruff,
And kicked him out of door.

Then turning his head up to Income-Tax
That straightway 'gan look blue—
Quoth he, "There 's an end of the wooden friend,
That to keep thee there his aid did lend,
And now, my boy, for you!"

* * * *

(*Cætera desunt.*)

A RAILWAY LINE ENGRAVING.

THE *Illustrated News* gives us an account of a "Monster Railway Bar" that was manufactured at some unpronounceable place in Wales, and measured 62 feet in length. If we were called upon to give a similar illustration, we are afraid we should simply give the portrait of a celebrated ex-Railway King; for we certainly look upon him as the greatest BAR which railways have ever had in this country.

RISING STATESMEN.

DURING the late Ministerial crisis, that is, on Tuesday, the 25th of February, there is now no doubt whatever that the highest personage in the realm sent for LORD STANLEY, at half-past ten o'clock in the morning. Clearly, he who would rise to be the QUEEN's minister must rise with the lark. Whether or no the couch of the British Statesman is a bed of down or roses, it is quite clear that he must not be too fond of it, or he may happen, one fine morning, to be summoned to the councils of his Sovereign before he is up, or, at least, before he has finished his breakfast. LORD STANLEY arrived at Buckingham Palace promptly at eleven o'clock, and was discussing the State of affairs with the QUEEN for more than an hour. Whether he had previously discussed his roll and bloater, we are not in a position to state; and the question may be considered frivolous, if not impertinent. But it should be considered that the experience of working on an empty stomach would afford a good lesson to a politician who might be called upon by his party to increase the price of food.

MONSTER TESTIMONIALS.

"GEORGE SLOANE, taken from life," is advertised as having been added to MADAME TUSSAUD and SONS' exhibition of wax-works. Notwithstanding the iconoclast zeal which has so strongly protested against the Chamber of Horrors, it appears that there is still among the British public a very numerous sect, inveterate in the practice of criminal image-worship. As everybody's "persuasion," whether true or false, is to be "respected," our idolatrous fellow-subjects, by way of some little indulgence to theirs, might be gratified by the erection of public monuments to some of the more distinguished objects of their veneration. A few statues of eminent murderers and other atrocious offenders might be ranged round the roof of Newgate, to encourage their devotion, and serve as testimonials to a class of remarkable persons whom so many of their countrymen delight to honour.

The Wood down in Lombard Street.

WHEN lovely Lombard Street is paved anew,
How still will be the scene; how sweet the view!
Beneath, the silent wood will be descried;
And many a golden bank on either side,
With richest notes where silvery change resounds,
To the sweet tune of many thousand pounds.

QUESTION FOR THE COUNTRY.

WHAT sort of a figure are we likely to make in the Exhibition of the World's Industry, when here we have been a whole week with nobody able to construct a Cabinet?

NEW VIEWS OF DIPLOMACY.

IT is a very generally received opinion that gammon is the basis of diplomacy; but the fact is, that it is impossible to conduct international negotiations on the foundation of that humble and economical fare, even when rendered more palatable by the addition of spinach. The *New York Herald* says, that MR. RIVERS has written a letter to MR. WEBSTER, complaining that the American Ambassadorship cannot be done at Paris under £9000 a year, and adds that

"According to MR. PAKENHAM, good dinners are half the battle of diplomacy; and the most favourable treaties are gained by liberal feeding."

This aphorism suggest important reflections.

A main point to be attended to in the formation of a diplomatic corps is the commissariat; and the force must be well armed with knives and forks, in addition to being supplied with plate armour.

The trenches in diplomatic warfare must be manned by regular trenchermen.

Rivals in diplomacy must be cut out by actual carving; and in order to dish them, recourse must be had to real dishes.

If one diplomatist wishes to turn the tables on another, it is requisite that he and his suite should keep the better tables.

The politeness of diplomatic intercourse should be qualified, in some measure, with sauce, and its gravity tempered with gravy.

Treating, in diplomacy, is best managed by giving "a spread."

Bold diplomatists are those "who greatly daring, dine."

The most liberal foreign policy is that of giving grand banquets, and is pursued by the LORD MAYOR.

A plenipotentiary should have unlimited powers of cramming.

An ambassador has been defined to be, "a man sent abroad to lie for the sake of the commonwealth;" but the definition must be enlarged to express the fact, that he is also a person deputed to a foreign country to eat and drink for the interest of his native land.

The most important diplomatic functions are those of digestion.

Nobody could be found more competent to discharge those functions than *Mr. Punch*; unless *Mr. Punch* should be called upon to digest such a piece of insolence as the aggression of the POPE OF ROME.

How to Find Plenty of Room in a Crowded Omnibus.

Conductor. "Would any gentleman mind going outside, to oblige a lady?"

Unfortunate Gentleman (tightly wedged in at the back). "I should be very happy, but I only came, yesterday, out of the Fever Hospital."

[*Omnibus clears in a minute!*

MOTTO FOR A SUB-EDITOR.—"Aut *scissors*, aut nullus."

A NEW USE OF THE GLOBE.

FROM what we have heard, MR. WYLD is about to erect a great Globe in Leicester Square.—It has been suggested to us that the interior should be fitted up as lodgings for foreigners, who feeling their own countries too hot to hold them, might find accommodation on those parts of MR. WYLD's globe, which correspond with their own places of residence. By this arrangement a foreigner would feel himself perfectly at home, though really abroad, and in order to make the illusion so complete as to enable the continental visitors to fancy themselves living under their own government, or no government, as the case may be, the Globe might be made to perform a revolution once in twenty-four hours.

Gossip of the Crisis.

EXPECTATION has been standing so long on tip-toe, that she is found to have sprained her ancle.

The Protectionist party has been visited by HOPE, who is also said to have had an interview with CARDINAL WISEMAN, when she told his Eminence one of her flattering tales.

CONJECTURE has been out several times during the late uncertain weather.

RUMOUR has dealt largely in assertion, and has effected extensive sales.

SPECULATION has returned from a marine excursion; having been a week at sea, for the greater part of the time, in a dense fog.

A PATTERN SAINT FOR PIMLICO.—Which of the Saints was it that took the veil only to get married? ST. BRIDE, to be sure.

THE ORACLE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

A NEW system of theology, and mental and moral philosophy, is making some progress in the world, especially among a portion of the superior classes, whose sense of pleasure is exhausted by enjoyment, and in whom an enthusiastic temperament is combined with a feeble understanding. This species of revelation is derived from the mouths of soothsayers, who are generally either nervous and epileptic youths, or females afflicted with hysteria. The state of inspiration is induced on the seer by the processes of what is termed mesmerism; that is, by concentrating the gaze, or operating, by a sort of shampooing without contact, on the individual, till sleep is produced, in which state that person begins to talk. The discourse of the sleeper is in most cases manifestly incoherent and nonsensical; but, sometimes, it takes a more connected form, and relates to scenes in the other world, or remote objects in this, which the prophet, if not shamming, may be presumed to be dreaming about. These oracular trances are diversified, occasionally, by convulsions, and paroxysms of grief or violence.

During their more tranquil moments, the entranced afford information concerning another life, and the constitution of the mind. Useful knowledge respecting the latter point is obtained by touching the head in this or that place, when the subject of the experiment indicates, by speech or gesture, the faculty seated in the corresponding part of the brain, which is supposed to be excited by the finger's end, through the skull. For instance, when the part phrenologically called Self-esteem is touched, the somnambulist struts; when the finger is placed on Veneration, kneels down, or prays; or when it is put upon Wit, laughs and giggles, or, perhaps, in states of uncommon lucidity, quotes *Punch*.

Different phrenological manifestations, however, are obtained by different mesmerisers, and the same may be said of theological doctrines. There are conflicting denominations in the religion of fits. The hysterical faith, according to some of its preachers, declares the present existence final, and teaches that there is no essential difference between *Mr. Punch* and his dog *Toby*. According to others, that *Punch* is immortal; but that whether he has destroyed his wife and child, and killed the constable, the beadle, the churchwarden, the overseer, and JACK KETCH; or whether he has devoted himself all his life to promote the welfare of Society, will make little difference to the felicity of *Mr. Punch*.

The revelation of these vast, but contradictory wonders, is stated to be accompanied by the power of seeing, not only through stone walls and into closed pill-boxes, but also into the middle of next week, and farther; also of reading by the crown of the head, pit of the stomach, and soles of the feet.

The doctors of the epileptic Church complain grievously that their miracles are received with incredulity; which they might easily remove, by performing one of them—say, causing a patient to read *Punch* with the crown, or the heels, satisfactorily—in the College of Surgeons. Till this is done, the convulsionary doctrines will probably not find any disciples possessed of a homœopathic particle of common sense, albeit supported by certain persons who have too well deserved respect and esteem, that their names should be mentioned in connection with absurdity and "bosh." Persons wishing for information on mysterious subjects—unless they know of a better authority whence to seek it—should apply to *Mr. Punch*.

FRIENDS OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

THE *Times* states that at the late Election of a Lord Rector of Glasgow University, two "nations" voted for LORD PALMERSTON. It is not probable that those two nations were Austria and Russia.

GO! NAUGHTY MAN.—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (SIR C. WOOD) has been much blamed for his unwillingness to take off the Window-Tax, and he now has the satisfaction of feeling that he has been obliged to take himself off instead.

THE YEAR OF EXPECTATIONS.

THE present year, 1851, seems to be The Year of Expectations. Every one is expecting something!

Every lodging-house-keeper is expecting to let her lodgings at three, and four, and five times the ordinary rent!

Every house-agent is fondling the same beautiful expectations. We have heard of a sanguine agent who actually expects to let the grand house, at Albert Gate, opposite MR. HUDSON'S. What he expects to get for it, we should be afraid to mention!

Every little hotel and coffee-house-keeper expects to have his house filled from top to bottom, and is forming most absurd expectations as to the prices he shall get for beds, fitted up in sculleries, garrets, and dust-bins!

Every theatrical manager expects to have "Crowded Audiences," "Overflowing Houses," not merely in the play-bills, but positively inside the theatre every night!

Every proprietor of a Panorama, Diorama, Cosmorama, Cyclorama, and every other *rama*, expects to be able to retire next year with the enormous receipts of this season's Exhibition!

Every shopkeeper is madly expecting to sell off every bit of his stock this year, and expects if he does not make his fortune, that it will be entirely the fault of not having sufficient goods to supply the demands of his innumerable customers!

Every young lady is expecting to be brought up to town, for "Pa's been promising it ever so long, and he can't refuse now, for there never will be such an opportunity for seeing London as this present year!"

Every wife expects, of course, the same.

Every country yokel expects to come up to Lunnun this year, and expects to find our dirty streets paved with the traditionary paving-stones of gold, and to see the QUEEN riding about all day in a carriage and six, with the crown on her head, and the sceptre in one hand, and the ball in the other.

Every bigotted Englishman, belonging to the fine old JOHN BULL school, of stop-at-home Englishmen, expects to see every foreigner with long moustachios, long beard, and long hair, and dirty habits, similar to the class of Frenchmen he has been in the habit of meeting in Leicester Square, and expects that London will be troubled with nothing less than the Plague in consequence.

It would be difficult, and perhaps very tedious, to put down all the expectations that have been raised, like so many cucumbers, under the glass-frame of the Great Exhibition, more especially the expectations of all those who EXPECT THIS YEAR TO MAKE THEIR FORTUNES. We can only say, that amongst so many expectations, more or less fragile, that it will be a very great wonder if a few of them are not broken. And that is the only expectation we venture to form on the subject, and about the only one we expect to see fully realised this year!

COCKS AND HENS FROM EGYPT.

WHAT will COLONEL SIBTHORP, FARMER CHOWLER, aye, even the DUKE OF RICHMOND, say to the subjoined, extracted from the *Morning Post?*—

"The hens of Egypt now lay eggs for the Londoners. Thirteen casks were lately landed at Southampton from Alexandria."

Thus, our real, indomitable English game-cock is to be duly outcrowed by the cock of Egypt! Once upon a time, the KING OF SPAIN—if we may trust the letters of CARDINAL D'OSSAT—was called "the Cock of Christianity!" Would he have stood such an importation of heathen poultry; and ought our own LORD STANLEY, whose game-cocks have a national reputation at stake—ought he, as a Protectionist and a proprietor of English game birds—to allow of such a corruption of the breed of English hens, as these Egyptian eggs must inevitably bring into our farm-yards, and to the very doors of our British barns?

One fact, touching these Egyptian eggs, may show what we may expect. MR. COBDEN, with a contempt of the maternal instinct, worthy of a free-trader, last season set—degraded, we should say—honest English hens upon Egyptian eggs. And what is the consequence? Why, the hens, neglectful of motherly yearnings will only lay their eggs in an oven (to be hatched by wood and coals)—whilst the cocks, instead of strutting, *dolcemente feroce*—as the poet says—and crowing English cock-a-doodle-doos—do nothing but perch upon outhouses, for minarets, and at morn and evening crow—"*Allah Bismillah! Allah! Allah!*"

The Twopenny Great Exhibition.

PERSONS coming to London during the Great Exhibition, will imagine that they hear St. Paul's bell for the first time. A visit, however, to the sacred edifice will probably convince them that, by simply ringing two pence together, they might, at any time, have heard the toll of St. Paul's.

THE KAFFIR WAR IN ENGLAND.

THE dear Kaffirs have already cost us, in taxes, two millions of money—to teach them manners; and their education has been by no means of the sort known as finished. It is very bad, indeed, that these wild men—who are, it appears, not so wild after all; for some of them—according to DOCTOR PRICHARD—manufacture razors and knives of iron, cultivate sugar and tobacco, build their houses with masonry, climb into their houses, and—as they say of Europeans—"are gods:" now, it is bad enough that these semi-savage razor-makers should harry our friends at the Cape; but as the Colonists demand independence, by all means let them have all liberty to protect themselves at their own expense. Otherwise, at the cost of some couple more of millions, the Kaffirs do not confine their aggressions to the folks at the Cape, but carry the war into the cupboard of every Englishman. With two millions more voted to fight the savages, the Kaffir war may, in another year, be read after the following despatch:—

85, *Fleet Street*, *April* 1, 1852.

KAFFIR WAR IN ENGLAND.

During the past year the Kaffirs have appeared two millions strong throughout England.

The cupboards of the poorer orders have especially suffered.

In many instances, both chairs and tables have been seized, and carried away for the uses of the enemy.

Indeed, throughout the country the effect of the Kaffir irruption has been dismally felt; no family soever but has, in some way, been compelled to pay in contributions in money or kind; to the diminution of many household comforts; and, especially, to the denial of much soap and candles.

The Kaffirs have been especially felt in the Income-Tax. The Kaffirs weigh upon the Paper-Duty—the Kaffirs grin through the tax on Advertisements—and show their hideous painted faces in the Newspaper Stamp.

Every Englishman has felt that he has had, if not an entire Kaffir to board and lodge, he has had at least so much of a Kaffir to make the burden intolerable.

It is therefore proposed—(by the undersigned)—that the gift of Colonial Independence to the Cape of Good Hope be accompanied with the free and unrestricted grant of making all future provision for their neighbours, the Kaffirs.

PUNCH.

BRUNSWICK IN A BALLOON.

THE EX-DUKE OF BRUNSWICK has gone—or, wind permitting, will go—to Germany in the Nassau Balloon. A natural yearning, it may be, takes back His ROYAL HIGHNESS THE EX OF BRUNSWICK to Fatherland.

It was about midnight, on the 7th of September, 1830, that DUKE CHARLES, or Ex-Duke, turned his back on Brunswick and his Dukedom, his onward way brightened—made very clear—by his blazing castle, fired by rebellious democracy, that would not have 5500 lbs. of gunpowder deposited in a church in the heart of the city, such powder awaiting further consideration of His Royal Highness. For CHARLES OF BRUNSWICK, with no popular love to spare when he set out, early in the year, for France—not being ungrudgingly worshipped as the juvenile father of his people—had, but some days before, returned from Paris, smirched and smoked from the Barricades. It would seem that he was instantly resolved to show to chastised Brunswick how he—CHARLES of that ilk—would have enacted the larger part had he been CHARLES of France. Whereupon he suddenly swaggers like a tyrant in a burlesque. An old general is cut to the heart by Court gibes, and the Duke visits him on his death-bed; sees him defunct, and, upon view thereof, declares that "he must accustom himself to the sight of dead bodies!" At these words, everybody in the City—says the historian—takes alarm; naturally enough, everybody having a body to which the words aforesaid might be appropriated.

Upon which, ominous event follows event. Cannon are planted—and grape-shot promised on the ducal word to the Brunswickers. Finally—Exit Ex-Duke to the blaze of his hereditary castle.

And now, the Ex-Duke returns to Germany—for awhile. On Tuesday week he rose in the Nassau Balloon, with due refreshment—(CHARLES GREEN piloting CÆSAR and his hams and chicken)—"with a large quantity of provisions—water drags—and gutta percha lines." The wind blew favourably, but—shifted; and the balloon, after two hours—

"*Sailing in supreme dominion*
O'er the azure deep of air—"

descended at Gravesend, wind-bound. Determined, however, upon the flight, the Duke, like the migratory swallow, only awaits a favourable gale.

Long ere this appears in print, His Royal Ex-Highness may—though it is not likely—have descended even in the midst of the City of Brunswick; possibly—though, not probably—near the very steps of the very Church selected in 1830 to contain 5500 lbs. of gunpowder, destined for the use of disobedient Brunswickers.

Anyway, the flight of his EX-HIGHNESS OF BRUNSWICK from Germany, and his return thereto, suggest, by contrast, the pleasing thought that Royal CHARLES may have benefitted by his long exile here in England. Indeed, there can be no doubt of it. True it is, that, in his hot, chivalric youth, he, some twenty years since, threatened his loving people with a shower of VULCANIC grape,—but now, might we search all the contents of that Nassau Balloon, we have every belief that we should find among the pullets, copies of *Political Justice*, and with *pâtes Périgord*, admiring essays of the British *habeas corpus*.

MINISTRIES POSSIBLE AND IMPOSSIBLE.

DURING the late attempt at the formation of ministries nearly every kind of political chemistry was resorted to, for the purpose of effecting combinations of the most astounding character. The natural abhorrence of a vacuum extends to Downing Street, as it does to every other place, and so desirable was it to get a ministry of some kind or other without delay, that efforts of the most extraordinary kind were made, in all quarters, to get together a Government.

Among all the numerous *on dits* and actual information, we saw no account of an attempt which came under our immediate observation, of some friends of our own to form a Government. Though not sent for by the QUEEN, the parties sent for each other, with great vigour, and three or four of the chiefs were riding about in 'buses, and taking cabs to such an extent, that had they "come in" they would have deserved the title of cabbin' it ministers. As early as Tuesday last, MR. BRIEFLESS called on MR. DUNUP, and both proceeded together to BARON NATHAN, with whom they remained in consultation several hours. BARON NATHAN advised with them as to the best steps to be taken, and a great deal of letter-writing ensued; but nothing definitive was arranged, though the following skeleton sketch of a Cabinet was handed about in several quarters.

Lord Chancellor, MR. BRIEFLESS.
Chancellor of the Exchequer, MR. DUNUP.
Master of the Horse, MR. WIDDICOMB.
Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Ceremonies, BARON NATHAN.
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, MONS. SOYER.

The Vices of Chancery.

LORD LANGDALE'S bill, for appointing a new Vice-Chancellor, will, it is stated, soon become law. The new Vice-Chancellor may be a very pleasant man, but the present state of the Chancery law will only, it is to be feared,

"Of our pleasant Vices
Make whips to scourge us."

THE APPOINTMENT REMAINS OVER.

DISRAELI made sure of an appointment under the Protectionist Ministry, whereas, as SIBTHORP mockingly says, "the only appointment poor DIS. got was a Dis-appointment!"

A Capital Smithfield Joke.

THE friends of Smithfield Market contend for its continuance on the ground that it causes, to an immense extent, the circulation of capital. We have only to refer to the blocked-up state of the streets of London on a Smithfield Market day, to show that, so far from the circulation of capital being promoted, the circulation of the capital is almost at a stand in many of the leading thoroughfares.

A BASHAWED LOBSTER.

PUNCH has been asked, in the prettiest way, to define what is "a Bashawed Lobster?" *Punch* thinks it must be a lobster with three tails; but—if the querist be still in doubt—try SOYER.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE SURPLUS.

ITERALLY, the real embarrassment of the Government has been an *embarras des richesses;* for the chief difficulty of the Cabinet has been what to do with the surplus? Had it been a deficiency the Ministers would have been used to it, for they would only have had to fill up the hole in the treasury from the public pocket, but the surplus seems to give as much trouble as the sewage, for nobody knows how to dispose of it. The first idea, and a very unhappy one, of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, was to distribute it so very lightly over the country that nobody would feel it—a principle which, though very judicious in the case of taxation where there is an unpleasant load to be carried, is the reverse of politic, where a benefit was to be distributed. SIR C. WOOD began dealing with his surplus as a waiter at Vauxhall deals with a ham—by cutting it into such attenuated slices, that half the recipients would taste nothing at all, and the few, who might be susceptible of the flavour, would only have a relish engendered for more, by their appetites being whetted instead of satisfied.

As the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will, probably, look to our pages in the course of the week for suggestions for his budget, to be exposed to public view on Friday, we will favour him with a hint or two, for which he ought to, and perhaps will, be very much obliged to us. Instead of making everybody dissatisfied by inviting the whole public to stand outside his cook's shop and inhale the vapours emanating from the good things within, and telling us we ought to be as well satisfied as if we had made a capital meal, we strongly recommend him to give a hearty good feed to those who want it most, and trust to the patience of the rest to wait till their turn comes. Let him take off the window tax at one blow, and if there is anything more to spare, let him devote it to introducing a principle of something like justice into the imposition of the income tax. As this arrangement would give nothing to our unfortunate friends the agriculturists, and as it is unpleasant to hear constantly the melancholy roaring of the British Lion, we would propose to stop that noble but lugubrious animal's mouth with a lollipop, in the shape of an equalisation of the poor-rate.

If the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would proceed to the performance of the first part of our suggestion, and hold out the promise proposed in the last, we will guarantee himself and his budget a safe passage by the Parliamentary Train, and a happy delivery at the terminus of the session.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE OXEN, COWS, CALVES, PIGS, AND SHEEP,

DRIVEN FOR SALE AND SLAUGHTER TO SMITHFIELD MARKET.

SHEWETH,

THAT, if there is one place in the world we are especially fond of, it is Smithfield Market.

We have reason to be fond of it for several reasons.

First of all, there is no place where our comforts are so much studied as Smithfield Market, and consequently no place where we feel so comfortable as in that favoured locality.

We are led there by the gentlest of means. Not a blow is resorted to in order to teach us the way. We are guided only by our own instincts. We feel we are going to some loved spot, where we are sure to be welcomed, and we are only too anxious to get there.

But once in the market, we are fully repaid for any little trouble we may have experienced in reaching it. Abundance of space invites us to rest ourselves. Friends are in waiting to point out to us the most luxurious spots. Not a harsh word is to be heard. Every voice is tuned by kindness. Our smallest wants are attended to with a quickness and a liberality rarely accorded to strangers. It would seem as if every drover was a friend who could not do too much to make us happy,—as if every butcher was some long-lost relation who was determined, now that he had found us, to share amongst us the wealth and the affection he had been accumulating in his breast for years. To look at us, you would imagine we were all members of one large, united, happy family.

We want for nothing. We have water in abundance to slake our thirst; we have hay in profusion, to satisfy our morning appetite; and we have straw, deeper and softer than any lady's feather bed, to recline our lazy bodies upon. What can beast need more? In fact, Smithfield may be called the Capital of the Land of Clover—the Eden of Animal Existence. The pleasure of reaching it is only exceeded by the pain of leaving it!

That pain is so acute, that very few of us ever survive it. Yet, mortal as we all know it to be, none of us ever regret it, or wish to avoid it. Our death is a sweet one, being softened by the Elysian pleasures that surround it. WE WOULD SOONER DIE IN SMITHFIELD MARKET THAN LIVE ANYWHERE ELSE!

We therefore live in hope that that sweet pleasure may not be denied us; and trust that Smithfield will be kept open for many centuries to come in the very centre of the City of London, in order that we may be allowed the inappreciable luxury of being slaughtered in the midst of the comforts with which, as a model Market, it abounds.

And we will ever low, bleat, baa, and squeak, &c., &c.

DOWNING STREET COLLEGE.

No time must be lost in establishing a College for Statesmen.

For above a week we have seen the Premiership going a-begging. During all that time—but that Queens do not run—it might be said that we had HER MAJESTY running about for a Minister. As it was, she was reduced to the undignified alternative which the vulgar associate with the name of HOBSON. She was obliged to throw herself back on LORD JOHN, after all. Another of his "fathom," if the expression may be used, "had she not, to lead her business."

There are more doctors among us than there are deaths; more lawyers than litigants—and perhaps even than rogues; more parsons than benefices, some of them puzzled, too, to get any sort of living, notwithstanding the existence of bishops worth more than a plum—if worth nothing else. There is probably a surveyor for every acre of land. The civil engineers may be computed to outnumber the coffee-mills, and to represent an amount of physical force equivalent to a considerable portion of the whole steam-power of the country.

And yet the *Times* calculates—quite correctly, no doubt—that the empire contains scarcely more than twenty men who are fit to enter a Cabinet. So, at any rate, the profession of Statesmanship is not overcrowded. There is "an opening" there, at all events. It is probable that the SOVEREIGN will soon be driven to advertise, in the journal just named, "Wanted, an Upper Servant, and a few Subordinates." If she is, there will be not above a score of persons competent to answer the application, out of flunkeydom—nobody able to serve the Crown in any State capacity, and with any capacity, except as a Lord in Waiting, Pinchbeck-stick, Nickel-stick, or other menial.

PRINCE ALBERT, to his honour, interests himself in the cause of education. Let HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS undertake the task of founding the College for Statesmen, to be called Downing Street College. Be it the glory of ALBERT to have provided, for the service of his august consort, at Downing Street, a choice of gentlemen qualified for some higher employment than that of cleaning his own Albertonians.

The course of instruction should comprise:—

The rudiments of Logic, including the nature of a simple syllogism.

So much of Moral Philosophy as shall suffice for a perception of the difference between right and wrong.

Enough of physiology to awaken some slight notion of the influence which that science should have on sanitary enactments or fiscal measures affecting the public health, and on criminal legislation.

Colonial History, to the extent of the knowledge possessed by the generality of commercial schoolboys about the colonies.

Navigation to a corresponding extent; and the principles of Naval Architecture, in as far as they are commonly understood by an ordinary tinker.

Law, and especially Chancery Law, in a measure sufficient for the apprehension of a few of its more glaring abuses and absurdities.

Arithmetic, to a degree of attainment equal to that of an average apprentice; or adequate to the solution of such a problem as the adjustment of the Income-Tax.

Whether a Downing Street College is instituted or not, politicians must go to school, somehow or somewhere, or Red Tape will be continually getting into a knot—or, rather, harl—such as we have just seen it in, having to be cut, because it cannot be untied.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MOUSE.

(Being a Lay of the Crisis.)

THERE 'S blank amaze at BROOKS'S,
At WHITE'S is note of war;
O'er BARCLAY'S beer, or MEUX'S,
Is pot-house parlour jar.
Old gentlemen on 'busses
Vex the driver as he climbs,
And flap him, spite of *cusses*,
In damp sheets of the *Times*.

And many a CARLTON muffin
Is toughening on its plate,
As those who should be stuffin'
Are eager in debate.
And the Reform Club Porters,
To the "buttons" boy, put on
The lofty air of martyrs,
In honour of LORD JOHN.

And every Taper's gaping,
In alternate joy and grief;
And every Tadpole's aping
The myst'ry of his chief;
And those folks, who know nothing,
Tell those who know no more,
The last new fact, brought frothing
Fresh and fresh, from the Club-door.

The sober City merchant
Is restless on his stool;
Rampant instead of *perchant*,
The clerks break office rule;
For the Genius of gossip
Sends business "off the rails,"
Of the official toss-up
Discussing "heads or tails."

While thus in outer circles
The rumours cross and fly,
The inner world of cabinets
Is tossed in tumult high.
Short-winded palace flunkies,
So stout, and erst so slow,
Are forced to skip like monkeys
With missives to and fro.

From Chesham Place the Hansoms
To Lansdowne House are lashing;
From the pleasant Gate of Grosvenor
Mysterious Brough'ms are dashing.
And through the shrouding curtains,
The curious passer-by
May mark a cheek Caucasian,
And the flash of an Ebrew eye!

'Twas on the stormy Saturday
LORD JOHN flung up the reins;
'Twas on that day the Mountain
Was seized with labour-pains—

And through the quiet Sunday
It throbbed, and heaved, and groaned,
And the hushed House learnt on Monday
That the birth was still postponed.

And in those earthquake cleavings,
Till Friday morn came round,
What sudden strange up-heavings,
What sinkings to the ground!
Even the Country party
A while was tossed on high,
And a light head and a dizzy
One moment touched the sky.

By Downing Street's convulsions,
Together thrown were seen
The fierce and flashing STANLEY,
The canny ABERDEEN;
The BARONET OF NETHERBY,
Cold heart and ready tongue,
Beheld himself, with wonder,
Towards Whig embraces flung.

A week of Mountain-labour,
That passed and brought no sign—
A week of combinations
That never would combine.
Till e'en Whig statesmens' brothers
If they were *in* might doubt,
And e'en Whig statesmens' mothers
Knew not if they were *out*.

And then when gossip ended,
And rumour's fount was dry,
When the gobemouche and the quidnunc
Had nor question nor reply—
When on the second Friday,
The pangs were fruitless all—
We heard how the old Doctor
'Twas determined in to call.

And through the British nation,
East, West, and South, and North,
Watched eager expectation
Of the birth that might come forth.
When to the eyes past counting
That watch'd the Commons House,
From the flanks of the rent Mountain
Crept forth a little Mouse!

A little Mouse came creeping,
'Mid the clamour loud and high,
And said, with small voice cheeping,
"The Mountain-birth am I;
And my name, as all may witness,
Is Papal Titles Bill;
I was small before the row came,
And now I 'm smaller still."

A MODEST IRISHMAN.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, in his final adieu to the "Repealers of Ireland," says, towards the concluding paragraph:—

"I anxiously desire quiet and *total obscurity*."

We beg to assure MR. JOHN O'CONNELL that he need have no anxiety whatever upon the subject. His desire is really of such a humble nature, that it is one of those things which are granted as soon as asked for. Besides, the Hon. Member for Limerick has strong claims for the reward he demands for his public services, for considering what he has done, we know very few men so deserving as MR. JOHN O'CONNELL of "total obscurity."

An Airy Nothing.

SOMEBODY has proposed the enlargement of the Metropolitan Police district, by adding to it a new area. We always thought there were already enough areas open to the police, and that it would be desirable that the force should have the areas generally closed against them, instead of added to.

STREET SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

WE hear a great deal, at times, about play-grounds for the people; and we really wish there was something of the sort; for we find it very inconvenient, occasionally, to have sports and pastimes going on in the public thoroughfares. We don't object, perhaps, to leap-frog when a party of young athletes are "backing" their friends in Trafalgar Square; nor have we much to say against the ancient sport of "duck," though it now and then subjects one's toes to the "pressure from without" of a tremendous brick-bat, or paving-stone. There is, however, a pastime which we cannot tolerate, and which consists of the "ignoble game of cat," as played by the boys in nearly all the streets of London. The game to which we allude is rendered doubly provoking by the fact, that it is mysterious as well as mischievous; for we defy any casual looker-on to say how the game is played; how it is lost; how it is won; or in what consists the skill of playing it. As far as we can judge, the game of cat is indulged in after the following fashion: Several boys being got together with sticks in their hands, a small piece of wood is thrown down, which, being struck, flies up into the air; and the game consists, apparently, in the art of hitting the piece of wood, when thus raised, and directing it through a square of glass, or into the eye of a passenger. The winner seems to be the individual who succeeds in administering the blow which either smashes a square of glass, or discomfits the innocent stranger, by planting the "cat" on some part of his countenance. When this point is achieved, the game is carried on by all the players taking to their heels as fast as they can; and it is to be presumed, that, as the winner of the game is the one who does the damage, the loser is he that, having been caught, may be made to pay for it. Unwilling as we are to interfere with the amusements of the people, we must say we should not be sorry to see "cat" consigned to the dogs as speedily as possible.

CONJUGAL DEVOTION.

WE learn from the papers that, recently, two political Countesses at Florence quarrelled, and resolved to enjoy a duel with pistols. The husbands of the ladies were informed of the meeting, hurried to the spot and—actually separated them!

FISCAL HYDRAULICS.—The Income-Tax is a solid grievance. No doubt of that. So much the worse. If it were a fluid one it would find its level.

LOYAL WAR-CRY FOR PROTECTIONISTS.—"Rally round the CROWN"—that is, round FIVE SHILLINGS fixed duty on Corn.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS!

Young Farmer, No. 1. "WELL, CHARLEY—HAVE YOU HAD MUCH SHOOTING LATELY?"

Young Farmer, No. 2. "WHY, NO; WHAT WITH HUNTING TWO DAYS A-WEEK, AND COURSING TWO DAYS, I DON'T GET MUCH TIME TO GO OUT WITH A GUN."

LORD JOHN CINDERELLA.

ONCE, in merry England, less than a hundred years ago, there was a little Minister, who stood much higher in his situation than he did in his stockings; for though he was short of stature he had a longish head, by means of which he continued to govern the country tolerably well, for some years, under the good QUEEN VICTORIA. His name was JOHN; but although that was his right name, and he was a lord, and not a lady, people called him CINDERELLA. This was not because he used to sit among the cinders, for he had a much more comfortable seat than that,—only, to be sure, he was now and then called over the coals. He came to be named CINDERELLA, from an adventure which happened to him, and which you will read about by-and-by in the History of England.

There was a great House in Westminster, by the side of the River Thames, near the bridge, so big that it held six hundred and fifty-six people. They were Englishmen, Welshmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen mixed together; and some were of this way of thinking, and some of that; and others of other ways of thinking besides. But the Irishmen had only one way of thinking, if it was thinking at all. Before JOHN could make any law to govern the country, he was obliged to get the greater part of this House to agree to it. Now, the people of the House were divided into two great sets, nearly equal in numbers, but not quite. One set was for big loaves, and the other set for little loaves; and the big-loaf party was the largest, and stood by JOHN, and generally consented to what he wished. And so things went on pretty smoothly, although with a good deal of wrangling and squabbling, for a time. But there were some of JOHN'S set that were for going fast, and some for going quietly, and JOHN himself was for a quiet pace, and, to say the truth, seemed rather too much inclined to stand still.

Then there was another set who cared nothing either for big loaves or little loaves, or going fast or going slow, or for anything or anybody, except the POPE OF ROME, and his will and pleasure, which they greatly preferred to the QUEEN'S. They used to side with or against any one, without caring at all what part they took, except as it concerned the POPE, their master. The Irishmen in the House, except one or two, were these reasonable and loyal people. They had taken JOHN'S part, as long as they imagined that he was doing the work of the POPE. But, at last, the POPE invaded the QUEEN'S dominions. The QUEEN and the people were greatly enraged, and so was JOHN; and he declared he would oppose the POPE, and kept his word. Upon this the Irishmen deserted him, and sided with his enemies, only out of spite. On the other hand, many who might have backed him considered that he should do more against the POPE. So the scale was turned against JOHN, who at the same time got into disgrace with the House, about his accounts, which he had unluckily trusted to another Minister. He was so vexed and provoked at being beaten, and he saw such a deal of trouble before him, if he continued in his place, that he ran away from it in a huff, and left nothing but his shoes behind him.

What to do for a Minister QUEEN VICTORIA did not know: she sent everywhere for one, but not one was there to be found either for love or money, that would suit. At last, in despair, she had recourse to a kind Fairy, who came to her assistance in the shape of an old soldier. The Fairy assured HER MAJESTY that he would find her a Minister; and made her a present of an old shoe; telling her that the statesman whose foot would fit it would be the person that he should recommend to fill the office.

All the great statesmen came to Buckingham Palace to try on this wonderful shoe. A noble VISCOUNT of the race of GORDON made the attempt in vain, and the BARONET OF NETHERBY succeeded no better; as the shoe obstinately denied a footing to any truckler to the POPE. The HEIR OF DERBY strove hard to squeeze his foot in, but was unable on account of his corn. The adventurous CONINGSBY was anxious for a trial, but his measure having been taken, showed there

CINDERELLA ; OR, LORD JOHN TRYING IT ON AGAIN.

was no hope for him. At last, at the command of the old soldier-Fairy, a little gentleman stepped forward, and put his foot to the shoe, when it instantly slipped in. At the same moment a mischievous Fairy, that had been concealed in the crowd, uttering a dismal shriek, flew away in the form of a robust individual, attired in a broad-brimmed hat and robes all of scarlet.

The little gentleman turned out to be the identical JOHN who had run away; the shoe that would fit nobody else, was one of the pair he had left behind him. He was reinstated in his place; and from the resemblance of his shoe to the glass-slipper of a celebrated young lady, he went ever afterwards by the name of CINDERELLA.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A (TOO) LATE BARRISTER.

I AM an aged junior of forty years standing, and have been an utter barrister so long without an opportunity of speaking, that I sometimes fancy I have lost my powers of utterance. If I ever dreamed of taking silk, I now look upon it as all stuff. Whether my clients are worth shot I know not, but I have certainly none worth the powder—including the powder-tax—involved in my wig. My only cases are my book-case and my cigar-case, while my blue bag, which once used to furnish visions of the woolsack, serves only to remind me of the emptiness of human ambition.

I have tried every thing, and have alternated like a pendulum between law and equity, but my alternations have served about the same purpose as the pendulum—namely, to mark the progress of time. I have attempted occasionally the office of *amicus curiæ*, but the Court has looked coldly upon my friendship, and even the very usher, when I take my seat in the back row, seems to glance at me as much as to say, "It's all very well, old boy, but you know you have no business here."

I once used to make a parade of papers, but my constant dumbness showed them at last to be dummies; and I have now given up appearances, except when a decree is being taken "by consent." I sometimes put in a bow, among half-a-dozen others, who are representing "parties," at from two to five guineas a "party;" and, if strangers should be present, I may look as if I was concerned, somehow or other, in the suit. Considering the number of proceedings that are dispatched in court, by a word or two from a leader, and a chorus of bows from gentlemen instructed on the same or the opposite side, it is not difficult to get up the appearance of a very large practice, by a succession of well-timed obeisances. Old MOHAIR, the equity junior, who was called on the same day as myself, early in the present century, has for some years cleared a considerable income without opening his mouth,—his practice requiring him to "consent," as second or third counsel; and he has acquired such a very complying disposition, that he can refuse nothing to anybody; indeed his head bows so habitually, that he seems to be recognising some one or other wherever he goes. He has bowed with such effect, that he might hold up his head pretty high, if it were not for the habit he has contracted of bending it down.

Having no business of my own to attend to, I have had abundant leisure to attend to the business of others; and I have, during a long and frequent attendance in the Courts of Chancery, kept a note-book, which would equal, in horrible interest, Fox's *Martyrs*, but which would better deserve the title of "*Wolf's Martyrs;*" for the victims are like so many sheep among wolves. Some people have wondered why the LORD CHANCELLOR sits upon a woolsack. To me the reason is as clear as (the absence from London of) the sun at noonday. The woolsack represents the produce of the fleecings to which the victims in Chancery are exposed.

Before I begin the notes from my Diary, I beg to say, that, unhappy bird as I am, I am not to be charged with fouling my own nest; for the Court of Chancery has never been a nest to me, nor has it ever afforded me house or home. Other more distinguished men than myself, who owe a great deal to Chancery, seem disposed to pay it off in very different coin from that which they have got out of it; but I do not blame them, for they took it as they found it; and having had experience of its iniquities, are the best qualified to set about its reform. To begin with a great ex-Chancellor, who once nestled in its woolly recesses, and enjoys a highly desirable nest-egg out of it, I cannot well go beyond him in describing the errors of its ways.

"The practice of the Court of Chancery," says this high and respectable authority, "is so involved and embarrassing; there is such a luxuriance and intertwining of boughs—such an extension of roots, that whoever enters it, very speedily finds himself chained to his place, and reduced to inactivity by the overpowering influence of the errors which he may be desirous to remove." This description is, indeed, but too true, for I have seen many a poor victim so entangled in the boughs, that hopping the twig altogether was his only escape. Chancery, may, indeed, be compared to a forest, for not only is the traveller likely to lose his way in it, to sink down exhausted with the hopelessness of getting out of its intricacies, but he may become the victim of the wild animals of prey with which the forensic forest abounds. These roots and branches have been growing during a long period, until they now need the axe of reform to cut them up as the vulgar tongue forcibly hath it, "root and branch."

WOLSEY, on the woolsack, was the very incarnation of the system of fleecing, and indeed the name of the "holy fox" got attached to him, being the only durable attachment of which he was the object. Somewhat later Chancery fell under the hands of the EARL OF NOTTINGHAM, who, from the tangles, meshes, and nets over which he presided, might well have merited the title of EARL OF KNOTTS. He was called the "father of equity," but how grieved must he have been to find himself the father of such a reckless and ruinous child. As a junior, I look with respect to the opinion of a SENIOR—the able and intelligent Master in Chancery of that name—who says that many suits "originate with a solicitor, the next friend of an infant," who wishes for costs. "Save me from my friends," is often the cry of the adult, but how terrible would be the scream of the infant to save him from his friend, if the helpless innocent could be made aware that a solicitor is cultivating an interested amity for the sake of costs.

The infants in the forest of Chancery are the real babes in the wood, to whom the solicitor is the wicked uncle, while those poor old birds, the reporters, bury under the leaves of their reports, all traces of the miserable victims; like the robins who performed the same friendly offices for the babes already alluded to. But my leaves, by the leave of the public, shall bring the unfortunates to light, and thus I may have the satisfaction of aiding a movement where movement is so much required.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE—A NATIONAL REFLECTION.

IS nothing stronger than ginger-beer is to be sold in the way of refreshment in the great Exhibition, this very stringent law will give foreigners, we are afraid, a curious notion of our manners and customs. They will really believe us to be the besotted nation we were represented to be some twenty years ago. If any one should attempt to disabuse them of such follies, they will answer—"Oh! it must be—for see your Royal Prince and Noble Guardians are afraid to trust you with anything strong to drink. They know you would make an abuse of it. If such is not the case, why should they refuse to let you have a glass of wine—or a drop of any restorative that you required after your long fatiguing journey through your beautiful Crystal Palace? It is clear if they gave you that permission that you poor, uncivilised English could not restrain your brutal appetites, and that you would *make beasts of yourselves*, to the peril of everything around you. It must be so, or else they would never have enforced the present absurd regulation of excluding every liquor of a generous and exhilarating nature. The consequence is that we, foreigners, who never commit any such excesses, are to be punished—and forced to take ginger-beer—because you English, when there is any little party of pleasure, cannot be trusted with anything strong to drink." We must say that we think that the regulation does reflect a little upon the people of England.

Tallow in the City.

LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR calls the attention of the *Times* to the danger of "a large tallow-melting establishment" near St. Paul's; and that "of so dangerously inflammable a nature" that, on the occasion of the late fire, "the most magnificent architectural monument of the empire" might have been destroyed. *Punch* respects the fears of his lordship, and applauds his remonstrance; nevertheless, *Punch* thinks the Church in far greater danger from candles than from mere tallow.

A MITRE FOR A MARTYR.

A REPORT was current that MR. BENNETT was going to be made a Scotch Bishop. It was thought he would be too far north for the BISHOP OF LONDON after all.

AN ILLUSTRATION SPOILED.

HAD the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER been passed over in the reconstruction of the Cabinet, this periodical might have delighted its innumerable readers with an additional Wood-*cut*.

THE PIG-TAILS AND THE NO-TAILS.

Once upon a time—which is quite as good and authentic a date as in most chronicles may be vouched for—once upon a time, when *Brit-an* signified the Bright, or Shining Island, and *Llandian*—which signifieth in British the temple of Diana—stood for London, because in that time Diana had a fane near the site of the present Goose and Gridiron; a truth made manifest by the after digging up of the skulls of oxen, to which the goddess, in her sacrificial festivals, was mightily addicted—

Once upon a time the Britons built a magic ship—a sacred craft. The timbers of the vessel were grown in Druid woods, from acorns sown with solemn ceremonies, and watched, and preserved, and lopped by white-robed priests. We say a sacred craft, built with wisest skill, and with many mystic rites, called *Thek-Ab-Inet*, which in British signifies the strength, and flower, and beauty of *Brit-an*, since known as Britain.

Now, it was the religion of the benighted people of *Brit-an*, or the Shining Island, to believe that in *Thek-Ab-Inet* was the destiny of their country. If the ship answered her helm well, never missed stays, did not leak overmuch, and, in fact, behaved herself as a good and decent ship ought to behave, why, then the Shining Island shone with steady lustre. If, on the contrary, any mishap occurred to *Thek-Ab-Inet*,—if she got among rocks, or run a-ground, or had a foot or so of water in the hold, why, then, not the youngest baby in the Island of *Brit-an* that would not, in some way, through its parents or guardians, be made to feel the shadow that shadowed the Shining Island. This fact being borne in the mind of the reader, he will readily believe that *Thek-Ab-Inet* was a matter of special wonder and worship to the benighted islanders of *Brit-an*.

But besides the ship *Thek-Ab-Inet*, the people of Britain had, among themselves, a hundred other ships, all of them manned by the skilfullest seamen: by men who, in the stiffest gales of wind, and from among the most dangerous breakers, had brought their craft safe to port; giving, in truth, by their wisdom and their hardihood, great example to the crew of *Thek-Ab-Inet;* again and again in danger—the ship now upon a sandbank—now bumping upon a rock—and now, with all hands at the pumps, trying with all their might to stop a leak.

Now, nevertheless that there were so many sailors, hardy and skilful, and knowing as pilots, nevertheless, not one of these mariners were allowed to eat his biscuit aboard that sacred ship, *Thek-Ab-Inet*. And wherefore? In sooth, the cause is a melancholy proof of the superstition and ignorance of the people of the Shining Island; but this it is:—

Thek-Ab-Inet was officered and manned in turn by one of two sacred families, the consecrated ones of the Shining Island. And these mariners were known as the Pig-Tails and the No-Tails. When Pig-Tail commanded and handled the ship, No-Tail staid a-shore, contenting himself with abusing Pig-Tail as a lubber, yelling to him from the strand, and asking him if he called *that* seamanship; shouting out rocks and sand, and with ferocious happiness predicting speedy shipwreck. And then *Thek-Ab-Inet* would now and then run bump ashore, and—for guns there were not—strike minute-strokes on the gong—strokes of distress. Whereupon the No-Tails, with all the glee of wreckers, would man their gig, or jolly-boat, or whatever the thing was called in those dark days, and pull off to take possession of *Thek-Ab-Inet*, the crew of Pig-Tails giving up the ship with the keys of their lockers, and coming ashore in their turn, to abuse the No-Tails tacking in the straits.

And so for hundreds of years it went on, *Thek-Ab-Inet* never carrying a soul aboard that was not of the family of Pig-Tail or No-Tail.

It may be supposed that this superstition occasioned much loss, and withal great chagrin to the people of the Shining Island; who would now and then murmur and grumble; especially when the lubberly seamanship of the Pig-Tails or the No-Tails run the ship ashore in the smoothest weather. Nevertheless, the people were continually answered, and, for the time, silenced by certain men, the priestly kindred of the Pig-Tails and the No-Tails.

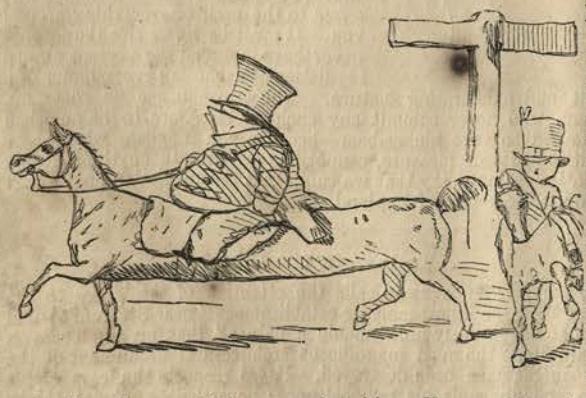
Once, when *Thek-Ab-Inet* struck upon the Lock Reef, otherwise known as the Reef of Votes, with a strong wind blowing from Cardinal Point, and the Pig-Tails struck strokes of distress upon the gong,—and the No-Tails pulled off to the ship that they might handle her; and afterwards found that they must row back again, not having in them seamanship for such a stress of weather, upon such a coast,—at that very time, the Islanders cried, why not let This and That, and He and They—all of them famous sailors, who, on their own account, had piloted the seas for years; and, moreover, had shown how the most were to be made of trade winds,—when these pilots and sailors were put forth by the people as men that should take a turn in *Thek-Ab-Inet* just to see how they could overhaul her, then—

Then stepped forth certain Druids—kinsmen and friends of the Pig-Tails and No-Tails, and said—

"Sacrilegious people, do you know what it is you ask? It is very true that Captain This is an excellent sailor—Captain That a thorough-going old Tar—Pilot He and Quartermasters They, real sons of the Brine; but were they born with Pig-Tails? Have they hereditary queues? Neither are they of the tribe of No-Tails, inasmuch as This and That, and He and They, have a certain curl, a small twist of hair at the back of the head, that, whilst it cannot be called a Pig-Tail, neither can it be taken as No-Tail soever. They may be the best seamen of *Brit-an*, the skilfulest pilots of the world, but belonging neither to Pig-Tails nor No-Tails, they never set a foot aboard the sacred oak of *Thek-Ab-Inet*."

And so the Ship was suffered to bump upon Lock Reef, or the Reef of Votes, with a steady, heavy wind blowing from Cardinal Point. How *Thek-Ab-Inet* got safely into deep water—if she ever did so; if, indeed, she did not sooner or later go to pieces—history has not unveiled to us.

LEGAL MOVEMENTS.



THE moment the "Ministerial Crisis" was over, Mr. Briefless left town by 'bus for the Home Circuit, and Mr. Dunup proceeded by rail to the same destination. The learned gentlemen had not met for some months until circumstances brought them together during the late attempts and failures towards the formation of a Ministry. Both had in fact become estranged by a mutual coolness, but on their recent meeting they agreed to reserve in future all their coolness for their creditors. Mr. Briefless was the first to make the advance, which was much to his credit, as neither of the learned gentlemen are in the habit of making advances of any kind. The reconciliation has been most cordial, and it has since received the true stamp of sincerity in the shape of a bill stamp, adorned with one of Mr. Briefless's characteristic drawings, and accepted in the same spirit in which it was conceived by Mr. Dunup.

We are happy to hear that the bitterness of professional jealousy has been set at rest, and that by a new arrangement there will be no clashing of the interests of the two learned gentlemen on Circuit, for while Mr. Briefless will throw his energies into the Crown Court, Mr. Dunup will illuminate the "Civil side" with the light of his urbanity.

For obvious reasons the learned friends do not dine daily at the bar table, but walk a little way into the country for a frugal meal. A few days since, having been caught in a succession of showers, and got very deep into the mud, they may be said to have had "a little mess of their own," independent of the mess of their professional brethren.

THE CLAIMS OF ST. BARNABAS'S PIPER.

It is pretty generally known that St. Barnabas's Church, Pimlico, has an Organist. It is less generally known that the same sacred edifice has a Piper. Smaller, still, may be the notoriety of the circumstance, that this musician is waiting to be remunerated.

Punch has seen a circular, addressed to "My dear Parishioners," and signed by W. E. Bennett, stating that St. Barnabas's Piper has to be paid to the tune of "somewhere about £3400."

This document, which is dated "Quinquagesima," states that Mr. Bennett will part with St. Barnabas's on the "Feast of the Annunciation;" * but that, as one of the Trustees of the Building Fund, he will still be bound to all its liabilities, and ends with a request that reduces Bennett to Belisarius.

But let not *Punch* be misunderstood. It is but reasonable that they who enjoyed the music should pay the Piper, and lighten those obligations which—with imprudent zeal, perhaps—Mr. Bennett has, for their pleasure and amusement, contracted with his tallow-chandler and other tradesmen.

Yes; the St. Barnabas's Piper should be paid by the Parishioners; but oh, candles and crotchets! £3400 is paying rather dear for the whistle!

* Tractarian for last Sunday week, and the Tuesday after next.

A WOEFUL NEW BALLAD

OF THE

PROTESTANT CONSPIRACY TO TAKE THE POPE'S LIFE.*

(By a Gentleman who has been on the Spot.)

COME all ye Christian people, unto my tale give ear,
'Tis about a base conspiracy, as quickly shall appear;
'Twill make your hair to bristle up, and your eyes to start and glow,
When of this dread consperacy you honest folks shall know.

The news of this consperracy and villianous attempt,
I read it in a newspaper, from Italy it was sent:
It was sent from lovely Italy, where the olives they do grow,
And our Holy Father lives, yes, yes, while his name it is NO NO.

And 'tis there our English noblemen goes that is Puseyites no longer,
Because they finds the ancient faith both better is and stronger.
And 'tis there I knelt, beside my lord when he kiss'd the POPE his toe,
And hung his neck with chains at Saint Peter's Vinculo.

And 'tis there the splendid churches is, and the fountains playing grand,
And the palace of PRINCE TORLONIA, likewise the Vatican;
And there 's the stairs where the bagpipe-men and the piffararys blow,
And it 's there I drove my lady and lord in the Park of Pincio.

And 'tis there our splendid churches is in all their pride and glory,
Saint Peter's famous Basilisk and Saint Mary's Maggiory;
And them benighted Protestants, on Sunday they must go
Outside the town to the preaching-shop by the gate of Popolo.

Now in this town of famous Room, as I dessay you have heard,
There is scarcely any gentleman as hasn't got a beard.
And ever since the world began it was ordained so,
That there should always barbers be wheresumever beards do grow.

And as it always has been so since the world it did begin,
The POPE, our Holy Potentate, has a beard upon his chin;
And every morning regular when cocks begin to crow,
There comes a certing party to wait on POPE PIO.

There comes a certing gintleman with razier, soap, and lather,
A shaving most respectfully the POPE, our Holy Father.
And now the dread consperracy I 'll quickly to you show,
Which them sanguinary Protestants did form against NONO.

Them sanguinary Prodestants, which I abore and hate,
Assembled in the preaching-shop by the Flaminian gate;
And they took counsel with their selves to deal a deadly blow
Against our gentle Father, the Holy POPE PIO.

Exhibiting a wickedness which I never heerd or read off;
What do you think them Prodestans wish'd? to cut the good POPE's head off!
And to the kind POPE's Air-dresser the Prodestant Clark did go,
And proposed him to decapitate the innocent PIO!

"What hever can be easier," said this Clerk—this Man of Sin,
"When you 're call'd to hoperate on His Holiness's chin,
Than just to give the razier a little slip—just so?—
And there 's an end, dear barber, of innocent PIO!"

This wicked conversation it chanced was overerd
By an Italian lady; she heard it every word;
Which by birth she was a Marchioness, in service forced to go
With the Parson of the preaching-shop at the gate of Popolo.

When the lady heard the news, as duty did obleege,
As fast as her legs could carry her she ran to the Poleege.
"O, Polegia," says she, (for they pronounts it so),
"They 're going for to massyker our Holy POPE PIO.

"The ebomminable Englishmen, the Parsing, and his Clark,
His Holiness's Air-dresser devised it in the dark!
And I would recommend you in prison for to throw
These villians would esassinate the Holy POPE PIO!

"And for saving of His Holiness and his trebble crownd
I humbly hope your Worships will give me a few pound;
Because I was a Marchioness many years ago,
Before I came to service at the gate of Popolo.

"That sackreligious Air-dresser, the Parson and his man,
Wouldn't, though ask'd continyally, own their wicked plan—
And so the kind Authoraties let those villians go
That was plotting of the murder of the good PIO NONO.

"Now isn't this safishnt proof, ye gentlemen at home,
How wicked is them Prodestans, and how good our Pope at Rome;
So let us drink confusion to LORD JOHN and LORD MINTO,
And a health unto His Eminence, and good PIO NONO."

* See the account of this conspiracy in the Roman Correspondence of the *Daily News*.

THE MINISTERIAL MANAGERS.

POSITIVELY we must call upon our Ministerial managers to be a little more sure, in future, of what their company can do, and what pieces they mean to bring out, when they are about to open the two Great Houses for legislative performances. A failure before they have got through the first act is a lamentable instance of mismanagement, particularly when the resources are so slender, that the house must be closed for want of something to fall back upon.

We should be sorry to see our Great National Establishment rendered ridiculous after the fashion of some of those unfortunate theatres, which are always commencing a fresh season with some "astounding novelty," which before the end of the week is withdrawn, and, by its fate, cuts short the season so effectually, that another has to be commenced if the house is opened. Already we have had two closings of the Great Parliamentary Theatre in a month, because the managers have been unable to redeem the promises held out in their bills; and there is every reason to fear further failures, if some powerful additions are not made to the present rather inefficient company.

Though in farce there is tolerable strength, and though in the heavy line there are several highly respectable performers, we must say that the serious business is by no means well provided for. We know there are many who would like to form part of the ministerial *troupe*, without having any real qualifications for the task; and though there is much anxiety among the Young Englanders to do the juvenile business, or, professionally speaking, to enact the youthful heroes, we cannot say we should like to see them put into the parts they believe themselves suited for.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL

Addressed to (Over) Zealous Protestants.

THE Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is "weak." The loss of titles would be of no great consequence to Rome. It would only tend rather strongly to disabuse superstitious minds of a belief in the omnipotence of Rome's decrees.

The Papal hierarchy was only constituted to make it appear that Popery was becoming the religion of England in consequence of the intercession of the Popish Church, and thus to invest it with the seeming recommendation of public opinion, and supernatural testimony. The repudiation of the POPE's bishops by the formal and national disallowance of their titles, would only defeat the whole manœuvre.

Should anti-Papal legislation be abandoned after anti-Papal agitation, its abandonment will only be regarded by every Papist, and by every person Popishly inclined, as a miracle. It will only be trumpeted forth as such by every Popish parson in the kingdom, and only be believed by every man, woman, and child with a Popish bias, in the QUEEN's dominions.

The consequence will only be an indefinite increase of Popery. What matter?

The Papists say that the Roman Catholic Church is holy. Well; perhaps it is—for the Roman Catholic Church is an abstraction: what else it is, who knows? The Roman Catholic Church never persecuted. Of course not. Abstractions don't burn people alive.

It was only the Roman Catholic hierarchies of particular countries that are answerable for all the atrocities that were perpetrated in those countries in the name of the Church. Should Popery get the upper hand here, we might only have a wicked Popish hierarchy to-morrow.

Our present Popish hierarchy is a pattern of all Christian virtues—inclusive of candour and veracity. What signifies what may happen?

These considerations, zealous, but acute Protestants, should induce you to think small beer of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and be careless about it, and pooh-pooh it, and let the POPE quietly triumph.

Henry Good Again.

BROUGHAM for ever! Bravo BROUGHAM!—for submitting to the House of Lords a string of resolutions against the iniquities of the income-tax. A string, did *Punch* say?—nay, he will rather call it a rope; and he only wishes it may serve to hang that incubus upon industry, Schedule D.

THE SIXTH SENSE (*and the One the most Uncommon*).—Common Sense.

TABLEAU—REPRESENTING MR. BRIGGS OUT FOR A DAY'S RABBIT-SHOOTING.

WANTED, A GOVERNMENT.

I KNOW not a thing so inducive to vapours,
As reading what 's lately appear'd in the papers:
LORD THIS and LORD THAT have been making such bother;
One calling on one, and the other on t'other:
Proclaiming the want of some statesman to guide us,
Which, perhaps, an advertisement might have supplied us.
In a future dilemma, the following rhymes
Should, without hesitation, be sent to the *Times*:—

A Government wanted, adapted to fill
The usual places with average skill.
Superior attainments are not indispensable,
Provided position and birth are ostensible.
An average share of the smallest ability
Will suffice, when eked out with patrician gentility.
The highest positions in number are few—
Old patronage large, with occasional new;
And, besides, (though 'tis scarcely worth while to put that in),
There are plenty of places for friends to grow fat in.

The Premier must know all the several branches—
Home, Foreign, Colonial, Law, and Finances;
He 's expected to speak in the House like a native,
But in nothing need show an invention creative;
He must boast an acquaintance with neighbouring nations,
But his *first* care may be his own private relations.
And as colleagues, of course, in support should be hearty,
The Cabinet *might* be a family party.

Wanted a Government able to fill
The usual places with average skill;
That the country may think the "traditions" of ruling
From birth are derived, not acquired by schooling.
Of the pay, why, of course, *cela va sans dire*,
It varies from one to five thousand a year;
But of that, 'tis as well after all to be stinting.
To low interlopers it 's one way of hinting,
That unless by their fortune already on velvet,
If they 've any ambition, at once they may shelve it:
Though the Governing families born to the trade
Don't object to accepting their salary's aid.
Birth aristocratic—well traced by chronology
Indispensable—though perhaps by way of apology
For an origin, which of itself would disparage,
There *might* be a chance for connection by marriage.
These are the principal matters: (*au reste*),
Applications may be to the Queen's Head address'd.

Before we conclude let us add a PS.,
In which a great fact we will frankly confess—
As one can't on the "families" always rely,
For of Governments stable a certain supply,
And as the supply may, from quarter to quarter,
Be growing decidedly shorter and shorter,
There may yet be a chance for mere talent and worth,
Divested of all the "traditions" of birth,
Who may to the country assistance afford,
Although not connected at all with a lord.
The stock that is needed was long ago planted,
So let 's hear no more of "A Government wanted."

Napier on a Broomstick.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, in his Indian speech—full of character—has a fling at a certain man of the press, a Bombay editor, and says that "he (NAPIER) has sometimes wished to be near that man with a broomstick." Really, is it worthy of a soldier to wish for a broomstick, when he has shown himself so great in military brushes?

PLAYING AT PUSEYISM.

TALKING of Puseyism, and their lighting so many candles, (by-the-bye, their Patron Saint must be ST. BLAISES), a newly-made convert has been heard to doubt whether after all "*le jeu vaut la Chandelle?*"

NOTICE OF MOTION BY COLONEL SIBTHORP.

"THAT, seeing the late expense of the Kaffir war, (£2,000,000), the Colonists of the Cape be henceforth left to their own Cape-abilities."

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JOHN BULL BEATEN.

In a Letter from a Contributor to Mr. Punch.

UNCH, MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED CHIEF,—At the meeting of your Privy Council, which you assembled upon the appearance of CARDINAL WISEMAN'S first letter, dated from the Flaminian Gate, the course which *Mr. Punch* was to pursue, under the circumstances of the Papal aggression, was debated eagerly at your Board. What was to be done? Would we stand it? Would we allow a foreigneering Prince to appoint officers, and confer titles, in England? It was too bad—too insolent—we would not have it at any price, and so forth. The Council was very stormy. I see our friend the Professor of Theology battling with clenched fists, and thumping and defying the POPE and all his crew.

"Our friend, the Professor of Belles Lettres, sate by; sneered at the agitation; said it was absurd, and that we could do nothing, and was the only one of the conclave who seemed to be undisturbed by the general commotion. And our dear friend, the Professor of Mediæval Design, whose faith and whose affections were with the party which we were met to oppose, quitted us to join the banner displayed now for the first time these 300 years, and under which the Cardinal was marching upon our country. For this is amongst the consequences of religious debate: it separates brethren; estranges parent and child; parts dear friends; angers and embitters honest hearts. By JUPITER AMMON, Sir, rather than have lost our friend the Professor of Mediæval Design, I would have foregone a bench of Bishops and a whole conclave of Cardinals—the POPE can make *those* any day.

"To continue: amidst parties assembled at your table there was one Right Honourable Gentleman, the learned Professor of Gastronomy—your humble servant, indeed—whose opinion with respect to the present crisis was, he believes, as follows:—'The insult,' said that gentleman, 'that we Englishmen, we lords of the world, have received from an Italian bishop, reviving pretensions as absurd and antiquated as those of the priests of Jupiter, or the Druids, is clear. How can we be otherwise than indignant?' The indifference of the Right Honourable Gentleman, Professor of Belles Lettres, shocks me. With all our might, and with all our hearts, we must show that we are English citizens; and, since these Roman priests *will* have a procession among us, we must greet them with a jeer and a growl. For toleration has its limits: if gentlemen choose to wear pigtails, or beards, or hats as broad as washing-tubs, against the custom of my country, I'll laugh at them—and have a right to laugh; if they bring a winking statue into the Strand, I'll sneer, and say, 'Stuff!—away with your rubbish of winking pictures and miraculous dolls!' If LORD SMOLLETT (let us call him) were to walk down Pall Mall, with a jack chain round his neck, his footman after him, I would join the mob that hooted him. Carry on these rites, friends, at home. Dress, undress, kneel, chant, shave, or not, as you like; but don't bring your vagaries into our streets—we don't believe in them, we flout them utterly to scorn. My poor winking statue!—you may wink for a week, and what do I care? Narrate that legend to the marines—go and wink at Rimini, not here, *sub Jove*, in Fleet Street, in the year 1851. And, as in Rome, when a procession passes, or the POPE blessed the city and the world, every man of good feeling would take off his hat and bow his head with the crowd, so do you, of your part, respect our manners and religion—take off your hat to it decently, and don't keep on that absurd Cardinal's broad-brim in public.

"'What then was our duty,' asked the Professor of Gastronomy, when His Eminence marched on us from the Flaminian Gate? To fling stones on the procession? No. To subject any single person who was carrying a banner, or tossing an incense pot, or twanging a chant, to imprisonment or violence? No. To laugh at the whole business, to meet it with denial, with scorn, with every imaginable PROTEST. Yes. To that public assertion of the Catholic party it was assuredly the duty of the Protestant party to shout a denial—and, if *Punch*, and LORD JOHN, and all England did not bellow, Heaven help our lungs.

"'But why protest when you can do nothing more?' says the Professor of Belles Lettres.—I say, if we do nothing more than protest, that protest is good and wholesome. You do not knock down a man who insults you in the street, but you have a right to feel angry—or, suppose a lady boxes your ears, you do not, in reply, hit her on the nose, but it is quite consistent with good morality that you should feel indignant at the outrage, and say, 'Madam, I protest that your behaviour is monstrous, and your aggression an impertinence.' And so we have protested, and done right to protest. It is a sentimental satisfaction—a record entered—a medal struck, as it were—as when POPE WHAT-DO-YOU-CALL-EM struck a medal in commemoration of the murder of the Huguenots, he did not cause there by the slaughter of any single Calvinist more, but simply recorded his ghostly satisfaction at that victorious assertion of his principles, and at that event so triumphant for his faith.

"My counsel then, to you, Sir, was to protest once or twice as loudly as possible, and there's an end on't—to chalk up 'No Popery' in as large letters as you could, and so to leave the business. We can't persecute. We can deny. We can say pooh! psha! bosh! stuff and nonsense! protesting, by various ways and arguments, but no more. And to some Right Honourable Professors at your table, who inclined to repressive measures, I had to offer a respectful opposition.

"We can't use repressive measures—has not the agitation of the last three months proved it? *Lord Punch*, LORD JOHN, LORD ASHLEY, the *Times*, the whole country are in wrath; and we find we can do nothing but protest! We can't go back to religious, any more than to any other kind of Protection: and having once announced free religion, and taken the duties off faith, we have not the means of setting them on again. We can't fight Roman Catholicism by enactments—Oh, me! and our enormous Establishment of Custom House officers is still on foot!

"But that is a question, (painfully interesting to the Bench of Bishops perhaps, and the rest of the ecclesiastical *douane*,) but not at present in debate. The case at present seems to stand—so.

"We are insulted; we are angry; we are beat. That is to say, if we want to retaliate for an insult committed upon us, we can't—and LORD JOHN, menaced by foe ecclesiastic, *has* stepped back, *has* lifted his mighty arm to defend himself, (or rather to hit out) and has dropped that muscular weapon—not of defence, but offence.—We can't strike. And thank heaven, we can't. Thank heaven, I say, that a great nation, stung, outraged as it has been, by a monstrous insult, and perfidy of priestly aggression, has in its imperial armoury no weapon of offence upon which it can lay a hasty hand to punish the outrage; and can't persecute though ever so angry. A few scores of years hence, when *hæc certamina* come to be described; when that struggle is over, whereof we are but now at the beginning; when that battle is fought, for which we are taking our sides, and the ground seems to be getting cleared every day—when it shall be decided whether free thought, free speech, and free commerce among men are to exist—and we are to have railroads and Ross's Telescopes, and books for all—or a *régime* of Russian grenadiers, Index Expurgatorius, and LORD WISEMAN'S hat,—I say on that day, when this present one comes to be chronicled, I wonder how the history will go?

"It will say perhaps:—

"'At the commencement of the second half of the nineteenth century, the ancient faith was suddenly revived in England by the pious energy of SAINT NICHOLAS, of Seville. Landing in the country, amidst the almost frantic hostility of the islanders, the most powerful in arts, arms, and commerce, although the most benighted of the inhabitants of Europe, SAINT NICHOLAS was assailed on his first arrival by the Sovereign (styled Head of the Sect calling itself a Church, and dominant in that part of Britain); by the Prime Minister a deplorable fanatic of Calvinistic opinions; by the Legislature, and a vast majority of the nation. The country rose against him; persecutions were threatened; tortures were in preparation; chains, fines, and imprisonment were devised for SAINT NICHOLAS and his clergy. But aid was at hand, and the arm which the powerful Minister raised to smite the meek cheek of the Cardinal, was staid by an influence which we must, &c., &c. The clergy of the neighbouring Island of Ireland (since removed by the application of scientific means a thousand miles into the Atlantic,) headed by the profound CULLEN and the gentle MACHALE, the Hibernian members of the Britannic Legislature, men remarkable for the polish of their manners, and the fervid piety of their lives—above all, the dissensions among the English themselves, caused the uplifted arm to fall powerless, which was

about to descend upon SAINT NICHOLAS, and averted the glaive which would have found a willing and joyful martyr. SAINT NICHOLAS and his clergy were suffered to live unmolested, and continued, in and about London, making many converts, until the invasion of the great Austro-French Force, under the two Emperors, accompanied by the POPE in person, when religion was established, finally, in this country, to be disturbed no more. The unmarried Bishops of the late establishment were generously admitted *ad eundem*, &c., &c., &c.'

"Will this be the tale, or will it be one of a different tendency and moral, which the reader of future times will peruse—MR. MACAULAY'S New Zealand Traveller, let us say,—looking at the remains of Westminster and surveying the ruins of St. Paul's?"

THE CHICORY QUESTION.—COUNTER MORALITY.

ID the prophetic POPE—we mean POPE ALEXANDER, of Twickenham—predict the condition of our present CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, when the Poet wrote thus on coffee:—

> "Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
> And see through all things with his half-shut eyes."

Could the bard have vaticinated thus of the statesman, making SIR CHARLES WOOD see so very clearly through the difficulties of his Budget by means of coffee—of coffee profitably qualified with chicory? However, what avails the sharpsightedness of SIR CHARLES WOOD? The coffee-dealers are against him. SIR CHARLES wishes—or did wish, for never were past and present tenses so different to an Exchequer Chancellor—to legalise the sale of chicory. But this is a plain-dealing in no way comformable to the candid wishes of certain counter-moralists—good men in aprons—who denounce the simplicity of the Minister as sheer foolishness in the eyes of courageous, money-making tradesmen. "What would the poor do without the poor?" is an old interrogation, carrying with it a homage to human nature in its sympathy with fellow-suffering. What would the "respectable" tradesman do without the poor?—has another sort of meaning, written or implied in the shop-bills of those grocers who smugly swindle behind the counter, fobbing off poverty with sham articles, and growing sleek and rich on daily adulteration. How often may "respectability" start its gig on counter counterfeits?

At the meeting of coffee-dealers—drawn together to consider SIR CHARLES WOOD'S intentions towards chicory—there was some outspeaking, quite worthy of the ingenuousness of Newgate or Coldbath Fields. Had the words issued from the throats of men cropped by prison barber and clothed in prison grey, they could not have had a more truly brassy ring, sounding of convicted wrong-doing. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and greed—greed at all hazards—is alike in the adroit knave who "frisks a till," and in the smooth dealer, who, by counterfeit goods, fills the till aforesaid with dishonest gains.

MR. T. BARING, M.P., was anxious for fair-dealing; and for expressing such anxiety he was "hissed." He was anxious—

> "If a substitute for coffee was produced as agreeable to the public taste, it should be offered to the public at the lowest price, and not palmed off at a higher price than it would fetch if its true name were given to it."

Hissed again—and, no doubt, very conscientiously rebuked by the dissentients. What! sell chicory as chicory, and not as the best Mocha? Cease to gull the poor, who are expressly made poor for the benefit of the dealer—made poor, and poorer, by counterfeits—why, it is to give up the due prerogative of trade in all its ardour of competition. All—

> "All that he sought for was, that it should not be said in London that they were not anxious for fair trade, and no deception."

More hisses; the dissenting parties having no such anxiety—having, on the contrary, a keener desire to sell a flam for a truth; inasmuch as the flam returned the greater and the sweeter profit.

MR. MOFFAT came in for his proper share of disapprobation, and it served him right. He would have the coffee-dealer and the chicory-dealer distinct. Whereas many of the meeting were, after their fashion, clamorous for the mixed thing—"the mixture of a lie doth ever please," says the philosopher BACON—as good for families.

A retail-dealer, in his philanthropy towards the poor, advocated the mixed article as "a poor man's question." He said chicory "improved the strength" of coffee. No doubt of it; even as copperas improves the froth of beer, and oil of capsicum improves the heat of gin. The retailer pathetically declared, that—

> "It was found that when grocers had chicory on their premises, *it was impossible*—such was the demand of the public—to prevent them from mixing it. (*Cheers and hisses.*)"

"Impossible *not* to mix." We believe in the impossibility, to a certain sort of trader,—just as it would be impossible for IKEY SOLOMONS to keep his fingers from mixing with the contents of a man's pocket, if the pocket had a promising look of profitable investment. Only such men as our retail-dealer know what it is to struggle for pure coffee against the blandishments of winning chicory.

MR. DEANE, of Shoreditch, amidst a storm of virtuous clamour, produced a sample of poor man's fine rich Mocha. It consisted of burnt peas, dog-biscuit, powdered earth, and something "too horrid to mention," though old coffin-boards were more than hinted. And—said MR. DEANE—"four tons" of such profitable abomination were now on hand, and, as "a substitute for chicory and snuff," might be had, a profitable penn'orth, by the hardy dealer—the safe swindler in a safe apron.

A moralist, of Islington, said—

> "The man who sold coffee at the cheapest rate could afford to keep his trade wholesome by buying for mixture with chicory the best coffee that was imported."

A "wholesome" trade being a trade in one article that is nominally put off for another. Thus, the smasher who successfully utters a piece of gilt copper for a sovereign—or, if his trade be among the poorer sort, a bit of silvered zinc for a shilling—such smasher "keeps his trade wholesome." Good, shop morality!

The meeting concluded in a hurricane of feeling; many speakers having their short, significant say upon the matter in contention. One severe dealer exclaimed, that "coffee was a luxury!" Therefore, chicory was to be put off as the real Turkey berry on the beguiled customer. "We don't care if coffee goes out of use altogether," cried another, no doubt strong in his confidence in the unfailing supply of burnt peas—dog-biscuit—and old coffin-boards.

"The poor man has a right to have it mixed," shouts A.

"And"—vociferates B.—"and he shall have it." And we believe in the sincerity of B., in so far as in B. lies; and certainly the moral and honest determination of B. pervaded very many letters of the alphabet represented by clamorous coffee-dealers—or rather dealers who, struggle as they might, had no doubt found it "impossible" to refrain from mixing.

But the question stirred at the meeting embraces almost every trade. If grocers are to be called upon to expose chicory, in all its ugly nakedness, to be sold at a correspondingly cheap price, when, mixed with coffee, it might carry the coffee rate,—the public will be clamouring to have all other articles vended with the like simplicity. For instance:

FINE BOHEA—GOOD BRITISH SLOE-LEAVES!
BEST WHEATEN BREAD—ALUM, POTATO FLOUR, PLASTER OF PARIS!
FINE DEVONSHIRE BUTTER—GOOD HOG'S LARD!
WEST-INDIAN ARROW ROOT—POTATO STARCH!
BEES-WAX—STRONG ROSIN!
BLANC-MANGE—ARSENITE OF COPPER!
CAYENNE PEPPER—BRICK-DUST, OCHRE!
CHOCOLATE—SEA-BISCUIT, COCOA-NUT SHELLS!
HONEY—SYRUP OF POTATO-SUGAR!
SUGAR—SAND!

Now, if the Grocers be compelled to sell their coffee from one canister and their chicory from

another, demanding for either article a distinct price,—is it not plain that the above commodities will be submitted to the same rule of singleness? Is it not plain that Bohea will no longer be mixed with leaves from British hedges, and that West-Indian sugar will be sold pure in its conical half-pound for the stomach of the consumer, and the sand be vended separate for the poor man's spittoon or floor? As it is, like coffee and chicory, they are mixed, and—no doubt—according to certain tradesmen, the poor like their sugar with sand: nevertheless, let coffee and chicory be disunited, and the commercial bond so long existing between the above-named articles must be dissolved. As it is, like married folks, they are bound together for better or worse; and like some unhappily joined, though the two are brought together, neither law nor habit can make them ONE. There can be no happy union between fine Muscovado and pulverized gravel; therefore *Punch*, for this and all times, emphatically forbids the banns.

LEGISLATI-PHOBIA.

REMARKABLE instance of Legislatiphobia occurred on Thursday, the 13th of March, when all the Ministerial whipping in the world could not get a House together. The honourable member who seems to have succeeded to the office which might be appropriately termed the whipping post, declared his inability, on the night in question, to accomplish the task of bringing forty members together; for, though "there were several about the House, they evinced," he said, "a determined objection to go into it." "You may drag a horse to the water," says the proverb, "but you can't make him drink;" and it may now be added, that you may get an M. P. as far as the door of the House of Commons, but you can't compel him to go in and legislate.

We are really quite puzzled by the sort of phobia that seems to rage just now among legislators in general, and Ministers in particular. Perhaps the example of the latter has done the former no good, for if JACK is a dull boy, and don't get on, it is natural enough that all on the lower forms should share his want of energy.

LIBERTY HALL AT FREEMASONS' TAVERN.

PUNCH must put on a white sheet. *Punch* must take a long candle in his hand, and walk up and down Fleet Street, singing *Peccavi* through his nose. For *Punch* has sometimes imputed a spirit of intolerance to that liberal Church under whose influence Italy has become so free, and Ireland so happy. But *Punch* has been confuted. An incident which occurred at the late meeting of Roman Catholics at the Freemasons' Tavern, shows what an unhappy booby *Punch* has been in supposing that there was anything but meekness and charity in the faith of QUEEN MARY, of milky memory. The grounds of *Punch's* recantation are contained in the *Times* of last Tuesday week, which states, that, at the above-mentioned meeting, the Chairman was about to put a resolution,

"When a stout gentleman with moustachios stood up, and claimed to be heard for a moment. He was assailed with loud shouts and groans from various parts of the hall."

These are demonstrations which any assembly would make, if outraged by the intrusion of a monster of wickedness. But the wickedness of this intruder was so enormous that—in fact, it must be described. The wretch—not to call him, as the *Times* does, "the gentleman"—

"Rushed to the front of the platform, and was received by a storm of groans and hisses. He exclaimed that 'his name was KAISER' (or 'KEYSER,' we won't answer for the orthography), and that he only wanted to ask a question—one question of the chairman."

Only one question!—Yes; but to question what? To question an act of the Lord-Lieutenant of Heaven and Earth: of his Celestial Holiness, Sovereign of Sovereigns, the POPE. Whilst the shouts of the indignant faithful "grew into yells,"

"MR. KAISER, determined to have some information on a subject in which he seemed to take so much interest, leaned over the reporters' table, and, with undeniable energy of voice, exclaimed, 'I wish to ask the chairman if he agrees with the POPE in the persecution he has set on foot against the Jews in Rome at this present time?' If he had heaped up a whole orchard of apples of discord before them, the unfortunate querist could not have more excited the wrath of the assembly, not, however, against the POPE, but against himself."

No wonder. What a shocking question to ask! How dreadfully unseasonable; how provokingly awkward! "Does your POPE, good folks, practise toleration himself?" That is what it came to. What a query to suggest to the public just at this time! And yet, how mildly this much-enduring assembly resented it!—

"The screaming was frantic—one gentleman in red hair and spectacles, who looked like an ecclesiastic, rushed forward behind the chairman, and shook his fist at the offending KAISER, while his words were lost in the storm; an elderly woman, with a very large and stout umbrella, poked him on the shins and lower extremities with great vigour and animosity, while the invitations to 'Kick him out,' from the platform and body of the meeting, were of a very vehement and unanimous character."

The fist would never hold a torch—the umbrella would never turn into a red-hot poker, by any possible operation of the blessed principle of "Development." Oh, no! This scene of moderation and gentleness terminated in the following pleasant and peaceable way:—

"KAISER, having repeated his question in the most intrepid manner, for the satisfaction of himself and a confidential reporter, descended from the platform with some declaration respecting the behaviour of the POPE to the Jews, and was speedily eliminated from the meeting by a very vigorous physical process, which some few of the gentlemen on the platform endeavoured to moderate."

There—only think of that! A sacrilegious wretch has the horrible impiety to call the conduct of the holy POPE in question, and is only kicked out for it, and some of the POPE's children actually try to moderate the kicking. The miscreant was not even torn in pieces! And these are the good folks whose views *Punch* has spoken of as bigoted and irrational! Bring us the sheet! Fetch us the taper! Pecca-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-vi-i-i-i-i-mus!

WANTED A POET.

THE Laureatship of Commerce is at the present moment vacant, an advertisement having recently appeared, inviting competitors for the mantle of the Tailor Poet which is at present hanging up somewhere in the Minories, like the harp in the halls of our old friend Tara.

We have thrown off the following specimen, which is quite at the service of any bard who is desirous of taking the vacant office. We presume an examination will have to be gone through in WALKER'S Rhyming Dictionary, the first book of Grammar, and the earliest chapters of the Spelling-book. But to proceed with our specimen, which is calculated to take a prominent place in the Houndsditch Anthology, and to go down to posterity in company with the precious lyre of the Minories:—

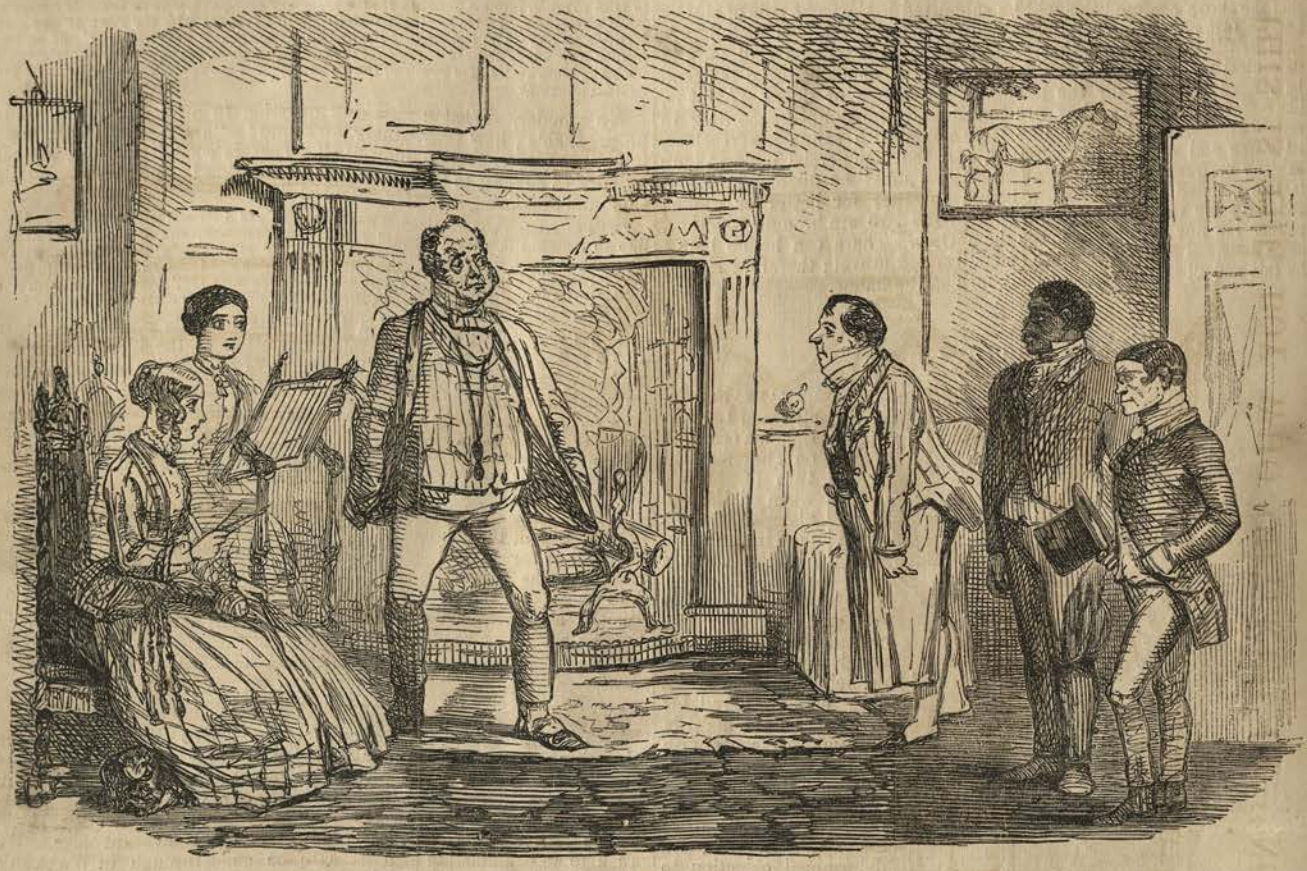
I have tried the Western fashion,
In the famous street of Bond,
Till the failure raised my passion,
And bid my heart despond.
I have worn their dearest trousers,
Which never were a hit—
But I've found the secret now, Sirs;
My garments are a fit.

For to the East I wander'd,
Attracted by a cart,
On whose address I ponder'd,
Which led me to a mart.
Within the mart I enter'd,
Where thunderstruck I stand;
For there is Fashion centred
With Cheapness in her hand.

Then Fashion, smiling on me,
Came forth my form to deck;
She put a coat upon me
That fitted to the neck.
Its ample skirts were flowing,
It fell unto the waist;
Its air was neat, but knowing—
It seemed the type of taste.

But suddenly I thought me
All pleasure has an end;
For the treasure they have brought me
No trifle I must spend.
But judge how great my pleasure—
I feel its throbbing still!
Though 'twas Fashion took my measure,
It was Cheapness brought the bill.

AMPLE GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT.—Finding the Grounds of your Coffee to consist of nothing but Chicory.



MR. HAYCOCK HAVING HEARD OF THE MERITS OF BRUISED OATS FOR HORSES, REQUESTS HIS FRIEND BRIGGS TO SEND HIM A COUPLE OF "BRUISERS." MR. BRIGGS DESPATCHES THE "WHITECHAPEL CHICKEN" AND THE "BAYSWATER SLASHER."

HE WOULD BE BEATEN.

MAWWORM liked to "be despised;" but LORD JOHN—who at all events is no hypocrite—seems to love to be beaten. Our contemporary, the *Times*, compared his Lordship, the other day, to one of the celebrated order of flagellants; and it is certain that even the Treasury whips add to the ministerial wounds, for the said whips fail to whip up a House when it is required.

It is said to be foolish to dash one's head against a wall; but the Ministers seem to be actually on the look-out for walls to dash their heads against. A skilful pilot seeing breakers a-head, steers another way; but the present pilot of the State vessel appears to look out for them, merely for the purpose of making for them, and enjoying the fun of seeing whether it is possible to go slap-bang upon a rock without going to pieces.

Nobody thought much about the Ceylon difficulty, until LORD JOHN commenced piping all hands, and calling on his crew to make right away for the point of danger, just to see whether it is really enough of a rock to wreck the vessel. Perhaps the ministerial commander has become so accustomed lately to jeopardy, that smooth water does not offer sufficient excitement; though he should recollect that it has been from his hugging the old Whig shore, and being reluctant to go far enough out, that he has already endangered his vessel.

Dropping nautical allegory, we must express our sincere regret at the miserable precedent LORD JOHN RUSSELL has afforded for the future stoppage of the business of Government, by suspending it until an adverse motion—which is not to come on for nearly a fortnight—has been disposed of. According to this principle, it would only be necessary for a member to give notice of a vote of censure, at three months' date, in order to put a stop, for three months, to every measure of the Government. If a Ministry will do nothing while it has a vote of censure hanging over it, nothing will be easier than to keep such a bugbear constantly suspended over the heads of the Government; when, if all Premiers are like LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in his present extraordinary mood, no business whatever will be proceeded with.

THE POPE, OR A JEW'S RIBS.

ABOUT the same time that a Jew, tied upon a horse, was wont to be hunted and pelted by faithful Catholics at Rome; about that very time a Jew was hustled and beaten by British Catholics in London—by Catholics gathered together at the Freemasons' Tavern, to protest before the world their toleration, their meekness, their Christian love for all men, together with their sorrow that Protestant England—with WISEMAN in Golden Square—should somewhat doubt such benevolent qualities. LOUIS KYEZOR, a Jew, begs to put a question to the meeting, as to the amount of tolerance awarded by the Pope to people of the Judaical faith in Rome; and the enlightened Catholics give a practical answer to the pestilent unbeliever, by turning him, with brotherly violence, and tolerant blows in the ribs, from the room.

"I beg to state [writes LOUIS KYEZOR], that before I got through the crowd of Irishmen, I received a most violent blow in my ribs, from which I am in great pain at the present time. This is a specimen of Catholic benevolence towards those who differ in opinion from them."

A very correct specimen, MR. KYEZOR. It is not much, certainly, considering what Catholics have perpetrated upon the Hebrew body; but it is, at least, as much as they are permitted to do up to *the present time*—and they do it.

It would be something more racy to make LOUIS KYEZOR wear a yellow hat, instead of the undistinguished black chimney-pot borne alike by Jews, Catholics, and Protestants. It would be even more gratifying to make LOUIS KYEZOR sit, once a year, in a Catholic church to hear mass, as at Rome. It might, on a strong occasion, be savoury to the nostrils of the true faith to roast the aforesaid KYEZOR, as Jews and Christians have been roasted, in this world, to purify them for the next; but, as this is not to be done at *present*, why KYEZOR shall be hustled and buffeted by Catholic gentlemen, carrying home with him, for the sympathy, and, it is to be hoped, the instruction of his family, "a most violent blow in his ribs." When a whole man is not to be crushed, the instalment of a rib is something. Will CARDINAL WISEMAN—in these Lenten days—be content with a Jew's ribs; merely his ribs?

THIS IS THE BOY WHO CHALKED UP "NO POPERY!"—AND THEN RAN AWAY!!!

THE PROTOTYPE OF A CERTAIN PERSON.

THE *Quarterly Review* describes the personal appearance of that celebrated Athenian philosopher, SOCRATES. From this description we subjoin some extracts—interlarded only with a few remarks—which, however, would doubtless occur spontaneously to many minds. Our contemporary says:—

"Could we transport ourselves back to the Athenian market-place during the Peloponnesian war, we should at once recognise one familiar figure standing with uplifted finger and animated gesture, amidst a group of handsome youths or aged sophists, eager to hear, to learn, or to refute."

Such a figure as may be at this moment imagined in Smithfield Market-place, urging the removal of the same, amidst a group of pretty fellows—consisting of meat-salesmen and publicans—or aged sophists, in the shape of venerable Aldermen, more anxious, however, to refute than either to learn or hear:—

"We should see the SILENUS features of that memorable countenance—the flat nose, the thick lips, the prominent eyes—the mark of a thousand jests from friends and foes."

Quite a daguerreotype—this—of the SOCRATIC "mug,"—except as to the handle. Liberties were taken with SOCRATES's nose by the sculptors. It was really an ample and magnificent aquiline; but the rogues flattened it to vex the sage, who contented himself with calmly turning up the misrepresented feature.

"We should laugh at the protuberance of the FALSTAFF stomach, which no necessary hardships, no voluntary exercise could bring down."

All this is quite correct. SOCRATES, like somebody living, who shall be nameless, had nearly as much stomach as brain.

"We should perceive the strong-built frame, the full development of health and strength, which never sickened in the winter campaign of Potidœa, nor yet in the long plague and stifling heats of the blockade of Athens."

Perfectly true: and all so much evidence of a vigorous circulation.

"The strong common sense, the humour, the courage of the man were conspicuous on his first appearance."

The fidelity of this part of the portrait will be also recognised—at least by every acquaintance of *Mr. Punch*.

"And every one knows the story of the physiognomist, who detected in his features the traces of that fiery temper, which, for the most part, he kept under severe control, but which, when it did break loose, is described by those who witnessed it as absolutely terrible."

Just so placid is the temper in general—just so tremendous is the ire when aroused—of that philosopher and humourist who is the only acknowledged representative of the Athenian Sage. The *Quarterly* reviewer—who perhaps may not be aware of the parallel now alluded to—has omitted to mention the hunch of SOCRATES, and the cudgel that he used to carry about with him, for the purpose of convincing those who were invincible by reason.

A MINISTERIAL BARCAROLE.

BEHOLD how glibly goes the Session!
It passes on from day to day,
While we, in spite of every warning,
Allow the time to slip away.
Put off! Put off! Why need we care?
Put off! Let's be slow!
The place they seek they 'll soon—they 'll soon—ensnare,
If onwards we go.
Put off! Put off! &c.

Chorus of Subordinates.
Put off! Put off! &c., &c.

THE LORDS OF THE COMMONS.

SPEAKING at the Protestant-Subjugation Meeting, at the Freemasons' Tavern, MR. MOORE, M.P., is reported to have given utterance to the fine language subjoined:—

"The quivering viper of a bill lying at their feet might hardly be thought worthy of another blow of the hatchet, if they did not know that the scotched snake was not always killed."

Irished, if you please; not *Scotched*, MR. MOORE. The Anti-Papal bill—if that is what you mean by your snake—has been Irished: so has the English people, MR. MOORE; but Irished is not being killed, any more than Scotched, as Irished JOHN BULL may perhaps live to let you know.

EMPLOYMENT FOR CAPITAL.

WHO will venture to assert that there is in these days no employment for capital? Every day's advertisements in the *Times* will assure us that if capital were fifty times as abundant as it is, there are plenty of enterprising people not only ready and willing, but anxious to make use of it. A few specimens, taken at random from the paper of Tuesday, the 11th, will suffice to show how easily money may be laid out by those who, being possessed of it, don't know exactly what to do with it. To take the first specimen that offers. Here is a tit-bit of temptation:—

CAPITAL.—Any Gentleman having £1000 or £2000 to dispose of, may employ it most advantageously, without any risk. Address to ——

The optional nature of the amount is beautifully adapted to the money-dispensing capacity, which has been judiciously consulted, in this instance, by leaving a large margin between the maximum and minimum of the amount required. The money is to be employed "most advantageously." No doubt of it; for though it is not said where the advantage will fall, it is impossible that one or two thousand pounds can be employed without a gain to somebody.

The next specimen is neat in its terms, and moderate in its pretensions, though sufficiently large and liberal in its promises:—

ADVANTAGEOUS.—WANTED, a GENTLEMAN, having at his immediate disposal £40 or £50, to join the advertiser in a very lucrative profession, where there are no risks. Address in the first instance by letter only to ——

We should like to know this "lucrative profession," where there are "no risks," and out of which enough for two may be got, by the investment of £40 or £50 of ready money. Who can dare to say that the professions are all overstocked, when here is a profession waiting to be jumped into by anybody with a couple of twenty-pound notes in his pocket? "No risks," too! Of this we have no doubt. It is a matter of certainty, we dare say; but what may be the certain result we forbear to speculate; for in respect to this advertisement we are not prepared to go into speculation of any kind.

"Opportunity" No. 3 is offered to rather extended competition, for it embraces, and is ready to take in, Solicitors as well as ordinary Capitalists. Here it is:—

TO SOLICITORS and CAPITALISTS. A Gentleman, constantly in WANT OF LOANS, for long and short periods, wishes to meet with Capitalists ready to make advances on the same. Address to ——

We should like to see in the approaching Exhibition the "portrait of a gentleman constantly in want of loans, for long and short periods." Surely here is an opportunity for the artist, as well as for the man of capital; a subject on which not only the latter may employ his pen in drawing a check, but on which the former may use his pencil in a species of drawing altogether different. The "constant want of loans" might be shown by the "hard lines" visible in the face, and the "wish to meet with capitalists ready to make advances" might be expressed by what SHAKESPEARE calls an "inviting eye," not likely to repel advances of any kind. We do not think it necessary to proceed further with our proofs of the fallacy of the cry that there is "no employment for capital." We hear, now and then, of a glut of money—a repletion—a stagnancy of coin in the very arteries of commerce; but how can this repletion last for a single day, when there is a bleeding apparatus, and a choice of operators, constantly offered in continuous streams of advertisements?

Waggery in Humble Life.

WE always like to encourage wit in the most modest, if not the meanest guise, and we are glad, therefore, to be able to pat on the back as a promising punster one of the Door-keepers of the House of Commons. The functionary alluded to, standing as he does in an atmosphere unfavourable to the development of the organ of humour, may be considered to have achieved a remarkable success in the following *jeu-de-mot*, which we request the reader to be very careful in reading, for its extreme fragility requires tender treatment. Here it is:—The Door-keeper, on remarking that the insufficiency of members of the Commons present on Thursday last caused there being no-house, declared the business could be got through no-hows (*no-house!*—mark the completeness of the *bon-mot*) if that sort of thing were frequently to happen.

AT the Coffee-Adulteration Meeting, held last week at the London Tavern, two votes were passed upon the Chairman, MR. BARING. The one was the customary vote of thanks, and the other was a vote of censure—which vote, in our opinion, only carried its own censure with it.

The votes of these honest Chicory gentlemen were characterised after the meeting thus:—

The first vote was *For-Baring!*
The second *Over-Bearing!!*

THE SAINTS OF OLD. (*That is, of the Dark Ages.*) A CHANT FOR THE TIMES.

THE Saints of old were queer old fellows, used to live in caves and cells,
And looked, if true their legends tell us, rather more like Guys than swells;
Next to their skin, not very clean, they mostly wore a horsehair shirt,
And over that a gaberdine, both regularly steeped in dirt.
Sing the cock-bird is the gander, and the goose the gander's hen;
And these, my bucks, were your holy men!

A knotted rope the waist around, these fogies did for girdle wear,
And had their feet with sandals bound, or otherwise entirely bare;
About their heads there used to play a curious shiny kind of thing,
Which in their portraits doth convey a like idea to SATURN'S Ring.
Sing, &c.

The rope that round their loins was twisted, served them, too, themselves to flog,
As they did daily, and desisted all but quite from drink and prog;
For Paradise they thought to merit, through the frame's attenuation,
And Heaven's beatitude inherit by diurnal flagellation.
Sing, &c.

In repudiating lather, scorning water, shunning soap,
Did your pattern saintly Father, also put his trust and hope;
Domesticities he hated, counting wedlock as disgrace,
Which example, imitated, soon would end the human race.
Sing, &c.

On their chins saints nourished bristles, but they often shaved their heads;
Used to sleep on thorns and thistles, or of nettles made their beds;
Or else would pass the livelong night in kneeling upon bare flint-stones,
O'er and o'er again reciting gibberish on their marrow-bones.
Sing, &c.

Some would fix their habitation on a pillar in the air,
Just like LORD NELSON'S situation in our own Trafalgar Square;
From cold and wet without protection would through pious postures go,
And with many a genuflexion edify the crowd below.
Sing, &c.

Talk of Jumpers, talk of Shakers, and their antics queer and quaint!
They are all nothing; none but Fakirs can approach your ancient Saint.
Thus he lived without a neighbour, or a soul to love or please,
Working not, and giving labour only to industrious fleas.
Sing, &c.

Now he lay in trances snoring—now his occupation dull
Was to sit intently poring on an image or a skull;
With these employments interfered the Fiend, with imps in various shapes,
Who, to annoy the Saint, appeared as dragons, owls, wild beasts, and apes.
Sing, &c.

The people sometimes, like a badger, drew the Saint from out his lair,
And made, by force, the sordid cadger to ascend a bishop's chair.
At ancient pictures if you look, you 'll see him with his neck awry,
Holding between his wrists a crook, and doing miracles thereby.
Sing, &c.

In odour styled of sanctity his Saintship finished his career,
A perfume which, decidedly, Saints' habits must have render'd queer.
His relics—nails—teeth—*os coccygis*—served to cure all kinds of ills,
As surely—truth to state obliges—as our Universal Pills.
Sing, &c.

Now to the Saints' mirific ashes, and their memory, peace we wish.
They sometimes, scribes whom nought abashes tell us, preached to birds and fish;
If everybody had their wishes, once again would faith prevail
In such old Saints, and birds and fishes, all so very like a whale!
Sing, &c.

A Kaffir Prophet.

THE Kaffirs, it seems, keep a prophet—one UMLANGENI—and he predicted that the English would be turned into cattle—the trees would become Kaffirs—and the British bullets would be melted into water. Now *Punch* predicts that, like an animal of burden, JOHN BULL at home will bear the weight of the war; and that for every bullet fired, there will be paid at least an ounce of tax-raised gold.

The Great Finish of Art.

THE excuse that Government makes about taking forty years in issuing a war medal, is, that they do not like to send out an imperfect thing. They are determined that each medal shall be the most finished thing of its kind—only we are afraid they will carry the finish to such a tremendous extreme, that, when really finished, there will not be a survivor left to admire it!

PUNCH'S OWN (KENSINGTON) RAILWAY.

ATTEMPTS are again making to "develope the resources" of out favourite little "loop" line—the loop in question consisting of just about rope enough to enable the concern to hang itself up, until further notice. A kind of excitement is being got up about the Exhibition, which, it is thought, may be the cause of a sort of hectic and feverish communication between the Scrubs at Wormwood and the Canal in Warwick Square—an event which would stimulate the line into a state of unwonted but much wanted activity. At present, we regret to say the report is not encouraging. The "permanent way" is a bad way for the shareholders, and the "plant" has been neglected for the cultivation of cabbage plants on each side of the property. In consequence of the refusal of the Great Western to take up the passenger traffic, the balance on that head shows only a "dot and carry none," there being, unfortunately, none to carry.

Food for Comment.

A LEEDS Paper states that a Board of Guardians in the neighbourhood has adopted the practice of "feeding the paupers at a mess-trough six at a time," in consequence of the damage done to the saucepans. There is something rather revolting to English notions in the idea of feeding human beings out of a trough; and though it is an arrangement that might possibly please the pigs," it is, in our opinion, going a great deal too much "the whole hog" in the way of economy. We are not fond of wish-wash in the way of sentiment, but we really object to an arrangement rather more suggestive of hog's wash than of any other material.

A WORD ON WINES.

FALSELY the proverb says, *In vino veritas;* for there is no greater falsehood than this; because instead of *veritas*, the very taste of a great deal of wine will show at once that there is no truth in it—that it is not, in fact, the genuine article. The proof of the pudding may be in the eating, but it is not always that the proof of the wine is in the drinking; for many a would-be connoisseur, who smacks his lips over some liquid that he describes as "fruity," "full-bodied," or "dry," has not the least idea of what he is talking about.

We have frequently been asked to taste a nice "dry" wine, which we have wished had been so literally "dry" as to be completely dried up, so that we might have avoided giving an opinion on its merits. Somebody has lately advertised some port, which "the Company are now working on." We should have thought this can hardly be regarded as a recommendation; for when we consider the peculiar way in which port wine is frequently worked upon, our opinion is, that the less said about the process the better, if the sale of the wine is desired.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN CHEMISTRY
BY THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY.

THE Society of Apothecaries is rumoured to have made a great discovery in science, the only discovery of the kind it has made, that was ever heard of.

The bulk of mankind may require to be informed that the Apothecaries' Society is one of the smaller City Companies; to none of which, however, is it second in that singular attachment to vested interests, which entitles it to rank with Smithfield, and other wonderful institutions of the Metropolis.

Yet the Company of Apothecaries ought to be a scientific body. Originally established to supply the public with genuine draughts and other medicines, it has also been chartered, by a freak of Legislation, to provide the community with medical men. In 1815 the Perfection of Human Reason invested it with sole authority to regulate the professional education of general practitioners—the physicians of the people at large. From that time to this it has continued to prescribe medical studies—and to put up prescriptions. In its commercial dealings the Worshipful Society is unimpeachable; its medicines are first-rate, and its pepper may be recommended; but its educational arrangements are considered rather inferior, and by no means so good, or so reasonable, as its drugs and spices.

The Apothecaries' Company has a vast opinion of Chemistry; although its members, for the most part, have distinguished themselves rather as druggists than chemists. It has decreed that chemical lectures shall form part of the education of every candidate for its license. Attendance on the instructions of any competent lecturer, one might suppose, would satisfy this requirement. Not so. Their Worships of Apothecaries' Hall still refuse to recognise the lectures of any provincial Professor, although his chemical reputation, which is vouched for by chemists of the greatest eminence throughout Europe, including BRANDE, BERZELIUS, and LIEBIG, may be said to be at least European. And why cannot Apothecaries' Hall acknowledge the teaching of gentlemen recognised by the London University, and the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons?—bodies surely as well qualified to judge in the case as the medicine-venders who keep the shop at the upper end of Union Street. But the men of senna have made a bye-law, which denies recognition to any chemical lecturer, unless he lectures in connexion with a regular medical school. As if any competent lecturer could lecture otherwise. As though there were any science of chemistry but one, which is connected with every medical school, and the Apothecaries' Company did not know that, and had worked so long at the pestle and mortar as to have brayed themselves into downright asses.

But, then, their Worships allege, that their regulation is one of long standing, and that, therefore, they cannot rescind it; a sort of conservative logic, that in this instance a punster might describe as sennatorial. In the meantime they have rescinded this sage regulation in favour of the Royal Institution.

The truth is supposed to be, that they have discovered an extraordinary chemical fact; namely, that there is a principle in the air of London, essential to the study of that very science, by which alone any sort of air can be analysed; that is, essential to the pursuit of Chemistry itself—as understood by the Worshipful Company. They appear to have wished to keep this mystery to themselves—as the first persons who knew of phosphorus endeavoured to hold that discovery secret: however, it has oozed out.

London air has been generally supposed to differ from the air of other places, by containing, in addition to the main constituents of the atmosphere, a somewhat larger proportion of carbonic acid and other gases, the products of combustion and putrefaction; also of aqueous vapour, and free carbon in the form of smoke: with which last substance the Apothecaries' discovery has been thought identical.

It is, however, believed to have been ascertained by the Apothecaries' Company, that the metropolitan atmosphere, especially in and about the hospitals and medical schools, contains an element which brings into play certain delicate affinities, unscientifically termed mutual interests, rendering it impracticable to allow students to learn Chemistry—or, at least, spend their money in so doing—elsewhere than at those particular establishments. This element, or principle, is of a very subtle nature. It is termed *aurine*—whether from *aura*, a current of air, or *aurum*, another description of currency, let etymologists determine. The Apothecaries are said to have made this discovery of theirs whilst in pursuit of the philosopher's stone—the prime object of their philosophical researches.

But for this peculiarity in the air of London, a medical student might learn his Chemistry, whether at Liverpool or elsewhere, before coming to town, instead of having to cram it, together with half-a-dozen other sciences besides, during the short time of his attendance at the hospitals, which ought to be devoted as much as possible to the practical study of his profession. It is almost a pity, therefore, that the Apothecaries ever made this discovery, or that, having made it, they should have applied it in regulating medical studies, or, indeed, that they continue to meddle with those studies at all, and do not confine themselves to pharmacy and grocery.

NOTES AND QUERIES.—Was there ever known a cock that, upon being teased, crowed "cock-a-doodle-don't?"

A CUSTOMER FOR THE SURPLUS.

Kaffir. "HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS ANOTHER TWO MILLIONS ABOUT YOU?"

THE GREAT RIVAL TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

WE suppose that until a charge from the Bishop suggests the abolition of the charge of two-pence at the door of St. Paul's, we must look upon the latter as one of the numerous rivals to the Great Exhibition. It is not, we believe, the intention of the managers of the show at the Crystal Palace to throw the first stone—for those who live in glass houses will naturally shrink from the process—but we do not see why St. Paul's should not go into the competition with spirit, and issue a sort of programme of prices, suited to the extraordinary occasion upon which we are entering. Perhaps the following may offer an acceptable hint to the proper authorities:—

GRAND EXHIBITION—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The managers of this Great National Exhibition have the honour to announce that, during the great season of 1851, season-tickets will be issued for ladies and gentlemen. The charges will be as follow:—

Season-ticket for a Gentleman . . . . . 5*s.*
Season-ticket for a Lady . . . . . 2*s.*

The tickets will not be transferable, but will entitle the owner to admission whenever the Cathedral is open. The managers hope that this reasonable scale of prices will be found satisfactory to their kind friends, the public.

On the first of May, in consequence of the many rival exhibitions, including the gratuitous out-door one of Jack-in-the-Green, which it is naturally expected might diminish the receipts at the Cathedral, no money will be taken at the doors, but on the second and third the entrance will be two-pence, as usual. On the fourth day of Exhibition the price will be one penny, to be reduced, on the twenty-second day, to one half-penny, at which it will remain till the rival exhibition closes. It is in contemplation to make arrangements for the reception of families, at the rate of a penny a lot all round, taking the big with the little. No change will be given at the doors, notwithstanding the hints in various quarters that some very great change is required.

Should experience show that any alterations are expedient, the managers reserve the right of indulging in any eccentricity that may occur to them.

WHAT THE LEGISLATURE IS COMING TO.

IF much more of the time of the nation is wasted, the Session of Parliament will dwindle down to a Quarter Session.

THE ONLY PARTY LEFT.

WE all recollect the Lament of DISRAELI over the abolition of Parties! We know many persons who attribute the incompetency of the present House of Commons to the same cause. We think these complaints are all unfounded, for if the Whig Party and the Tory Party are both defunct, there is, at all events, one Party left,—and, far from being a weak Party, it is a very numerous one, and so strongly bound in one common interest together, that nothing has yet been known to shake it. The Party we mean is always too happy to lend its services to the Government, and it is so stanch and true, that there is not an instance recorded anywhere of its ever deserting it. It is not a very talented Party, but it makes up in numbers what it wants in intellect. The Party we allude to is the Family Party of the ELLIOTTS, who should make the heart of MR. DISRAELI, and other mourners, rejoice that there is still one Party left in the House of Commons! What cares England for Whig or Tory, or any other Party, as long as it can boast of its Family Party of the ELLIOTTS?

A Distinguished Light of the Established Church.

MR. BENNETT denies many of the Puseyite practices with which he has been charged by the BISHOP OF LONDON. According to this, we suppose, the fact of his lighting up the altar of St. Barnabas, every Sunday, in such a flaming manner, must only be looked upon as a small piece of the Bishop's candle (*scandal*).

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

WHAT is a Public Impost?

Why, in certain cases, like the Income-Tax, it is not going too far to call such a Public Impost a Public Imposture!

No Medal Without a Reverse

A POOR Veteran was inquiring at the Horse Guards for a Peninsular Medal, to which he was entitled. "I tell you, again," was the satisfactory answer he received, "the medal's not finished. You forget it takes thirty years to make a *die*." "So it seems," said the Veteran, as he walked away, "for I believe I'm about the only one now living."

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NO BUSINESS OF OURS.

EAR *Mr. Punch*, I hope that the little anecdotes connected with the Roman Catholic Church, which have of late been occupying a good deal of public attention, and which have had the effect of making some folks angry, will not tend to disturb your own serene judgment and temper.

"What has happened? A young lady, twenty years of age, a ward of Chancery, with eighty thousand pounds for her fortune, has been for education to a convent at Taunton, and, in the course of her residence there, has been so charmed and edified by the conventual life, that it is said she feels inclined to adopt it altogether; and, taking the Church for her bridegroom, will possibly endow her mystic spouse with her eighty thousand pounds.

"Has she not a perfect right to do as she likes with her own? If she were poor, would there be any great outcry made? Has she not a right to her opinions and convictions? Suppose that she likes better to get up to chapel at 3 o'clock in the morning, than to dance polkas at that hour in Belgrave Square? Suppose she is of opinion that that retreat at Taunton is far nearer heaven than any residence in London could be; and prefers a spiritual to a step—father—how are you to prevent her from having her way?

"You have no more right to force her to eat beef on a Friday, than to compel me to dine on a slice of bread and a carrot. It is a question of tastes which ought surely to be left open in a free country.

"And where there is liberty of opinion there must of course be expression of it. Everybody who speaks, proselytises more or less. You engage to make converts just as much as His Eminence or dear FATHER HOLDSTOCK—and as his reverence excites by hope or terror, and says to his faithful, My beloved son or daughter, if you do so and so, you will be assured of so and so; and if you don't do so and so, you will be pretty certain to go to, &c.—so, you on your side, flout and scout, and scorn and fling ridicule on HOLDSTOCK and NICHOLAS, and all black friars and white, blue friars and gray,—their preternatural pretensions, the miracles which the poor creatures are compelled to swallow, the very morality which they inculcate, as odious, foolish, debasing, unmanly. I have been in a convent myself—perhaps in that very one of Taunton. I believe on my word and conscience that if that system is virtuous, Sutteeism in India is virtuous: I believe if those twenty-four ladies were married to twenty-four railway navvies, they would be better employed than they are in their present business. I believe that many of the duties which occupy them, and in which the poor souls are taught to take a pride, are meaner and more frivolous than waltzing with the dullest dandies in May Fair—that the scheme of life held up to them as the highest and most virtuous of which human creatures are capable, is neither more nor less than despicable and shameful, and scorn the doctrine and the doctors inasmuch as they preach it. We laugh at the Doctors then: and they pity us, and send us—you know where. They can't do otherwise, and we are perfectly content. Sir, they are all alike. Disagree with FATHER ATHANASIUS or JACK THE COBBLER, who is bawling on the common, and he can do nothing but consign you to the deuce. As far as he stands there, and to the best of his belief, he is the administrator of your ultimate happiness or perdition. Bawl on, JACK THE COBBLER; curse away, FATHER ATHANASIUS! Curse us and each other. You believe yourselves right; and if you are right, we are done for. Show us that you are right, one or the other of you, and the rest follows as a matter of course. But, holding your premises to be as absurd and monstrous, as their consequences would be, I, for my part, take leave utterly to deny one and the other.

"But, give clerical gentlemen fair-play. If I don't believe that FATHER ATHANASIUS can absolve me, or the contrary; or decline to adopt the views of JACK THE COBBLER, who has pretty much the same pretensions, at least those divines have as good a right to be heard as we: and conclusions and consequences must come out of their opinions as out of all others.

"If, for instance, a young lady is of opinion that FATHER ATHANASIUS is invested with powers to curse or bless her into eternity; is the holder of an absolute truth of which he is the authorised and heaven-transmitted expounder; and if the Father says, 'My dear, for the good of your soul, and the benefit of the Church, you had much better take the habit of a nun, and pay over that matter of eighty thousand pounds, which can be of no use to you;' of course she has a right to follow the dictates of her conscience, and the keeper of her conscience; and you and I have no right to object to the disposal of her money.

"Take the other case again, about which there has been such a brawl and talk in the VICE-CHANCELLOR'S Court. An old French refugee and miser, who has scraped together ten thousand pounds, is on his death-bed in Somers Town. Shivering and starving on the brink of the grave, and without the heart to spend a shilling for a pint of wine to warm his wretched carcase—his landlord finds the Roman Catholic Clergyman of the district, and, of course, brings him to administer consolation to the dying old wretch.

"Enemies may say that the old man, drivelling and trembling in the grasp of death, might fall an easy victim to an interested person disposed to exaggerate the terrors which already were agitating him; and take advantage of the weakness which had stretched him on his miserable couch. What does the REVEREND MR. HOLDSTOCK do on the contrary? He exhorts CARRÉ to good works—for what better work than charity? What cause more sacred than that of education? Those dear little girls of Saint Aloys' School want spelling-books and samplers; and if the old miser, by screwing, by French lessons, by whatever means, has amassed a sum of money which he can't take away with him to the place whither he is going, let him give seven thousand to the school, and he will be no worse for the donation.

"The Catholics like pictures, and admit them as incitements of devotion. Here's a nice subject for a pious artist! Let it hang up in the school amongst the little children—the miser dying on his miserable pallet—his wretched life flickering out—prostrate by ghastly terrors, by accumulated remorse, by mental and bodily weakness and imbecility—and the priest and the priest's friend, the barrister, hanging over him, and getting the donation from the almost corpse-look up at that, little girls! Count your little beads; sing your little song in chorus for the repose of the soul of the late MONSIEUR CARRÉ!

"It is true that CARRÉ, for this pious purpose, gives his money away from his family; but what does this prove? Does this not prove how good an Englishman FATHER HOLDSTOCK is, in reply to those wicked assertions that the Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics are subjects of a foreign power? CARRÉ'S relations are Frenchmen. He made his money in this country. Why should it go out of this country? He lived in Somers Town; let his piety enrich the suburb in which he practised the virtues of economy. If he had not lived so avariciously as he did, he could not have saved at his trade more than three thousand pounds. Let his family have that. A soul is saved; a school is built and improved, by which thousands of souls more are probably succoured. And I, for my part, say that FATHER HOLDSTOCK performed A GOOD MORNING'S WORK.

"And this testimony which I give, is at least impartial. I no more believe that the POPE OF ROME or any officer of his has power to save (or the contrary) my soul, than that the beadle of St. James's can do so: I have a right to my opinion, and to publish it too; and so repeat that the REVEREND MR. HOLDSTOCK did a good morning's business. A *coup* of seven thousand pounds in the course of a forenoon's conversation is very seldom made; and many a clergyman has passed six hours in taking a confession not worth twopence-halfpenny. MR. HOLDSTOCK would, no doubt, and has done; and would give his ear to the fetid breath of a beggar dying of typhus, as readily as listen to the last quivering directions of a perishing miser.

"And if clergymen of his persuasion have a persuasion of their own so marvellous, that they can alienate young girls from the world, sisters from sisters, dying old men yearning for their relatives from their natural affections, and the ordinary proofs of them—if they can get MISS TALBOT'S money to build a cathedral, or CARRÉ'S to found a school—if they can enter families, close doors and hold secret councils, remit, confirm, soothe, terrify, divide, govern—what call have *we* to complain? If Catholic families choose to submit to this, how can we help it, or how interfere?

"There is a pile of buildings at Taunton, say—there is a door. Who is to forbid you to enter

and mount the steps? And as a young English lady all but a minor, imaginative, beautiful, tender in years and intellect, attended by the devout and influential friends of her family, by pious relatives, by a crowd of priests, with shaven polls, singing round about her, and pointing out the joys of heaven to her, has a perfect right to mount those steps, and disappear from the world—why is a lady in Bengal to be prevented from joining her spouse, whom her relations, the practice of the country, and the advice of the most eminent fakeers and Brahmins of her church, concur to press upon her?"

"AN OPPRESSED HINDOO."

PUNCH AT THE PLAY.—A LESSON FOR MANAGERS.

Two or three weeks ago, *Mr. Punch* paid a visit in state—his usual happy state—to Drury Lane Theatre. He was received at the door by an enormous crowd of ladies and gentlemen in waiting, all of them wearing their orders, and who seemed to be rather more free than welcome. On reaching the top of the staircase, *Mr. Punch* was met by the clerk of the check, to whom he handed the customary counter of copper, humming *Al idea di quel metallo*, as he passed into the corridor.

The usual freemasonry of putting the hand to the pocket being here gone through by *Mr. Punch*, and understood by the box-keeper, that acute functionary discovered he had "one vacant seat on a front row," to which the distinguished visitor was ushered, as the orchestra commenced the dashing Chinese overture to the beautiful British comedy of *Simpson and Co.*

In due time the curtain rose, discovering the hero of five hundred melo-dramas, and the "light comedian" of upwards of a quarter of a century. Nevertheless, theatrical youth, like forensic wisdom, is often in the wig, and the venerable "young dog" of the old legitimate farces, by the aid of the "real gentleman's head of hair," looked as jetty as JETTY TREFFZ, if not quite as juvenile.

The acting was of the school called "mellow," but a performer, like a pear, cannot, unfortunately, preserve for ever the happy medium of mellowness. There were all the old points, but the public cannot be poked in the ribs for thirty years by precisely the same points, without the said points getting somewhat flattened. After the appearance of the BROMLEY of the night, which gave some idea of the strength of the Co., expectation waited for the SIMPSON. The actor is of high provincial repute, and brings with him to London the traditions handed down from London, thirty years ago, as to the dressing of that respectable old stage nuisance, the "British Merchant."

The dramatic representative of Commerce has ever been clothed in a costume, that, in real life in the City, would attract towards the merchant a large circle of those rum, but unprofitable customers, the "boys." They could not be expected to witness unmoved the advent of one, who, decked nearly entirely in buff, would seem to invite the appellation of "old buffer." The acting of this part was more than respectable, and if the actor had been brought to London to show his talents in amusing novelties, instead of in the worn-out productions of the past age, we might have been able to congratulate the performer and the metropolitan public on their having made each other's acquaintance.

Ever gallant to the fair sex, *Mr. Punch* has nothing but compliments for the ladies, particularising, however, the sensible expounder of MRS. BROMLEY'S sentiments, and the pretty and promising representative of the unconscious mischief-maker, MRS. FITZALLAN.

Mr. Punch was, it is true, a little startled at seeing MADAME LA TRAPPE enter a room in Mincing Lane—there the scene is laid—having come through the thick of the City, in the middle of the day, in a white muslin dress, without a bonnet, but a wreath of green on her head, and with an arrangement of ribbons peculiar to the French school-girl of the early part of the present century.

The costume, under the circumstances, was startling; but perhaps it was meant to be so; for, on the stage, effect is half the battle. For the same reason, perhaps, the scene in Mincing Lane was a room, with French windows down to the ground, looking on to a garden, full of flowers, and commanding a view of an extensive landscape. Perhaps the room was at the top of the house in Mincing Lane; perhaps the flower-garden was an ingenious arrangement on the leads of adjoining houses; and perhaps the landscape comprised our old friends the "Surrey hills," which the London lodging-house keepers, in a mythic strain, frequently declare to be "wisible."

To *Mr. Punch*, it must be confessed, this exhumation, as it were, of the old dramas and old doings of the theatrical past, was a good deal like the unrolling of a mummy. He stopped to see the spectacle of *Azael*, which, as a spectacle, is excellent. Being good of its class, and well done, the public saw it with pleasure; for merit of any kind is appreciated. Everybody in the theatre had come to see the spectacle, and everybody had come *not* to see the old worn-out comedy, with its old worn-out acting, and its old worn-out, traditional, but most inappropriate, appointments and scenery. The evening's performance was calculated to convey a lesson to managers; for, in the course of the night, what to avoid, and what to do, were both exemplified. What a pity it is that the former so often preponderates over the latter in the modern system of management! By the way a new piece has since been produced, under the title of a *Morning Call*, which is understood to be well worthy of an evening call; and we intend, therefore, leaving our card, at an early opportunity.

"HARPER CRIES,—''TIS TIME, 'TIS TIME!'"

THE house of book-taker and bookseller HARPER, of New York, is a house built of the skulls of English authors. Never did PHILIP, the terrible red man, take so many scalps as have fallen to the lot of the Ex-Mayor of New York. He is a man all brains—the brains of other people. HARPER makes his daily four meals off the bones of British penmen. A joint of BULWER decks his breakfast-table; at luncheon he has a snack of TENNYSON; at dinner, DICKENS and MACAULAY, with MRS. SOMERVILLE and MRS. HOWITT as side-dishes; and at supper—for HARPER has a wondrous digestion—JAMES and MRS. TROLLOPE. Since the first book went to press, and the first bookseller was born of that operation, no man has been known with the swallow of our New York HARPER. Indeed, he can hardly be called so much a man—as a safe, a brazen safe. And yet there are people, who, failing in admiration of such a miracle of a being, put a knave's trick upon him. Advertisements in the New York papers give evidence of this melancholy truth.

MR. BORROW has recently sent a night-mare to press under the title of *Lavengro*. The house of PUTNAM had purchased an early and exclusive copy of the book of its English publisher, MR. MURRAY—much to the virtuous ire of the house of HARPER; that, nevertheless, set to work in its own adroit and energetic way to obtain the sheets wet—the wetter the better—from the press. A monster in the human form, employed by MR. PUTNAM—with no touch of respect for the trading enterprise of HARPER AND CO.—conveyed to those persevering men a copy of *Lavengro*; a copy which, in the guilelessness of their book-nimming hearts, they believed to be perfect; and, so believing, set an army of compositors to work, and produced their *Lavengro* at the same moment—a double-birth—with the *Lavengro* of MR. PUTNAM!

So far, so well, and we can see HARPER jocund and smiling—rubbing his hands, and then twiddling sympathetically in his pocket—as his face glows upon his own *Lavengro*. (SAWNEY BEAN must have smiled in the same sweet, playful way upon the child set apart for his dinner.) And now we see the HARPER jaw suddenly fall—and the HARPER orbs flash fiercely, for HARPER reads an advertisement to the effect that *his*—HARPER'S *Lavengro*—is an imperfect, a maimed, a crippled *Lavengro*. And so it is. For the false man who conveyed the sheets had ordered the press accordingly—had omitted some four or five pages, filling them up with stars—malignant stars dropping grief and loss to HARPER—and so his own *Lavengro* is a *Lavengro* lost; to the exceeding wrath of HARPER and the self-glorification of PUTNAM!

Poor HARPER! We would we had the instrument of HARPER ORPHEUS to lament losses such as thine—oh, HARPER!—with harp *not* "strung with golden-hair;" not strung with common cat-gut; but with the literary heart-strings of scribbling Britishers!

"You must Translate, 'tis fit we Understand."—*Hamlet.*

IN consequence of the anticipated influx of foreigners, preparations are being made for translating everything into all languages, and the great season of 1851 is to be known as the polyglot season in history. Not only is every language to be spoken everywhere, but some of the shopkeepers and others are understood to be making arrangements to get their goods, as well as their words, translated into several tongues, for the benefit of visitors from the continent. The sausage merchants are preparing to get their German sausages translated into French, and a dealer in sweet-stuff intends bringing out an English and Italian version of his Spanish liquorice. French rolls are to be done into Dutch; the Dutch ovens are to be translated into French, and a large ironmonger has ordered a quantity of Italian irons in Dutch metal.

SUPERIOR PLAN FOR A NEW GOVERNMENT.

IT has been clearly proved, by recent events, that, in as far, at least, as the present system of administration is concerned, there is something rotten in the state of England. With a constitution so carious, our national safety must be precarious. It will be necessary to reform our scheme of Government altogether, to pull Downing Street entirely down, and build it up again in quite a new style.

There is a very strong feeling abroad—that is, existing in this country—that the sole object of every Government should be pecuniary economy: a sentiment which, if carried out, would alter the arrangement of Queen, Lords, and Commons, into that of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Accepting, then, BUONAPARTE's assertion that we are a nation of shopkeepers—an aphorism endorsed by a political firm of some credit at home—suppose we agree to regard the British Empire as one great shop, and to have its affairs conducted accordingly.

Instead of a Prime Minister, let us have a foreman. For a Chancellor of the Exchequer, say that we substitute a cashier. Convert the Home Secretary into a shopwalker. In the places of the Foreign Secretary and the Lord Chancellor, put confidential clerks, with the proviso, that the gent who does the foreign business shall be able to speak French, and the party that occupies the Woolsack shall have served in an attorney's office.

A staff of smart and active commercial travellers might replace our whole diplomatic corps, and conduct all those negotiations with other states that the public service will require.

The subordinate departments of the Treasury and the other Government offices could be filled by a number of civil young men, of good character, who might be glad of such situations, not being able to find better behind the counters of any private establishment.

The Navy might be advantageously left to private speculation, which would be certain to provide us with a marine amply sufficient for all mercantile purposes—and we should have no other objects whatever in view. Thus, we should be enabled to dispense with the Admiralty altogether, and save all the expense of dock-yards and arsenals.

In like manner, we could quite do away with the War-Office; and every sensible person must see that, unless we are to have efficient national defences, we had better have none at all; for an Army and Navy which are not strong enough to repel invasion are of no manner of use, and serve only to irritate foreigners by empty defiance, besides being productive of unnecessary expense.

An invasion, indeed, would do our shop no harm on the whole; nay, it would do us more good than harm in the end. So many troops would be only so many customers. If their first arrival were attended with some slight injury to property, we could indemnify ourselves in dealing with them afterwards. It is not probable that they would maltreat us much, or insult us very grossly, if we only took care to be attentive and obliging to them.

The Government thus constituted would be a firm trading under the name of VICTORIA and Co. The Co. of course would be the Commons; certain other parties would have no share in the concern. However, the House would be highly respectable, and would include all the leading members of the cottonarchy and calicocracy. Business would be done at the lowest figure, and the Bills—it is hoped—would be reasonable and give every satisfaction.

The Value of Character.

WE are afraid that character is rather at a discount just now, nor can ability be worth much, if we are to judge of the value of both by the following advertisement cut from a Scotch paper,

WANTED a person to train a Newfoundland Dog. None need apply whose ability and character will not bear the strictest inquiry. Apply" &c., &c.

Character and ability would appear to be going to the dogs, if the above announcement is any fair criterion of the sort of offices the qualities in question are likely to command. Talent has often been sought to conduct the education of a "young puppy," but the animal has been of a different breed, and the idea of advertising for a man of "character" and "ability" to bring up a Newfoundland Dog, is, therefore, a novel one.

THE CONTRIBUTION THAT WILL WIN THE PRIZE.

IT is rumoured that Government intends sending to the Crystal Palace copies of all the measures that have been passed this year as its contribution to the World's Exhibition of Industry!

H. BAILLIE.

(Being a new Song to an old Tune.)

A PREMIER bold, in Downing Street,
(By no means pleasant quarters,)
Reduced his clique, until they fell
To Whig *far-niente*, Martyrs;
The House of Commons spited him,
And snubbed him almost daily;
But still of all the troublesomes,
The troublesom'st was BAILLIE.
Oh, H. BAILLIE! Importunate H. BAILLIE!

This PREMIER bold tried every dodge
To burke the Ceylon motion,
The evidence, when troublesome,
Was sent across the ocean;
SIR EMERSON to St. Hele-
-na (treatment rather scaly)
Condemned to sail, must take the rail,
And back to town, for BAILLIE.
Oh, H. BAILLIE! Importunate H. BAILLIE!

In vain BEN HAWES (stout in the cause
Of one of "our relations")
The gov'nor bold strove to uphold
'Gainst Ceylon revelations;
Showed how wrong men must now and then
Get hung, and proved from PALEY,
How folks may write that black is white,
Nor merit blame from BAILLIE.
Oh, H. BAILLIE! Importunate H. BAILLIE!

One night when on the Treasury Bench
The PREMIER was reclining,
At that dim hour when all M. P.'s,
Save Treasury Lords, are dining;
O'er thoughts of Budgets and of Bills,
A-brooding aught but gaily,
From out the motion-paper rose
The awful ghost of BAILLIE.
Oh, H. BAILLIE! Importunate H. BAILLIE!

The motion glum says "Here I come,
To shake you in your places;"
"That is," replied the PREMIER bold,
"To shake Great Britain's basis."
WOOD dropped his slate, in such a state,
That though the house did rail, he
Swore 'twas in vain to try't again,
While threaten'd thus by BAILLIE.
Oh, H. BAILLIE! Importunate H. BAILLIE!

Then said LORD JOHN, "We can't go on,
Our minds to business lending,
While o'er our post this awful ghost
Is hideously impending.
"Do go away——" a wintry smile
Played o'er its visage paly:
"I go," it said, "but I'll come back,
As sure as my name's BAILLIE."
Oh, H. BAILLIE! Importunate H. BAILLIE!

Then let us hope, that to the POPE
LORD JOHN may give a drubbing:
That WOOD may get his budget passed
Without the usual snubbing.
If to Ceylon a TORRINGTON,
In time to come, may sail, he
Will warning take, nor motions make
For any future BAILLIE.
Oh, H. BAILLIE! Importunate H. BAILLIE!

MINISTERIAL MEASURES.

MINISTERS have not brought forward many Measures this Session; and bringing forward nothing, it stands to reason they have not been able to carry much. In fact, the whole business of the present year may be found collected on the subjoined

TABLE OF MINISTERIAL MEASURES.

40 Members make	One Full House.
1 Full House makes	One Defeat.
1 Defeat makes	One Large Minority.
20 Minorities make	One Whig Ministry.
1 Whig Ministry makes	One regret the death of SIR ROBERT PEEL!

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS!

Whip. "HOLD HARD, GENTLEMEN! WARE WHEAT! WARE WHEAT!!"
Young Farmer. "COME ON, GENTLEMEN. NEVER MIND THE WHEAT—IT'S ONLY THIRTY SHILLINGS A QUARTER!!!"

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.

THIS is just now the cry among all the London householders, who are receiving by every post threats of invasion from relations of every kind, both near and distant; the latter lamenting, and offering to put an end to the distance that has hitherto divided them. Every one in town who has ever, by the slightest accident, or in the very commonest civility, said to any one in the country, "I shall be happy to see you in London," is getting notes from all quarters "accepting his friendly invitation," "taking advantage of his polite offer," and stating that "the approaching Exhibition offers a fitting opportunity for cementing that friendship which circumstances alone have hitherto prevented from becoming intimate." As for ourselves, we are so overrun with "acceptances," that we, who never failed to meet an acceptance of any kind, are puzzled how to accommodate the thousands who have promised to come and take a bed for a few nights at our Office, at 85, Fleet Street. We can only say, that our four posters—the four large bills outside our windows—are at the service of any one who come; but *Judy*, with the family, including, of course, *Toby*, will require all the accommodation of our household.

We recommend those who do not wish to be overrun with country cousins, to lose no time in getting up a coolness as quickly as possible, and a few active mischief-makers might, for the first time in their lives, be usefully employed in fomenting family dissensions, calculated to last until the Exhibition is over. There are many idle ladies of our acquaintance, and everybody's acquaintance includes one or two of the class, we dare say, who, being apparently fit for nothing else but backbiting, may have full scope in the present season for their amiable propensities; since the setting of people together by the ears just now may have the effect of keeping them apart to their mutual advantage. "A house divided" is the sort of thing that will be required to prevent the London houses from getting too full, and there are plenty of good-natured friends of both sexes who, we are sure, would be only too glad to undertake the task of causing division everywhere among familiar friends and acquaintances.

THE OPERATIC CAMPAIGN.

THE Operatic war has commenced between the two great powers, and the season seems favourable to hostilities on both sides; for there are more than ordinary spoils to be won; the field is larger than ever; and the eyes of Europe will be literally on the spot, to look on the spectacle, or series of spectacles, that will be offered to them. The campaign has been opened by HER MAJESTY'S forces having struck the first blow, with decided effect, on Saturday last, while the Royal Italian army waited a week before making its first decided movement. On both sides there is a determined and well-disciplined band, under experienced leaders; and advantage has been taken of the interval between last and the present year's campaign, to fortify the weak posts on both sides. The contest will be one of unusual interest; and we shall frequently visit the seat of war, provided we find the seat agreeable.

Angling Extraordinary.

LORD PETER, a potentate of the angle—a fisherman of many years' standing—has had an extraordinary "take." It appears that the old angler is a wonderful hand at hooking maids; and recently landed a maid in his landing-net, weighing the extraordinary weight of eighty thousand pounds. The maid is to be seen—if LORD PETER so willed it—at one of his English country-houses, near Taunton. What makes the capture of the maid still more wonderful, is the fact that the Fisherman threw for her in the deep and muddy waters of Chancery. His tackle is said to be very curious: his line being a string of beads, and his bait a bit of white muslin—very like a veil.

A St. Paul's Sum.

GIVEN,—The abuse bestowed upon the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's for the exaction of the twopence, with the amount of coppers taken.

What has been the receipt of the reverend body—More Kicks or Halfpence?

THE KIDNAPPER.—A CASE FOR THE POLICE.

Kidnapper. "THERE 'S A BE-AUTIFUL VEIL ! ! ! GIVE ME YOUR PARCEL, MY DEAR, WHILE YOU PUT IT ON."

ALL GOING TO THE DOGS!

DEAR MR. PUNCH!—THE good old times are departing indeed! Here is a melancholy paragraph for you, from the *Morning Post*:—

"'DANCING AT A DISCOUNT.—The number who attended the Assize Ball at York, on Monday Evening, was nineteen!'

"Ah, Sir! I recollect the day when an Assize Ball was a gathering, or, in your finikin phraseology, a *réunion* of all the beauty and consequence of the county. Then you used to have generally half-a-dozen fellows, at least, left for execution. But now, we are grown so tender, that we can hardly bear to hang anybody, and so squeamish, I suppose, that we consider it barbarity and bad taste to assemble and dance over the condemnation of our fallen fellow-creatures, as they are termed, and what is called the degradation of our common human nature. We are fast losing that manly character, *Mr. Punch*, that distinguished this nation in the palmy days of the stocks and the pillory, and bear and bull-baiting, and of your humble servant, "PIGTAIL."

*** If our correspondent's dancing-days are not over, what does he say to opening an Assize Ball with a hornpipe in fetters?

IO BACCHE.

THE lovers of learned music, including our good-humoured friend of the *Musical World*, seem disposed to make *Io Bacche*, or, Go it Bach, the burden of many of their critical lucubrations. We cannot help thinking, nevertheless, that the bit of Bach attempted a few nights ago at St. Martin's Hall must have made the audience wish for Baccho stoppers to put an end to the smoky mystification that appears to have been going on, if we are to put faith in a criticism that fell under our eye on the morning following. The performance was a tit-bit of B minor, "long contemplated by musicians with the greatest reverence as a monument of scholarship and learning, but its excessive dryness and deficiency in popular traits have long confined it to the study."

By way of making this piece of confusion worse confounded, we are told by a critic (who, nevertheless, luxuriates in Bach, and would chew his Bacche to the last in the most succulent and confiding spirit,) that "none of the executants displayed any sort of mastery over their duties, the voices being, not seldom, completely abroad, occasioning a degree of mystification and entanglement utterly obliterating every vestige of form and coherence." Admitting as we do the propriety of cultivating a pure and severe taste for music that may improve the public judgment rather than tickle the public ear; confessing our respect for the educated musicianship which can appreciate all the beauties of that mysterious bunch of keys used for opening the portals of harmony; feeling, as we really do, a sincere reverence towards those learned critics who can mither us with their A sharps or E flats, and who can put a B natural in our bonnet that will drive us mad with its profound Buz; we, nevertheless, come to the conclusion, and we think the intelligent heads of the *Musical World* will agree with us, that "excessive dryness," destitute of all "popular traits," executed by "voices completely abroad," and "obliterating every vestige of form and coherence," cannot be the sort of food upon which to nourish the musical taste of the public. It is really very like giving the classical school of music a sort of Back-handed blow, to drag forth a misty and musty composition from the study, and then do such execution upon it, as was done lately at St. Martin's Hall upon poor Bach's B minor.

TO M.P.'s.—MR. EDWARD BRAY, Polyphonist to the Zoological Gardens, having, with some pain, observed the poor and ineffectual manner in which certain Members of the House of Commons, in certain debates, imitate the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, and the baa-ing of sheep,

Begs leave to state, that he is ready to give Lessons in any such accomplishments to any M.P. soever, who may honour him with his patronage.

MR. BRAY'S cockcrow has been considered more perfect than the crow of the bird itself; whilst—so successful is his peculiar mode of instruction—his imitation of the Donkey, as conferred upon his pupils, is altogether worthy of the original animal.

Address to the Monkey-House, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.

P.S.—No Irish Members need apply.

THE HOODED RAVEN.

THE French have a proverb—

"Qui veut tenir nette maison,
Qu'il n'y souffre ni prêtre, ni moin, ni pigeon!"

which may be roughly handled in English—

"They that would keep their houses chaste and neat,
From thence must priests, and nuns, and pigeons beat."

But the pigeon is a clean and temperate bird—nay, a piece of innocence, even when most rapacious and pugnacious, in comparison with the household raven—the Household Hooded Raven—a black, sly, sinister thing, that of late hops more frequently among us, setting its churchyard look, and uttering its death croak in the chambers of the sick and dying. It has been said that the raven was fast disappearing from England; that, in a few years, it would join the stork and the bustard. And behold! What a flight of ravens—Ravens of the Hooded sort—have descended upon us! And they glide along our streets, many of them young birds, almost callow, hardly come to their full black; but with an eye and beak that promise a keen and deadly look, an unfailing and mortal stroke in the future.

But our present story is with an old bird—the Hooded Raven of ST. ALOYSIUS. We all know what a daring, subtle thief is the Magpie. Bits of family plate are of no account in its bill; but what are a few forks, and spoons, with, it may be, a punch-ladle and a fish-slice, in comparison with a "lift" of seven thousand pounds? Nevertheless, the Raven, the Hooded Bird of ST. ALOYSIUS, has been known to carry off no less in its bill, flying direct with the plunder to the towers of his Saint. Nothing less than a miracle could have given to a mere weak raven the strength to bear away such a weight of gold; but when gold is the matter in question, can a miracle be wanting?

The story needs ÆSOP, rather than *Punch:* however, thus it is. There was an old, old jackdaw—frightened years ago from France by the noise of the cannon, and the filthy smell of gunpowder—an old jackdaw, that, bit by bit, had got together an enormous hoard of coin. And this jackdaw was a solitary bird, with a hatred in particular to all hen-jackdaws. He loved nothing but his store, that, day by day, grew and grew—the jackdaw, the meanwhile, looking the meanest and the most draggled jackdaw that ever hopped or limped. Now, the jackdaw grew old, and at last fell sick. And then, much pressed, he consented that a lawyer should be brought to him,—a learned Lapwing, with a pen-feather in his head,—to make his will. The Lapwing, possessed of the knowledge of the hoard of the dying jackdaw, no doubt, affectionately pondered the matter in his legal mind.

Now this Lapwing knew and reverenced the Hooded Raven that dwelt in the towers of ST. ALOYSIUS. And upon certain information, straightway the Raven "ordered his wings" and betook himself to the Jackdaw that could not abide the sight of any Raven soever, and always screamed at the Raven croak, defying and denouncing it. The poor sick Jackdaw entreated all the birds about him to save him from the approach of the Raven; and, honest souls!—they tried with all their little might—but think ye that the Raven was to be put down by bits of house-sparrows, tomtits, and small lay-birds of that sort? Not he. And so the Raven—working his hood in a terrible way—and uttering his most frightful croak, cried—

"What's this? Poltroons—blackguards—sons of darkness—out of the way with ye! Fly into holes and corners—melt through the earth—for it's I—I the Hooded Raven of ST. ALOYSIUS, that come to bring manna in my blessed bill to the dear, darling, suffering, penitent, dutiful Jackdaw. Get out of that!"

And, with a flap of his wing, and a lunge of his bill, the Hooded Raven bore down all before him; and in a trice was at the bed of the dying Jackdaw. And then didn't the Raven croak—and didn't he insist that the learned Lapwing should not hop off—as indeed the Lapwing wished—but that he should use his pen-feather according to the commands of the Raven, and for the cause of ST. ALOYSIUS!

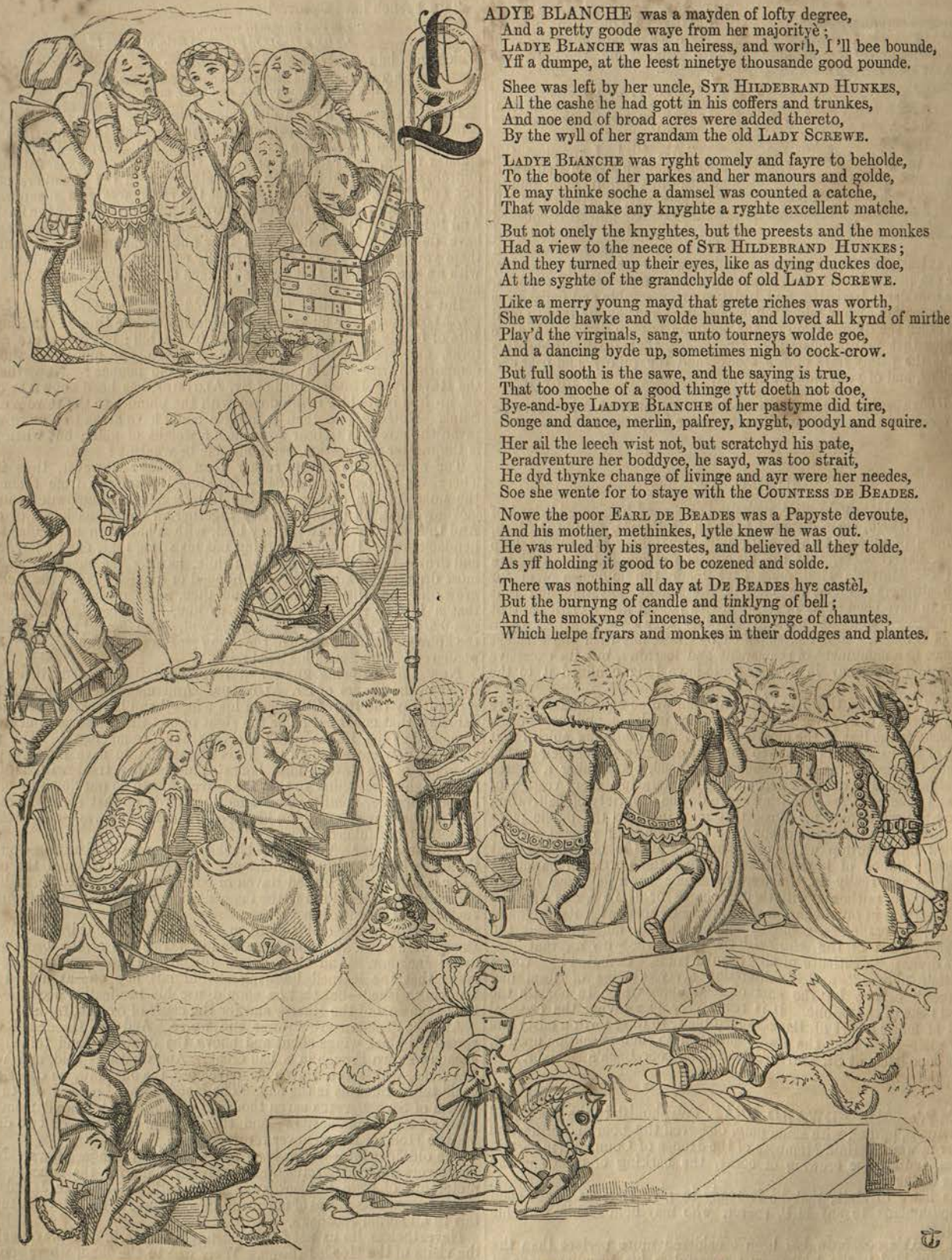
And the Jackdaw grew worse and worse. And the Hooded Raven spread his black wings about and above the Jackdaw; and talked the Jackdaw's own French in a bad croak. And what was said, and what was done, whilst the Raven so enveloped the Jackdaw, no other bird could tell. But this is the end. The Hooded Raven carried off to the towers of ST. ALOYSIUS seven thousand pounds' worth of gold from the hoard of the dying Jackdaw—and the Jackdaw in a day or two died; but the Hooded Raven never returned again.

The old Jackdaw—as we have said—hated all hen-jackdaws. Now the towers of ST. ALOYSIUS were expressly built for the succour and protection of little hen-jackdaws, mere nestlings; and the Jackdaw's stores became the means of nurturing the creatures of his hate. A moral this to all sordid Jackdaws.

Nevertheless, let us not fail to struggle, to work, and pray against the visits of the Hooded Raven. Woe, woe to the land, where such a bird as the Raven of ST. ALOYSIUS is familiar to the hearth as Robin Redbreast!

A MOTTO FOR OUR COLONEL.—*Non Conscius* SIBI.

TAKING THE VEIL.



LADYE BLANCHE was a mayden of lofty degree,
And a pretty goode waye from her majorityè;
LADYE BLANCHE was an heiress, and worth, I 'll bee bounde,
Yff a dumpe, at the leest ninetye thousande good pounde.

Shee was left by her uncle, SYR HILDEBRAND HUNKES,
All the cashe he had gott in his coffers and trunkes,
And noe end of broad acres were added thereto,
By the wyll of her grandam the old LADY SCREWE.

LADYE BLANCHE was ryght comely and fayre to beholde,
To the boote of her parkes and her manours and golde,
Ye may thinke soche a damsel was counted a catche,
That wolde make any knyghte a ryghte excellent matche.

But not onely the knyghtes, but the preests and the monkes
Had a view to the neece of SYR HILDEBRAND HUNKES;
And they turned up their eyes, like as dying duckes doe,
At the syghte of the grandchylde of old LADY SCREWE.

Like a merry young mayd that grete riches was worth,
She wolde hawke and wolde hunte, and loved all kynd of mirthe;
Play'd the virginals, sang, unto tourneys wolde goe,
And a dancing byde up, sometimes nigh to cock-crow.

But full sooth is the sawe, and the saying is true,
That too moche of a good thinge ytt doeth not doe,
Bye-and-bye LADYE BLANCHE of her pastyme did tire,
Songe and dance, merlin, palfrey, knyght, poodyl and squire.

Her ail the leech wist not, but scratchyd his pate,
Peradventure her boddyce, he sayd, was too strait,
He dyd thynke change of livinge and ayr were her needes,
Soe she wente for to staye with the COUNTESS DE BEADES.

Nowe the poor EARL DE BEADES was a Papyste devoute,
And his mother, methinkes, lytle knew he was out.
He was ruled by his preestes, and believed all they tolde,
As yff holding it good to be cozened and solde.

There was nothing all day at DE BEADES hys castèl,
But the burnyng of candle and tinklyng of bell;
And the smokyng of incense, and dronynge of chauntes,
Which helpe fryars and monkes in their doddges and plantes.

All this straungeness and marvel was pleasant and newe
To the damsel besett with the devylls of blue;
And the lyfe did soe differ from that she had past
That she found ytt quite jollye to watche and to faste.

Trust the preests and the fryars, they wolde not let slip
Through their fyngers a prize like her young ladyeschipp!
What with scaring and coaxyng—to make a short tale—
They at last dydled BLANCHE into takyng the vayle.

Through the twelvemonthe of tryall the novyce did gett,
Whilst the abbess and sisters all made her a pett;
Oh how swete was this lyfe to vain frolick and fun!
Soe at last came the daye that sholde make her a Nun.

For to ayde and abett, to SAINT VITUS hys shrine
Came the CARDINAL WALKERE, with hose of carmyne,
And the BISHOP OF HOKEY AND POKEY did come,
And the PRIOR OF WANKEY, and ABBOTT OF FUM.

After them came the Chaplayns, that chanted and sung,
And the Acolyte urchinnes their censers who swung;
And hye lordes and proude dames met, the sight to beholde,
And the chapelle dyd blaze with fyne colours and golde.

Mong the rest was a young knyghte whome BLANCHE might have wed;
For her love they had hoaxt her LORD EUSTACE was dead;
He had marryed another; and there, with his wife,
Looked more comelye than ever he dyd in hys lyfe.

The fryars dyd sing and the organ dyd roar,
LADY BLANCHE knelt the CARDINAL WALKERE before,
And the BISHOP OF HOKEY, and ABBOT OF FUM,
Held up each his left hand's two first fingers and thumb.

Then the old LADY ABBESS she owt with her sheares,
And the mayden's fayre lockes did crop close to her eares;
And the Churchmen looked on and dyd pleasauntly smile,
All the damsels in Chappelle a-cryinge the while.

Then she hadd on the vayle, and the Sisterhoode's clothes,
Bidding farewell for ever to flounces and bowes;
Thus the Church for a bride did the LADYE BLANCHE win,—
Sister URSULA now—with her lande and her tyn.

Here's success to your priests that for fortunes doe hunte,
And look out for young damsels with plentye of blunte;
With no lawes to forbid them, as shown in thys tale,
About catchyng an Heiress, and takyng the Vayle.

SILENCE—PRAY SILENCE!

COMPLAINTS have reached us of a practice which has nearly reached perfection—the perfection of impertinence—consisting of a habit among certain stall-frequenters at the theatres, of making their own voices heard above those of the dramatic company. It is true that it may be sometimes charitable to drown the language of the stage, though it is frequently in such a state of dilution, that it would be almost impossible to find anything less solid in which the drowning process could be effected. If a person pays to go to a theatre, he is entitled to hear what is said on the stage, even though he pays something extra in the shape of a penalty for listening to uninteresting dialogue.

It does happen, however, that there are good things produced occasionally at all the theatres, and as it is to see these things that people usually pay, we feel called upon to protest—on their behalf—against interruptions from *habitués* of the stalls who may happen to have "heard it all before," and to be *blasé* of everything. If these gentlemen would postpone their conversation during the piece, and only talk by way of *entr'acte*, their small-talk might perhaps be acceptable; but as long as the old story of "one at a time" is remembered—we allude to the incident of the donkey and the Mayor both trying to make themselves heard at once—there will be an objection to the simultaneous talking on the stage and among the audience.

Political Chivalry.

A NEWSPAPER, that advocates unreasonable bread, calls LORD STANLEY "the noble and chivalrous leader of the Country party." Chivalrous comes from *cheval*, a horse. What LORD STANLEY has to do with a horse, in a political sense, we do not know, except in as far as, without disrespect, he may be called a clever jockey. As for Protection, it is merely his hobby.

ANOTHER RIVAL TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

EXTREMES generally meet; and we are this year threatened with the meeting in London of two very striking extremes, in the shape of the Exhibition of Industry at the Crystal Palace, and the Exhibition of Idleness at the Palace of Westminster. The contributors to the latter are numerous, and the contributions somewhat curious. One of the first articles sent in, and which has done so much towards the grand display of Idleness, was an article of WOOD, consisting of a cumbrous piece of obstructive machinery, called a Budget. This extraordinary piece of goods so effectually blocked up the legislative way, that nothing could be done; while LORD JOHN RUSSELL has since contributed a measure or two—which may be called measures of space, from their containing nothing—and which have added materially to the great Parliamentary Exhibition of Idleness. It is expected that by the time our visitors arrive from abroad, the arrangements for doing nothing will be quite complete; and if we are to take the past as a guide for the future, we may calculate on being able to show the world a display of the political *far niente*, which is almost, if not quite, without precedent.

The Cold Water Cure for Vagrants.

AT Wexford—says an Irish paper—they have got rid of vagrants by a simple process: twenty-four hours' imprisonment and a thorough washing. No beggar submitted twice to the cold water. It is an old belief that Truth harbours in a well; and, it would seem that her sister Charity—in her best moments—is to be found at a pump.

A GLORIOUS BONFIRE.—LORD LANSDOWNE would be happy to see the Income-Tax repealed, and then "he should be glad to move that all the papers relating to it should be burnt." The only mode, we take it, in which an income-tax paper can appear light to anybody.

Old Gentleman (politely). "OH, CONDUCTOR! I SHALL FEEL GREATLY OBLIGED TO YOU IF YOU WOULD PROCEED, FOR I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT IN THE STRAND, AND I AM AFRAID I SHALL BE TOO LATE."

Conductor (slamming the door). "GO ON, JIM! HERE'S AN OLD COVE A CUSSIN AND A SWEARING LIKE ANY THINK!!!"

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A (TOO) LATE BARRISTER.

How I came to take, permanently, the equity side of my profession, I can hardly tell; but let me say, by the way, that profession and practice do not always go together. I think I was ultimately lured to equity by the terrible fascination of its ruinous costs; and I thought that, if suitors were to be devoured, I might as well "grind their bones to make my bread," as allow all the grist to go to the mill of others. My reading had been happily mixed at the University, and combined a sort of Oxford mixture, adapted rather to use than ornament. My intellectual food had been varied by square roots; and over the most difficult cubes I had often smoked my cheap Cuba.

After taking my degree, I had sat down before the fire, with COKE in my hand, and I soon became red-hot for my profession. In this state I was ready for BURN's, which threw me into a flame of forensic ardour; and COLE *On Criminal Informations* heaped fuel upon fire. With an appetite thus whetted, by what was so essentially dry, I devoured all FEARNE'S *Remainders;* I swallowed the whole of the *Digests;* I made short work of PETERSDORFF'S *Abridgement* in fifteen volumes, with its Supplement in five; I exhausted JAGOE'S *Fisheries* at a sitting; of which, in fact, I crammed to an extent of which Europe—except, perhaps, some unfortunate Turkey in Europe on the approach of Christmas—would fail to furnish a precedent. I was loaded to the very muzzle with legal ammunition; and the great question had to be decided—how I should go off.

Time, alas! has answered the question, by leaving me without enough shot in my locker to buy powder for my wig. My professional career has been a feeble flash in a broken pan. I have fizzed and fumed for a brief period. Yet, though aiming, as it were, with the double-barrelled arm of law and equity, I have, with both, missed the mark.

But I am anticipating, which I ought not to do, for my anticipations were always erroneous. Alas!—I remember how fancy—the great distributor of offices to the non-official—the sovereign by whom all the unacknowledged statesmen are being constantly sent for to form a cabinet—I say, I remember how fancy entrusted my very infancy with the Great Seal. The woolsack was the blissful spot where I and my imagination used to go woolgathering by the day, week, month, and year. ELDON was the great object of my earliest veneration. His doubts inspired me with a sort of mystic awe; and when, after dallying with a cause for hours, and pronouncing a judgment that wanted only to be left alone by himself to make it a decision, he would express his determination to "take the papers home," I used to congratulate myself on entering a profession that ought, indeed, to immortalise its chiefs—if, at least, they are to have time to attend to it.

Before I proceed to tear out the leaves of my note-book, and expose them to the public gaze, a process like that of "pinning my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at"—should they be peckishly inclined—before I draw the fearful picture of the ward in Chancery with the cruel old guardy—in the shape of the CHANCELLOR—keeping every thing, and especially the property, under lock and key; before I draw the picture of the Infant Suitor, creeping through the stages of infancy, manhood, maturity, and decay, until with one leg in the grave and the other in the Court of Equity, he dies with bills of revivor on all sides of him; before I proceed to these harrowing details, let me look around me and describe what Chancery really is. Common Law being founded on certain principles, it was perhaps thought that the law might get too common, as well as too certain, and a system was required which would prevent law from getting very vulgar or common, by making it extremely dear, and disturb its monotonous certainty by rendering it as uncertain as possible. There were also some cases that the law could not meet, and, as in every case there must be some money to spend, it was thought that the lawyers should have a chance of meeting it, and hence, perhaps, we get the word Chancery.

The mode of proceeding in Chancery was always to begin by a bill—and indeed the proceedings seem to have begun as they meant to go on, for there were nothing but bills from the commencement to the close of a suit in Chancery. The suitor asks for relief; and there is something facetious in the form of his demand; for he makes it in the name of "Charity," though the first taste he gets of the sort of charity he may expect, is a heavy demand for fees, including one for counsel, for putting his name on the bill, or signing the petition. From the earliest times there was such an antipathy among defendants to be brought into Chancery, that those who served the first process, used often to get their bones broken, and might have returned *nulla bona* to the writ; while, in the Time of ELIZABETH, an officer was made to eat it *—or, in other words to breakfast on a parchment roll—and as none of the digests were then prepared, the work of digestion must have been very difficult. To eat one's own words is unpleasant enough at all times; but to eat somebody else's, written out on a stiff material, including ink, must have been a material ink-onvenience.

If the defendant did not appear, he was supposed to treat the whole affair with contempt, and he became the object of a series of attachments, each attachment costing him so much, that he was in danger of being, as it were, killed by kindness. If from age, imbecility, panic, or any other cause, the defendant kept out of the way, he was pronounced a "rebel"—a sort of ROB ROY, haunting the merry greenwood of Whetstone Park, and other famous retreats in which the intended victims of Chancery were accustomed to hide themselves.

If the defendant had no interest in the matter, he might put in a disclaimer, but he must pull out a ten-pound note, at least, to enable him to put in anything. If he answers, he generally denies everything and asks for costs—a piece of disinterestedness that is as common as it is touching, for every suitor asks for costs, which, it is well known, go into the pockets of the lawyers; and, therefore, it is a pleasing trait of simplicity on the part of the clients who pray for them. One of the most common answers to a Bill in Chancery is "want of parties," amounting to a request that some other persons should be joined in the mess; for it is a natural feeling among mankind, when in a scrape, to involve with themselves as many as possible. Chancery seldom objects to take in all that can be got; for a suit in equity seems to be as elastic, as far as accommodation is concerned, as a threepenny omnibus. The reply of Equity to all applications for the admission of parties is almost invariably, "Plenty of room—jump in;" for in equity, as in fishing, the greater the number that can be hooked, the finer the sport—and, in fact, the more the merrier.

* Note to SPENCE'S valuable work on the *Equitable Jurisdiction of the Court of Equity*, vol. i., page 370.

American Contributions to the Exhibition.

WE understand that amongst other curiosities brought over by the *St. Lawrence*, there is a cheque sent by a distinguished American publisher to a no less distinguished English author—a cheque in payment of his book, originally produced in England, and immediately reprinted in New York—it is said that, as this cheque may be seen to the very best advantage, LORD ROSSE'S telescope will be brought to bear upon it.

THE DOVE-TRAP.

WANTED, A FEW NUNS.—At the Dove-Trap, a Convent of the POUTER SISTERS, there is accommodation for a few candidates for the "white" and "black" veils. Virgins of property inadmissible, the Sisterhood feeling a due "consternation" at the notion of receiving neophytes, "on account of their worldly advantages." The poor and orphan will alone be received. No heiresses need apply.—Address to the BISHOP OF LACVIRGINIS.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MARCH 29th, 1851.

IF NOT: WHY NOT?

ACCORDING to the *Guide Book*, Banbridge, in the County Down, is one of the most agreeable and flourishing places in Ireland. 'Banbridge is situated on the river Bann, which rises in the Moudne Mountains and falls into Lough Neagh. Within these few years the place has risen into considerable importance, wholly from commercial enterprise; and, if it was necessary to point out what can be accomplished by individual exertion, Banbridge might be cited as an example. Trees adorn the wavy country and the villas on the banks of the Bann. Bleaching-greens chequer the surface: mills and factories, with their appurtenances of ponderous wheels and tall chimnies, are scattered along the river sides, mingled with the houses and gardens of the proprietors, the comfortable cottages of the workmen, and their small and minutely mixed tillage and pasture fields.' What more peaceful and beautiful sight can be conceived: and isn't it cruel to think that the comfortable inhabitants of such a sweet district should be driven, by the ferocity of our law, into armed rebellion?

"Such is the case—a case only too common in our dear sister country of Ireland. A man lives in this country; peacefully occupies a farm and premises there: tills and garners, sows and reaps, and naturally does not like to pay rent. Who does? What generous man, surrounded by his children, would like to give away money, and deprive his darlings of their bread—in order to fatten an already bloated landlord? What man, after four years' quiet possession, would like to give up his own—to see the Bailiff at his door—to see his cattle and sheep driven away—the lamb, that his pretty children loved and tended, led off, bleating, to alien shambles—and the arm-chair, in which his old mother very likely sate, occupied by the heartless carcass of the man in possession? The desecrated home, the insulted household gods, the desolated cupboard, the rifled poultry-yard, the empty duck-pond and stable;—it is hard to think of images like these, without feeling sympathy for him who loses such treasures, or hate for the ruthless tyrant who ravishes them. There ought to be no rent: no landlords: no bum-bailiffs. What man—what body of men—what cursed Saxon law has a right to trample out the fire upon your hearth-stone?—to make a ruin of your paradise?—to pluck the steed from your stall, the watch from your fob, the shawl from your wife's shoulders—and send her and your little ones shivering into the world? The men of Banbridge, who arose, in their might, to rescue one of their comrades from the grasp of the Law and the Landlord, deserve well of their country.

"The above melancholy, but natural remarks, are inspired in my bosom (and, as I trust, in that of every honest man) by reading a report, which appears in the Irish papers, that a gentleman, having a tenant at Banbridge, who owed, and refused to pay, four years' rent, took with him the sub-sheriff and a bailiff, and proceeded to distrain.

"The bloodhounds of the law, the sub-sheriff and his attendant, armed with a writ; the landlord with the rascal-rapacity of his race, and urged with a fiendish lust to get his four years' tribute; were met, close to Banbridge, by two hundred gallant men, armed with guns; and, so just and universal was the indignation of the people against them, that the whole of the two hundred opened a fire upon the landlord and the myrmidons of the bloody law. Nothing can be more simple or fair than this:—A dastardly attack, upon the part of the law, is met by an honourable and manly resistance on the part of the finest peasantry in the world. One of the law bloodhounds, at whom a gallant peasant fired, taking a coward advantage of the honest fellow, *when his gun was gone off*, sprang at him and tried to collar him; but the brave PADDY slipt out of the ruffian clutches of the bailiff, and escaped with agility; and, finally, bailiff, and sub-sheriff, and landlord were obliged to retire before an indignant population.

"Let English landlords, who are grumbling about their rents, just look at this example, and take warning. Here is a tyrant in Ireland, who does not get a shilling of rent for four years, and when he asks for it, the whole country turns out to shoot at him. How would the DUKE OF RICHMOND like to let his land upon such leases—and get (from behind one of his own hedges) such a pepper-corn rent? It is manifest that land held upon this tenure ought to fetch a good price, for tenants must be so eager to have it.

"The Irish legislators are worthy of the legislation. One of them gets up in the House of Commons and puts a series of questions to the Irish Secretary. He wants to know—First, Whether the report is true? Secondly, Whether there is an official report? Thirdly, Whether the Secretary will lay that official report before the House?

"'Fourthly, *Whether he considered it fair towards the misguided people of that country*, on the one side, or the Lord-Lieutenant on the other, that process of the kind in question should be issued by the sub-sheriff, without apparently taking the slightest trouble to ascertain whether the process would be opposed by the people; and, if so, whether he had taken a sufficient force to overawe the misguided people?'"

"What would poor old Ireland do if she hadn't her real friends and representatives to stand by her? Here's the real state of the case. The Government is in fault, of course, and acting unfairly towards the people of Down. If a man wants his rent, after four years, he ought to ascertain whether the process for obtaining it 'will be opposed by the people.' If it will be opposed by the people, as of course it will, the landlord ought to get a sufficient force to overawe the people. A bailiff should march with a couple of companies at his back, and, if convenient, say a field-piece. The sharpshooters of the peasantry line the outlying hedges, of course, in advance of the main body, and open a fire at the Regulars. Regular skirmishers dislodge (with a considerable loss amongst the Red-coats and Peelers) Peasantry's advanced men, who fall back on the principal column: the action becomes general. Having the advantage of artillery, the Peelers and Red-coats finally get the uppermost, the gallant Peasantry retires in good order, after severely punishing the invading force. The firing from the stables and outhouses ceases: the garrison is withdrawn; the hall-door is burst open; the wounded officers are brought in and laid on the drawing-room sofas, and the men are amputated on the billiard-table; and the sheriff (if not picked off) enters, and puts in his execution. This would clearly be the 'fair' way of doing things. It is savage, cruel, and unmanly for a sheriff and his officer to advance unarmed upon two hundred brave men, and ask for rent; it is a sheer premium to murder. What honest and ardent Patriot, knowing the wrongs of his country, and maddened by centuries of oppression, could resist the opportunity of shooting a bailiff? A fellow who comes out on such an errand is no better than an amateur bull's-eye: and a government that employs him is merely provoking an honest people to revolt.

"In England I own the case would be different. In England, a landlord would most probably want his rent at the half-year, and if he waited for four years, and then distrained for it, it is probable that his officer would not be fired upon by two hundred of the tenant's friends, assembled on a rising ground, with their picquets in advance. Nor would an English member for a Devonshire borough, let us say, hearing that such a disturbance had taken place in Yorkshire, rise up and ask the Home Secretary whether the conduct of the Sheriff's officer was 'fair' towards those misguided Yorkshire folks—as a Munster gentleman spoke about the Ulster men the other day. Here, as yet, rent is considered to be fair, and it is not thought altogether unfair that a man should have to pay it. If my landlord were not to get his quarter and to put a distress into my house (both of which may Fate forbid!) the rest of the inhabitants of the street would not turn out with double-barrelled guns to shoot MR. LEVI or MR. SLOMAN. If LEVI and SLOMAN came unarmed, save with their writ, and were fired upon by two hundred men, no English Member would inquire in Parliament, why a regiment was not sent with MESSRS. L. & S., and ask if the sending them unaccompanied was 'fair' upon my two hundred friends, armed with pike and gun. If LEVI and SLOMAN were shot by my two hundred friends, people would use a stronger term than 'misguided' to describe the ten score champions. If even one score of armed ruffians were to attack a lawyer's clerk in his lawful and peaceful calling, fire at him from behind hedges, and deliberately attempt his murder, the sympathy of the public would, to say the least, be with the single and unprotected man: but this is not Ireland, this is the sister country—our sister's morals, her religion, her virtues, her vices, her views of right and wrong, of black and white, are quite different from ours.

"Oh, *Mr. Punch!* when our sister's children wanted a Parliament of their own, why, why did we balk our eloquent cousins? Why shouldn't they have their own Commons, their own Lords, their own Bench of Bishops, and settle their own disputes their own way? Will you please to agitate for a Repeal party here? If you do, I suspect you will find many an Englishman ready to join it; and, in the matter of Repeal at least, like your very humble servant, "HIBERNIS HIBERNIOR."

Some People never know when they have had Enough.

WE see a Petition has been presented "for the better supply of Water to London." Considering we had rain every day last week, we must say that some persons are extremely fastidious.

DESIGN FOR A MEDAL TO BE PRESENTED TO MR. PUNCH.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN (EX) UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

MRS. JONES (*late* MISS MARTHA STRUGGLES) *receives a Census Paper, and has difficulties in respect of it.*

Time.—Saturday, March 29.

MR. JONES *is away from home, on business.* MRS. JONES *has been left for a week to struggle with her loneliness, a sense of the horrors of Papal Aggression and the approaching Exhibition of all Nations, a flighty Housemaid, and a Cook of violent temper.*

SCENE.—*The Front Parlour, Great Coram Street. The* EX-UNPROTECTED *discovered at her solitary meal. It is raining.*

Ex-Unprotected Female (*in a damp and dreary frame of mind*). How it pours! I hope JONES is not out in it. He never *will* put his feet in hot water, on his journeys. He says it does him more good to put the hot water into his mouth, instead, with a little brandy and sugar. Uh! I 'm sure he 's getting fond of spirits. (*Reverts by a well-known law in the association of ideas, from* MR. JONES'S "*hot with*," *to the* "*cold without*.") Oh, dear! how it 's raining to be sure. They say that Crystal Palace is quite full of water—and no wonder, I 'm sure; and very glad I am of it. With their CARDINAL WISEMANS and GAVAZZIS—a parcel of foreigners! And, mercy only knows what revolutions they mayn't have, when they all come over here, and clubs and things. I 'm sure it 's dreadful. (*A smart knock is heard; a cross between the rat-tat of the Postman and the rat-a-tat-tat of a visitor.*) Oh! what 's that?—only a knock. But one 's so nervous. JONES *shall* stay at home all this summer; and if he loses his situation I 'm not a-going to be left alone with the foreigners and people—and so I 'll tell him. (*A colloquy is heard in the passage.*) There 's that MARY a-gossiping as usual. The baker, I suppose; or the greengrocer's young man from round the corner, about the firewood.

[*Enter* MARY (*the flighty Housemaid*) *with a Paper in her hand, and some excitement in her manner.* MISS MARY *is a good deal prettier than a housemaid has any right to be, even if not flighty.*

MARY—how often have I told you not to stay gossiping with people at the door?

Mary (*putting herself, morally, into an attitude of self-defence*). Please, M', I were *not* a gossipin! It 's a man with the Censers.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*whose mind is acutely alive to the encroachments of the Papal power*). The Censers! Oh! Goodness gracious me! Bringing Censers to my house! They 'll bring the incense next, and the white veil, I suppose, and ask one to go into a Nunnery—the wretches! When they know I can't abear MR. BENNETT and the Puseyites, let alone the Cardinals and the Monks, and that BISHOP OF CLIFTON (*with fervour*). Tell the man to take 'em away, this minute, and say I 'm surprised at his impudence.

Mary (*much impressed by her mistress's excitement*). Please M', I said we didn't want any; and was ordered never to take in no papers at the door.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*horrified*). Papers! Oh!—I suppose they 're some horrid Popish tracts.

Mary. Pertikly not, when to be called for.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*in bitter apprehension*). Then he 's coming back again, is he! But you didn't take 'em in?

Mary. Please M', he said it was the law, and I must, or we 'll all be had up afore the justices. There 's the paper, M'.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*taking it under a vague impression that* CARDINAL WIEEMAN *has triumphed, and that the* POPE'S *guard are distributing instruments of superstition and confessions of faith*). Good gracious! (*Reads superscription.*) "Census of the Population"—(*much relieved*). Oh, you stupid girl!—why, it 's the Census!

Mary (*doggedly re-inserting the* "*rs*"). Yes, M', I said it was the Censers.

Ex-Unprotected Female. Don't be saucy, MARY; I beg you won't. It 's the Census I tell you; that is—(*rather puzzled for a definition*)—it 's intended—(*catching at the Registrar-General's information*)—"to show the number of the population—their arrangement by ages and families, in different ranks, professions, employments, and trades; their distribution over the country, in villages, towns, and cities; their increase and progress in the last ten years." (*Taking breath.*) Yes, that 's what it is, MARY (*triumphantly*)—and a very good thing, too.

Mary (*saucily*). I don't see what business anybody 's got with other people's ages and families, and such like.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*who has been turning over the document in some bewilderment with the General Instructions, and Examples, and Directions*). How dare you talk so, you impudent thing! It 's the Government.

Mary (*with redoubled sauciness*). If it was the QUEEN, M', I don't think she 's any business to ask all them questions M'.

Ex-Unprotected Female. Oh, MARY—how dare you? Take away the things, do—this minute.

Mary. Yes, M'. [*Takes away the things, and Exit.*

Ex-Unprotected Female (*settling herself down seriously to grapple with the Census Paper*). Now, then, let me see. I 'm glad JONES will have to fill it, for it seems rather difficult from all these instructions. Eh? (*Reads.*) "This paper will be called for on Monday, March 31st, by the appointed officer." Oh, dear! then JONES won't be back in time—and whoever 's to fill it up if JONES isn't here? (*Reads again.*) "You are requested to insert the particulars specified on the other page, respecting all the persons who slept or abode in your house on the night of March 30th." That 's to-morrow—and JONES won't be back for a week! Oh, dear, dear, how provoking!

Let 's see. (*Reads.*) "Name and Surname—no person absent on the night of March 30th to be entered." Then JONES won't be entered—not entered in his own house! (*Goes on bitterly.*) "Write after the name of the Head of the Family, the name of his Wife—" But I ain't to write the name of the Head of the Family—I thought—because he don't sleep here. Oh! why *will* they? They really ought to explain. "Write the name of his Wife"—MARTHA STRUGGLES is my name. "Children and others of the same surname—" (*Pauses, overwhelmed by the vision of* JONESES *that rises before her.*) Oh dear—others bearing the surname of JONES—why, there 's ten pages of 'em in the *Post-Office Directory!*

What 's this column? (*Reads again.*) "Relation to Head of Family." But I haven't to put Head of Family down at all—if he doesn't sleep here. (*Reads, in increasing perplexity.*) "State whether wife, son, daughter, or other relative." Whose wife, I should like to know, if I musn't mention JONES because he doesn't sleep at home that night? "Other relations." Goodness! me—how am I to know all the man's relations—it 's a Welsh family, and they 're all related to each other there. (*Reads again, in a state bordering on despair.*) "Deaf and dumb, or blind; write 'deaf and dumb,' or 'blind,' opposite the name of the person." Dear me! There's nobody here deaf and dumb, or blind; so how can I write such things, when they say I 'm to be fined £5 if I don't write the truth, and have to go before the justices, and perhaps be sent to the station-house, or somewhere—for perjury?—And then, there are the servants! I do declare I 'm afraid to ask that COOK—she flies out so—and MARY will be giving me some of her impertinence. At all events I 'd better prepare them for it. (*Rings the bell nervously, and resumes her consideration of the Papers.*) Fifteen places for people's names? I wonder why they put in fifteen, and not ten, or twelve, or twenty? And I wonder what they want it all for, the Government. I 'm sure, except for the Taxes, and such bothering things as this, we don't see much of the Government.

Enter MARY, *who bobs defiance.*

Mary. Did you ring, M'?

Ex-Unprotected Female. Send up COOK—(MARY *is going*)—and come yourself—MARY—I 've something very serious to say to you.

Mary (*aside*). I s'pose she 's agoing to knag us about somethin' or other, the old ——.

Re-enter MARY, *with* COOK, *very red in the face, and with a tendency to avail herself of the support of neighbouring pieces of furniture.*

Ex-Unprotected Female (*with mingled emotion and dignity*). Oh—I 've sent for you, MARY, and COOK, about this paper. We 've all got to answer the questions the Government asks us in it.

Cook (*labouring under an intense hatred of Centralisation*). And what business has the Government a comin' leavin' papers here for, I 'd like to know? I 'd like to catch the Government a comin' down the area-steps, I would—or into my kitching. I 'd pin a dish-cloth to the Government's tail, I would. There! (*Snorts defiance, and grasps an arm-chair in her emotion.*)

Ex-Unprotected Female (*with stern dignity*). COOK, it 's awful to hear you use such language of the Government. Now, attend to me, both of you, and answer my questions. (*Takes a pen. To* COOK, *who radiates defiance and obstructiveness.*) Your name is SARAH SOAKER.

Cook (*with malignant triumph*). No, Mum—it ain't no such thing.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*alarmed*). Why, that 's the name I hired you by.

Cook (*with diabolical glee*). But it ain't my name as I was baptised by—and what that is, nobody knows, as I don't wish it—wich it isn't the Government, nor you neither, Ma'am. It 's mean in the Government to come prying into families—it 's shabby in 'em—and they 'd better ask how much drippin' goes into the pantry—perhaps you'll put that down for 'em.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*in a tone of conviction*). SARAH SOAKER, you 're in liquor—don't go to deny it. MARY BRIGGS. Your condition, if you please? As for that woman's condition, it 's Gin—she smells quite strong of it. (*Examining from paper.*) "Married, Widower, Widow, or Unmarried?" MARY BRIGGS, I insist on your answering, or I shall be fined £5.

Mary Briggs (*pursing her lips and flushing*). Shan't then—if it was £50.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*with solemnity*). MARY BRIGGS—if you don't answer the question I shall suspect the worst. You ain't married, MARY BRIGGS?

Mary Briggs (*with all the pride of her sex*). Well, M', and if I was, I hope a poor servant may go and get married.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*with a horrid light breaking in on her*). Goodness gracious! oh dear! That soldier—I do—believe—oh, MARY BRIGGS—(MARY *endeavours to bear up, but quails under* MRS. JONES'S *eye*)—But how do I know what 's true, and what isn't? And how ever is one to fill it up, if one don't even know one's own servants' names and conditions? And no Head of the Family at home—and obliged to put oneself down as a wife, without saying whose wife, and to put deaf and dumb, or blind, after one's name, whether one is or not; and to be fined £5, if it isn't true; and to have to tell one's age, and find out other females' ages. Oh, dear! oh dear! I never shall—I 'm sure I shall have to go before the Justices!

[MARY *and* COOK *triumph in her agony. The Curtain falls on her despair.*

An Old Brilliant Set Anew.

THE honourable Member for Canterbury, during the debate on the Antipapal Bill, is reported to have described the said Bill as a "Bill of Sham Pains and Penalties against a Sham Aggression." At that rate, the Popish hierarchy ought to drink LORD RUSSELL'S health. We are justified by the venerable authority of MILLER in asserting that, if the bill will only inflict sham pains upon them, they will not find the cup of persecution so very bitter.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

NOTHING escapes the Member for Lincoln. COL. SIBTHORP gave notice, a few days ago, of his intention to make a motion for the reduction of the salary of the Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, to the extent of £500 a year; and also to ask a question about the barrel-organs in the public thoroughfares. We suppose the mind of the gallant Colonel naturally recurred to barrel-organs when he thought of reducing a salary to the tune of £500 *per annum*. The combination seems somewhat discordant to ordinary ears, but we have no doubt the Honourable Member will make the matter as clear as he does every other subject which he touches. When he brings the question on, we can only say, on behalf of the poor Italian boys, that we trust their organs will be allowed fair-play; for if these, by which they live, are to be stopped, it will amount to a stoppage of their vital organs altogether.

A DODGE FOR DOWNING STREET.

MINISTERS are no conjurers, nor, indeed, do they profess to be; but perhaps they may not be above taking a hint from those who are; and in that case we would refer them to MONSIEUR and MADAME ROBIN, whose *Soirées Mystérieuses* are not much more *Mystérieuses*, but a great deal more amusing, than some of the *Soirées* of the House of Commons. Among other wonders, is the sudden appearance of eight half-crowns in an empty box, suspended to the ceiling by a thin piece of cord,—the box being made of perfectly transparent glass, and the money appearing there at the simple word of MONSIEUR ROBIN. This Robin is a little bird that might whisper valuable secrets into the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S ear, by telling him how the money is made to come at the mere wish and word of the person requiring it. A something, also, may be learnt as to the art of acquiring a surplus from the magic portfolio of MONSIEUR ROBIN, which is far more prolific than the portfolio of a minister, and out of which something is being continually brought when its contents appeared to have been exhausted.

The Box, too, which can be made heavy and immovable, or light and portable, at the conjuror's will, is suggestive of a power that would be invaluable to a minister in enabling him to carry every measure of his own, and rendering those that might be objectionable to him not only incapable of being carried, but even of being taken up for a single moment by anybody. But, perhaps, the greatest trick of all for the head of a Government to be able to play would be that with which MONSIEUR ROBIN concludes the mysteries of his *Soirée*. What a glorious thing for LORD JOHN if he could put an extinguisher over MR. DISRAELI, and cause him to disappear altogether, as MADAME ROBIN is made to do at the will of her husband!

We recommend the ministers, who must require some relaxation now and then, to go to the *Salle* at the top of the Haymarket, where they may borrow a hint or two, or learn a little of that adroitness which the majority of them stand so much in need of.

A Dialogue on Wines.

Smith. Well, JONES, this is a good glass of wine, isn't it?

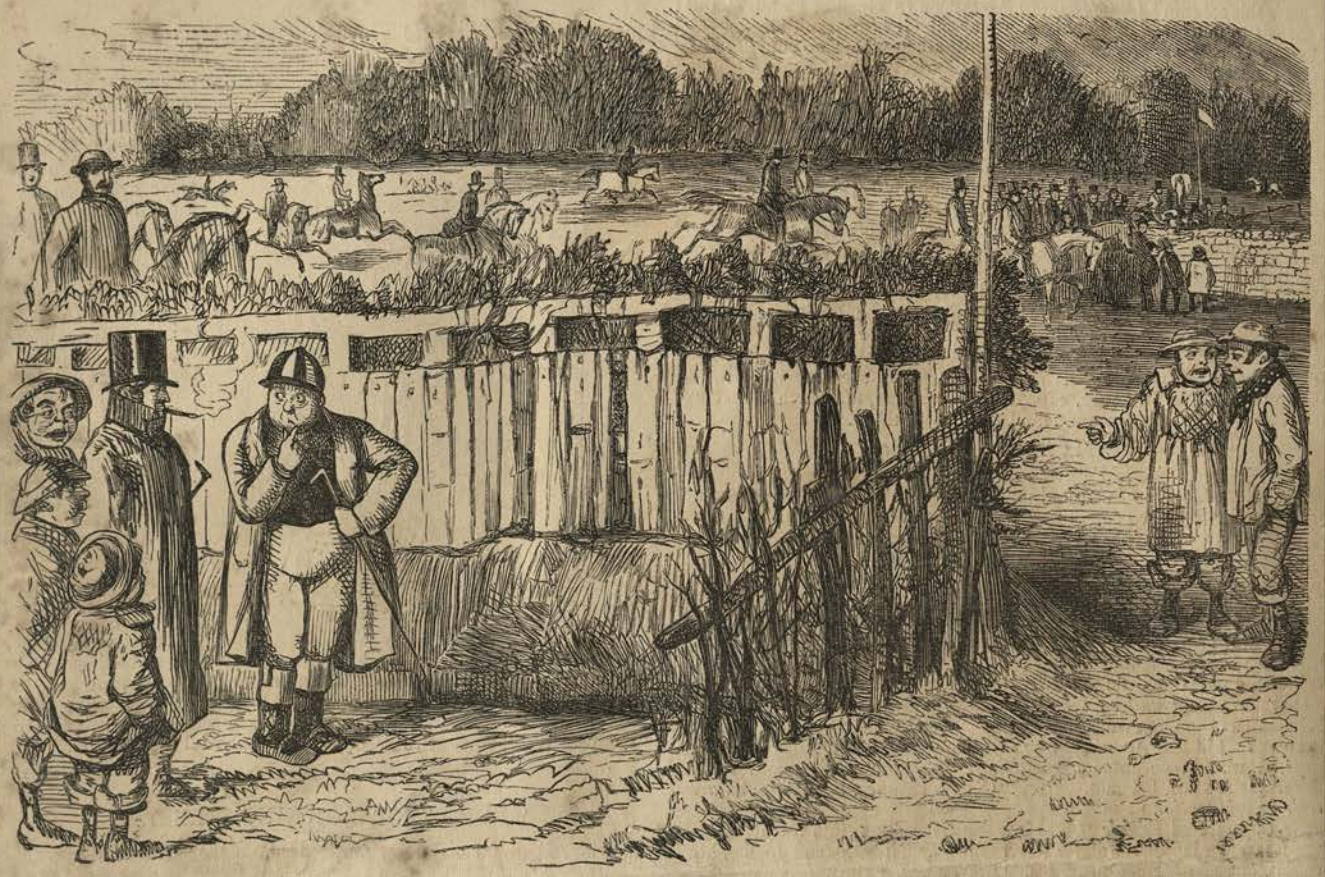
Jones. The glass is good enough, but the wine is abominable.

Smith. Oh, don't say that. Perhaps you think it would be better for a little more body, eh?

Jones. I don't know whether it would be better for more body, but it would certainly be better for less spirit.

[*Drops a little from his glass into the grate, and sets the chimney on fire.*

MOTTO FOR THE "HOODED RAVEN."—Where there 's a Will, there 's a Way.



MR. BRIGGS HAS BACKED HIMSELF TO RIDE A STEEPLE CHASE AGAINST HIS FRIEND MUFFINS, OF THE ST—K EXCH—NGE. HE IS GOING ROUND THE COURSE JUST TO LOOK AT THE JUMPS.

Spectator (*to* MR. B.) "OH NO, SIR!—THIS AIN'T THE BIG ONE. 'THE BIG ONE IS AFTER YOU GET OUT OF THE LANE, AND AFORE YOU COME TO THE BROOK!"

NURSERY TALE FOR NOVICES.

LIT-TLE RED RI-DING HOOD had a large Por-tion. It was ve-ry rich and fat. LIT-TLE RED RI-DING HOOD went out for a Walk with her great Por-tion in her lit-tle Bas-ket. As she was go-ing a-long, a large Wolf met her, and said "How do you do?" LIT-TLE RED RI-DING HOOD said "Very well, I thank you, Sir." She did not know the Wolf was a Wolf, for he did not look like one. He had on a long black wool-len Gown, so he was a Wolf in Sheep's Clo-thing. But LIT-TLE RED RI-DING HOOD thought he was a ho-ly Man. The Wolf said, "Where are you go-ing my lit-tle Dear?" LIT-TLE RED RI-DING HOOD said, "I am go-ing to play." "Ah!" said the Wolf, "take care. Here comes the Old Man to run a-way with you." Then LIT-TLE RED RI-DING HOOD be-gan to cry, be-cause she was a-fraid. Then the Wolf said, "Come a-long with me, my Dear, and I will hide you in my nice lit-tle House, where you will be safe from the Old Man. So LIT-TLE RED RI-DING HOOD went a-long with the Wolf, and the Wolf took her to his Den. And, when he had got her there, he made her give him her Bas-ket, and go into his Den. And he shut her up in his Den, and went a-way to his Bro-ther Wolves, and the Wolf and the o-ther Wolves ate up her Por-tion be-tween them. LIT-TLE RED RI-DING HOOD was ne-ver seen a-ny more, and no one knows what be-came of her, on-ly that the Wolf kept her in his Den till she died. Lit-tle girls should not lis-ten to Wolves in Sheep's Clo-thing, for fear they should be served like LIT-TLE RED RI-DING HOOD.

INCOMINGS AND SHORTCOMINGS.—The return of the Income-Tax, and the Census Returns, are occurring this year about the same period. We cannot say to JOHN BULL, with regard to the former, what we might apply to the Registrar-General of the latter, that "we wish many happy returns" of it. Though these two great national events occur simultaneously, they have very little else in common, for whereas the one is a Census Act, the other is an Act only formed to Incense-us!

MORE NUTS FOR MINISTERIAL CRACKERS.

A NEW and difficult question has just started up, with reference to the assumption of titles in this country. For some years past a title not conferred by the Sovereign has been used in a very remarkable instance, and usually acknowledged by all classes of society. The difficult question which now arises, and which may—or may not—account for the long and frequent deliberations of the Cabinet, is said to be this: Shall the Titles Bill embrace all titles of every description not conferred by the Sovereign?—Shall there, in a word, be a clause added to the bill, to bring BARON NATHAN under its provisions? There is no doubt that, as far as real authority goes, NATHAN is as much entitled to his Barony as WISEMAN is to his Archbishopric of Westminster; and there is no more reason why the former should not be recognised as a Peer, than why the latter should not be acknowledged as a member of the Episcopate. WISEMAN claims jurisdiction over the souls, while NATHAN seeks to influence the soles and heels, of his votaries. The Cardinal courts distinction by his red stockings; the Baron trusts for notoriety to his black silks and pumps, in that peculiar walk which he has chosen. Though differing in many details, there is a sort of general resemblance in the position of WISEMAN to that of NATHAN, which it is impossible not to recognise. Both assume titles unknown to the law; and the Barony of the one is really quite as legitimate and respectable as the Archbishopric of the other. It is true that NATHAN'S capers are far more harmless than those of WISEMAN; and while we would willingly trust our friend the Baron, blindfold, among our little chickens, in their state of egghood, without the fear of their being made to shell out all they possess, we would not allow the scarlet hose among our young brood upon any consideration whatever.

LIBEL.—As long as the Ministerial Crisis lasted, it was the practice (so Rumour says, but Rumour is often a Libeller) of the Hon. Member for Bucks to be called hurriedly out of Church regularly every Sunday.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

PERSECUTION WITHOUT PARALLEL.

To the Editor of the Tablet.

ONOURED AND MODERATE SIR,—In a spirit of persecution, unexampled since the days of DIOCLETIAN, an immense majority of the House of Commons has affirmed the sanguinary principle of a measure framed to deprive your humble hierarchy of those dearly-cherished titles, in virtue of which they merely claim, in subordination to his HOLINESS, ecclesiastical dominion over HER MAJESTY'S subjects, inclusive, as you would say, of HER MAJESTY herself. Those who would willingly submit to martyrdom for the extension of the hallowed sway of Rome, must consider this repudiation of Papal authority an insult much less tolerable than any refinement of physical cruelty.

LORD JOHN'S atrocious bill will now go into committee, where the only question (virtually) will be, whether the Catholic hierarchy shall be roast or boiled; as the extreme Protestants will probably not be content with the milder barbarity of breaking them on the wheel with a feather.

It behoves your subscribers to be up and stirring—the grounds of every single cup of their tea or coffee!

PUNCH.

ESSEX CALVES BLATANT.

YOU have all heard of those untutored sons of Genius, who, in their literary compositions, occasionally "snatch a grace beyond the reach of Art." Did you ever see any of the effusions of such gentlemen? If not, *Punch* will show you one. Here is a "Proclamation," penned by certain Essex farmers, which has appeared in some of the newspapers, and was read at the late Protection meeting at Coleshill, Warwickshire, with great applause. Here it is, *verbatim et literatim*, except the italics, which indicate the finer passages, and for which *Mr. Punch* is responsible:

"A Proclamation to *our worthy Labourers*. *We, the neighbouring farmers*, deeply deplore our inability to continue the present rate of wages to *our worthy labourers*—the fact is, we cannot afford it. Free Trade has brought us into close competition with foreigners, who pay so little money for labour, that dark brown rye bread, skim milk, cheese, and a few onions, is all that the men get. With these foreign serfs, who are now bought and sold with the land like cattle, are we now contending in our own markets. Much as we deplore it, *we are obliged manfully to tell you* that, if we are to give you constant employment, we cannot pay the present wages. Essex must come to what other counties have already come, 6*s*. and 7*s*. a week. We will give as much as we can, but it must be in proportion to the price of corn; *the money lost by farmers this year is dreadful. Down with the malt-tax!* GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

The merits of this extraordinary piece of writing are rather complex. "We, the neighbouring farmers," is grand. Yet it is also modest—comparatively, at least. There is not that assumption about it which characterises the famous "We, the people of England" of the immortal Triad of Tooley Street. A fine sympathy is observable in the condoling reference—emphatically repeated—to "our worthy labourers," and yet at the same time there seems to be something of irony in the expression—as if, whilst the "worthy labourers" are addressed, certain other persons, not thought so worthy, were spoken at. The allusion to the "foreign serfs who are now bought and sold with the land like cattle," is craftily suggestive to those whom it concerns. There is somewhat singularly affecting in the collocation of "who are *now* bought and sold, &c.," with "are we *now* contending in our own markets"—a pathos which would be quite peculiar, did not its language bear so close a resemblance in style to the eloquence of the indigent and itinerant blind. "We are obliged manfully to tell you—that we cannot pay the present wages," is a valuable specimen of the bold in writing. The dive is very spirited—the plunge is highly courageous. "In the name of the Prophet—figs!" is not more brave. A sublime simplicity, a severely grand economy of words, marks that pregnant sentence—which, to produce its full effect, should be viewed apart—

"THE MONEY LOST BY THE FARMERS THIS YEAR IS DREADFUL!"

And then, what can be more spirit-stirring than the concluding appeal to love of beer and loyalty combined, "Down with the malt-tax! GOD save the QUEEN!"

But wonderful as may be the grammar, and moving the rhetoric, of this impassioned outburst of the agricultural mind of Essex, *Mr. Punch* must in some measure question its social and fiscal principles. Why, good sirs, manfully tell your *labourers* that you must reduce *their wages?* Why not, a little more manfully, tell your *landlords* that they must reduce *your rents?* Is it because you know that, if you cannot pay the amount exacted, other tenants are to be found who will—enabled to do so by farming better than yourselves? If so, would it not be preferable for you to put the shoulder "manfully" to the wheel, than "manfully" to cut down the wages of your labourers? Recollect, that if the "money lost by the farmers" through the cheapness of corn "is dreadful," the distress that would be caused by its dearness would be slightly dreadful too.

The Majority on the Second Reading of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

To prop a time-dishonoured creed, outworn,
Elsewhere fast dying out of Europe's heart,
Rome, as a last resource of priestly art,
Invaded England with a hope forlorn,
Vain hope, of feeble misconception born,
With the sound Whole confounding the sick Part,
The Public Body with the Oxford Wart,
Attack repulsed with universal scorn!
Incense mere smoke, the unavailing flame
Of tapers, invocations lost in air;
The world beholds, and nose-led Nations stare
In wonder at the Popedom's baffled aim,
Whilst Tyranny looks on in blank despair,
For that its cause and Priestcraft's are the same.

WELL, I NEVER!

THE night of March the Thirtieth, 1851, was an eventful one for the ladies of Great Britain, who were one and all bound to declare their ages correctly, under a penalty of five pounds. Talk of the terrors of the confessional! What can be worse to a woman, on the other side of thirty, than to be put to the torture by the Registrar-General, and compelled to state, not in round numbers, but in exact figures, her real age? The attempts at evasion on Sunday night last were, some of them, strange and desperate. As the returns were to include those sleeping in the house on the night in question, many a determined female refused to go to bed at all, or to take any sleep whatever; but a closer reference to the provisions of the act proved that the legislature had been wide-awake enough to include also those who abode on the premises, as well as those who slept.

It would horrify our readers to describe some of the domestic scenes that occurred on the evening in question between husbands and wives. Many a married couple, who had tacitly regarded the age of the lady as a topic too delicate to be touched upon, were drawn into a fearful quarrel by the bone of contention which the Registrar-General had thrown down to them.

GEORGE GREY and GEORGE GRAHAM were denounced as cruel disturbers of the peace of families, by injured wives protesting against the stirring of a *quæstio*, rendered *vexans* by being *vexata*, for the first time; and numerous were the protestations of the British matrons against gratifying, what they called, "a morbid curiosity" on the part of the Government to ascertain the ages of all the ladies in England. We have reason to fear that the return will, after all, present but an imperfect picture of the real ripeness of British Womanhood.

We would not mind laying a wager, before seeing the result of the Census, that the ages of the ladies will not average more than one-third of the ages of the gentlemen when the returns are finally made up. We recommend seriously to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, as a source of revenue, the penalties recoverable for the offence of giving incorrect information as to age, and we are sure that, if the returns were to be checked by the parish registers, and the law carried out strictly in every case, the amount of fines would be so productive, that the income-tax—for this year at least—might be repealed.

An Interesting Question.

"THE MOTHER OF A LARGE FAMILY" has written to us to inquire if children will be admitted at the Crystal Palace, as at theatres, at half-price. She expresses her indignation that nothing is said in the list of prices upon that important subject. She is equally indignant also about the insulting silence that is maintained upon the subject of "babies." They are not even mentioned in the document alluded to! We find it difficult to answer her inquiries, and so we have sent her letter to the Exhibition Committee. We have no doubt that PRINCE ALBERT, who is himself largely interested in the same question, will have it settled at the next meeting of the Council.

I SHAL you singe a lytel song
Aboute a Dragon, grete and strong.
Thys Dragonne was a great marvàyle;
He abode in Seinct Powle hys Cathedrale.

A manne's knobbe hys necke hadd on,
Lyke to the hedd of a stout parsòn;
All hys bodye ytt was blacke,
With a longe tail to hys backe.

Hee had a paunche both round and bigge,
Like a Smythfelde-Clubb pryze-pigge;
He cold clutche his clawes with a mighty grippe,
Nothinge he gott awaye mote slipp.

A wide swallòwe hadd thys Dragòn;
Besyde turtèl and venisòn,
And porte wyne and goode stronge bere,
He boltyd evere so moche a yere.

He swallowyd tythès and glebès fatt,—
Down I wys went all he gat;
He gulpyd loaves and fyshes riche,
And wold tucke in tyn like any ostrìche.

Thys Dragon was a mightye boare;
He used to kepe Seinct Powle hys door;
Thereyn, forsothe, mote noe man goe,
But must give hym twopence to se the showe.

He wolde take the twoepence yn hys clawes,
And caste them into his open jawes,
And so quicke he gobbled the copperes browne,
As a smal boye mote cramn jąm-tartès downe.

He swallowed the twopence of alle who came,—
The twopence of squier, and the twopence of dame,—
The twopence of lorde and the twopence of knyghte,—
The twopence of knave and the twopence of wryghte.

Of lytel boyes, and girls also,
SIR DRAGON the twopence wolde swallòwe;
And soche as were pore, and no twopence cold paye,
From the doore of Saynt Powle's he wold fright awaye.

The good knyghte *Ponche* ytt sore dyd greeve,
The Dragoune thus sholde rob and theeve;
Soe he toke hys launce, and did on hys mayle,
And hee went att the Dragon tooth and nayl.

He bete the Dragon from black to blue,
He pokyd and thrustyd him through and through,
But colde not hytt his brain or harte,
As yff the Dragon had noe soche part.

He pricked the Dragon in tycklish sorte,
The Dragon bled both sherris and porte,
Yett styll dyd he kepe Saynt Powle hys gate,
And gorged the brownes at his olden rate.

But *Ponche* dyd att him with myghte and maine,
Till he beganne to twiste with pain;
On the hyp he hytt hym sore,
And dugge him in hys rybbes the more.

Ponche the Dragon did soe mawle,
That he colde nether flye nor crawl,
Tyll his last kick anon he kicked,
Saynt Powle hys Dragon soe was lycked.

I wis there was grete jubilie
When the Church of Saynt Powle was opened free,
And all the peopyl cried hoorawe!
For *Ponche* that had the Dragon yslaw.

Ponche tooke the Dragon his scalye hide,
And had ytt stufft with straw insyde,
And sett ytt on hye for a scare-the-crowe
To all parsones that make their Churche a showe.

A HAPPY NAME.—The Reverend Gentleman who figures so prominently in the case of METAIRIE *v.* WISEMAN, is called HOLDSTOCK—an appellation strongly suggestive of Three per Cents. Can it be a nickname? If so, it is rather a happy one.

PRIZE-PIGS FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—Among the articles sent to the Great Exhibition, are "28 pigs and one bundle of iron." Now, eight and twenty pigs of iron will require a very large sty; and we should say, that one such pig would be a sufficient specimen of the breed.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A (TOO) LATE BARRISTER.

In the last chapter of my notes I touched upon answers; but the Court of Chancery will not very easily take an answer, and therefore I have a few more words to say upon that question. I trust I may be allowed the contradiction of alluding to an answer as a question; and being an Equity lawyer, I indulge in contradiction as a sort of professional knowledge.

I have spoken of a bill being objectionable for want of parties; and indeed Chancery loves to get as many names to a bill as possible. As early as the time of the fourth Edward, one of three executors was sued, and feeling the desolation of being "all alone and lonely," in a Chancery Suit—thinking, in fact, that the suit was a great deal too large for him—he objected that measures should be taken to include the two others in the suit with him. Stillington, the Chancellor of the day, who was also Bishop of Bath and Wells,—so that he may be said to have presided over hot water in a double sense, both in his court and his diocese—Stillington exclaimed, in that shocking bad French, which used to add to the unintelligibility of law proceedings in former times, "Jeo adjugera sur ceo, come Judge de Conscience." And accordingly the three executors were sued together for the sake of company.

Sometimes an answer is objected to for insufficiency; for such is the voraciousness of Chancery, that it never knows when it has had enough, and supplemental bills are encouraged to gratify the equitable appetite. And this brings me to a melancholy part of my recollections; one on which I am fearful that I may forget myself; for my tears, mixing with [illegible] to soften a pen—as well as a heart—of steel, and [illegible]elf nor writing implements sufficient strength to [illegible]e force my resolution to stand firm, by taking out [illegible]ns to stay, upon my payment of the costs; and, [illegible]re more onerous, than those incurred by memory [illegible]of revivor of the past. I had a client. How well [illegible]t brief period of happiness, when I had for a time, [illegible]ile of papers that were not all dummy. [illegible]ad laid out the fee—which went like a flash of [illegible]ailor's pocket—I was in the habit of laying out the [illegible]t fee was endorsed. No hen, over its first egg, was [illegible]r the first endorsement of "2 Gas. With you [illegible]l I remember, as if it were yesterday, when Mohair [illegible]ter's third-floor back in consultation, we first burst [illegible] and then dissolved into still wilder tears. As [illegible]cted his saveloy—for the urchin was at dinner—[illegible]ney by whom we had both been "instructed," you [illegible]d us both down with a couple of feathers. Mohair [illegible]mber of the lower grade of the profession" to the [illegible]hich I knew had been purchased for four shillings, [illegible]an in Holborn, for I had offered three-and-sixpence for [illegible] evening, and had been refused with "curses," un-[illegible]" but not particularly "deep." But why do I go into [illegible]e "old arm-chair." Alas! it brings up the recollection [illegible]s of furnishing, when, in my innocence, I thought of [illegible] Government broker, to know whether we might not [illegible] Well do I remember the purchase of that wretched [illegible]at the back of Long Acre, and after sleeping on that [illegible]ad, I found I had set up my buggy without the slightest [illegible]oing so. How well do I remember buying a door-mat, at [illegible]nportunity of a serious matter, who talked about religion, and, what was a very serious matter to me at that moment, left me—by way of change out of a very good half-sovereign—a very bad half-crown. How well do I remember investing three pounds ten in a downy goose feather bed, and finding too late that the seller had been much, much more downy, and I more goose-like than the feather bed, which made me as fretful as a porcupine with its quills. The recollection carries me back to my dining-table, made of the "merry green-wood," and, perhaps, out of the mere merriment of the green-wood, splitting its sides.

At this moment I can recall the hardness of my easy chair, which, after having borne up against me as long as it could, seemed all of a sudden to have abandoned the policy of resistance, and upon my throwing myself unexpectedly upon it, laid down its arms. My first stock of ironmongery is among my earliest associations, for I remember that, seeing no necessity for having too many irons in the fire, I started with a poker, trusting to fortune to furnish later a shovel and tongs. My first carpet was a cheap remnant, and my first rug a present from a gentle hand, that had tried its best to smooth my rugged path. My blinds were a blind bargain—before I had seen them—with the previous occupant of my chambers, and I took as a fixture, also, a cumbrous article, called a lavatory, of which I afterwards tried in vain to wash my hands. These, with a deal book-case, the only case I had for the first year of my "practice," constituted the whole of my furniture, except, perhaps, my laundress, who used to eat my butter, and walk away with my candles, attributing the disappearance of both to the enormous appetite of some apocryphal rats. I believe these animals have an extraordinary *goût* for tallow, but I always thought it was customary for them to leave the wicks. The rats of my chambers were exceptions to the rule, for with them it was "the candle, the whole candle," and I wish I could finish by saying, "nothing but the candle," which I cannot do, for they took the butter, and the odd halfpence as well. Had there been a *post-mortem* examination of one of the rats who frequented my chambers, the faculty would have been puzzled to ascertain the cause of his death, for there would have been found candles and coppers, tea and sugar, sealing-wax and butter, soap and stockings, coals and shirt-collars, with a sprinkling of other "sundries," in its inside. I never thought of looking into the natural history of the rat, for the purpose of inquiring whether the animal was a natural receptacle for the missing articles, to some of which I have alluded, but placing implicit faith in the tales of my laundress, I believed, as my goods disappeared, that the rat—like *Othello*—had a "stomach for them all."

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

ARTICLES OF BRITISH INDUSTRY.

The Legislation of the Present Session.

The Victoria and Battersea Parks.

The Nelson Column (of course).

The Steam Fleet of the Admiralty.

The various Dismantled Ships of ditto.

Sir Charles Napier's Letters in Condemnation of ditto.

Mr. Brotherton's Speeches for the last Twenty Years, for terminating all Legislation at Twelve o'clock.

The War Medal issued to Veterans of the Army, &c., &c.

A portion of Fleet Street that has been taken up Thirty Times in the course of One Year.

All the Portraits of Prince Albert for which "he was graciously pleased to give the Artist more than One Sitting."

A Copy of all the Law-suits of the Bishop of Exeter.

A Copy of all the Pamphlets on the Papal Question.

Ground Plan of the "Little Paradise" Cardinal Wiseman has created round Westminster Abbey.

View of the New Street (name unknown) which was intended, eight years ago, to be a Continuation of Farringdon Street.

The Amount of Pure Water supplied to the Serpentine during the last Two years.

The Catalogue of the British Museum.

[*With a great many more, for which we can find no room at present.*

Notes and Queries Connected with the Census.

We have received the following Notes and Queries connected with the Census; which occurred to us as involving some nice points for the exercise of anybody's ingenuity.

It is stated that "Independent Ministers" are to return themselves as such. Would this head include the Government, who might be described as Ministers Independent of a majority?

Barristers are to state whether they are in "actual practice." Messrs. Briefless and Dunup were both puzzled by this instruction—both of them having been as motionless as statues for the last twelve months, and though always ready to practise, never actually practising.

Ha! say'st thou, caitiff!

Why may a Cabman, whose horse is broken-winded, be said to be doing a successful business?

Because he drives a roaring trade! (Villain! Stand off!)

Neat Turn Outs, to be had by the Day, Week, Month, or Year.—Inquire of the Whig Ministry.

Grandmama. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY PET?"

Child. "WHY, GRANDMA, AFTER GIVING THE SUBJECT EVERY CONSIDERATION, I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT—THE WORLD IS HOLLOW, AND MY DOLL IS STUFFED WITH SAWDUST, SO—I—SHOULD—LIKE—IF YOU PLEASE, TO BE A NUN?"

LINES WRITTEN IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

WHEREAS, on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise;
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, enshrines
In freehold nests: themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of CUPID'S Court,
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring—
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

A BISHOP FAMOUS IN STORY.

THERE is no objection occasionally to *Punch à la Romaine*, because *Punch* is wholesome in every form; but *Bishop à la Romaine* seems to be a very deleterious mess, if we are to judge by the specimens lately sent us from the Vati[illegible] with a regard for his reputation would ho[illegible] *Episcopari*—I won't be a Bishop—if the[illegible] him a mitre, and if the Rome-made, in co[illegible] the home-made, prelates are such as we [illegible] sample of. The occupant of the New Cat[illegible] as exposed by himself in his letters in the [illegible] as slippery as might be expected from on[illegible] of his "oiliness." We should recommend[illegible] "Clifton" by desiring him to go to Ba[illegible] better arrangement would be, to send[illegible] Coventry.

Good News for Minis[illegible]

WE see by the Australian papers th[illegible] covery has lately been made of luminous [illegible] As it seems from this intelligence that [illegible] some illumination, there is a hope for the C[illegible] EXCHEQUER'S enlightenment.

CHURCH-LATIN FOR BELGRAVIANS.

TYPOGRAPHICAL mistakes will occur in the best regulated periodicals. As a literary curiosity, however, *Punch* must preserve from oblivion a most curious perversion of Latin parts of speech, which appeared in the *Morning Post* of Tuesday week last. The *Times* reported MR. SMYTHE as having made allusion, in the previous evening's debate, to a mediæval myth, setting forth that, on the union between Church and State taking place under CONSTANTINE, an angel was heard wailing and crying in the air:—

"*Hodie in ecclesiam venenum infunditur.*"

Which, ragged scholar, means, "This day is poison infused into the Church."

In the *Post* this bit of Latinity is thus varied:—

"*Dodrie in ecclesiam venerum injuditiones.*"

The classical reader may smile; but there is a mysterious grandeur in these distorted words. There is a fine ecclesiastical smack about them, wanting in the simple text. They have a singular weight with us from the very circumstance of our not understanding them; is it not so, fair saints of Belgravia? Could you not fancy how marvellously edifying, intoned in due mediæval style, would be the dim, vague, awfully unintelligible formula—*Dodrie in ecclesiam venerum injuditiones?*

Extreme Delicacy of Feeling.

THE Registrar-General, appointed under the Census Act, has got himself into terrible disgrace by omitting to send to any of the Ministers the usual form. His excuse is, "that he thought it would look like a cruel insult to ask them where they slept on the 30th of March, as by that time he made sure all the Ministers would be *out*."

WANTED.

"A MANA[illegible] Theatre[illegible] abject s[illegible] "He [illegible] operatio[illegible] Languag[illegible] in the dir[illegible] cessity. I[illegible] out—and he will continually bring out—new pieces; but he wants new words, wherewith to blazon their volcanic merits. He has used 'HIT' until HIT is no longer a blow: he has worked up 'Appalling Effects,' until not more than three women (with families) are carried fainting out of the pit. His 'Roars of Laughter' is now never heard, even by the longest ears, and his 'Tremendous Effects' threatens to leave no effects in the Treasury. Under this dire stress of epithets, the manager asks of the benevolent and humane to give him something new for his

"PLAY-BILL."

HINT TO IRISH MEMBERS.—Say that the amount of persecution in the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is infinitesimal, and that you object to it on homœopathic principles.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, APRIL 5th, 1851.

A PRETTY TUNE FOR A ROMISH ORGAN.

PUNCH must unequivocally condemn one mode of attack sometimes resorted to against Popery, — namely, misrepresentation. There is nothing in warfare so base and dastardly: poisoned arrows, red-hot shot, are fair and honourable weapons to the shafts of calumny. Now, for instance, with a view to prejudice the faith of a body of high-minded gentlemen in the House of Commons, it is very shameful to represent their religion as obliging them systematically to impede the progress of public affairs, not only in opposing the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, but by striving generally to embarrass the Government. It is disgraceful to say—as if asserting Roman Catholic principles—that,

"Besides this, it is the duty of the Irish members to be obstructive in every other department of public business; to dabble in finance, law reform, colonial reform, foreign affairs, and to occupy the time of the House as much as possible with questions, motions, amendments, speeches, and the other manœuvres of a Parliamentary guerilla."

If this is the line of policy which Roman Catholicism prescribes to its professors, as legislators,—if it requires them to behave in this unscrupulous manner, more like a set of perverse and vexatious women than a body of rational individuals—to vote against their own convictions and to the national detriment, for the indirect promotion, by indirect means, of the supposed interests of their Church;—if their religion obliges them to practise such villany as this, the plain inference is, that they have no business in the House of Commons at all, and a case is clearly made out for the repeal of the Emancipation Bill. But no. Let us be fair in our opposition, at any rate. Let us not dress up Roman Catholicism as a monster to excite animosity against it, as NERO disguised the early Christians in the skins of wild beasts, and then baited them. No. We won't do that.

Again, it is surely a cruel slander to represent the Roman Catholic mind as breathing such a spirit of malignant and outrageous detraction, and hatred, and disrespect for constituted authorities, as is evinced in the following extract relative to LORD JOHN RUSSELL:—

"He is a man of small precedents; and, as there is still a Catholic LORD STAFFORD, perhaps the Premier might consider him to have a prescriptive title to the block; or, for the sake of variety, would he plunge his knife into the bowels of some other innocent victim?"

We really must disown the Protestant who would put forward language, replete, as the two foregoing specimens, with profligacy and violence, as expressive of Roman Catholic sentiments. We must leave him to be stigmatised as a shameless calumniator,—a wilful impugner of the known truth,—a deceitful, malicious, abandoned heretic,—to be branded, in short, in every possible way, except, we will say, with the actual cautery.

But, soft!—as the hero says in the minor drama. Gentle reader, the precious paragraphs above quoted, are copied from the *Tablet* newspaper, which professes to be the organ of Roman Catholicism! A petition for deliverance from friends, one would think should be added to the invocations of the Roman Litany.

FORMATION OF THE EARTH.

WE have been watching the progress of the Earth for several days past, in Leicester Square, and have arrived at the following conclusions, built upon the premises, as far as they are advanced in that Arabia Petræa of all WYLD spots in England.

The primary strata of the Earth consisted of oyster shells, old marrow-bones, lobster claws, and broken bricks. Occasionally, a defunct dog or cat was found with them. These were mingled with decayed shrubs and small mounds of mud, relieved with bright fragments of crockery ware, and picked out here and there with a perfect specimen of a ginger-beer bottle.

These formed the foundation; but as it was supposed that the Earth would have a very uneasy seat of it, if it rested upon nothing stronger than the above heterogeneous compound, the whole mass was carted away, and a stronger foundation laid down, of bricks firmly cemented with mortar. Upon this foundation, six feet deep, does the World now rest.

The shape of the Earth partakes very much of the appearance of a lady's powder-box; or it may be said to resemble a compressed Colosseum. But as the Earth alters in appearance every minute, and grows visibly in size every day, it would be hasty and premature on our part to say just at present what the Earth is like, or what it is ultimately like to be. Accordingly, we reserve our opinion.

In altitude the Earth reaches as high as the garret windows of the Linwood Gallery. In width it could easily gallop down Piccadilly without breaking a shop-window on either side. What the thimble is to the pea, so is St. Paul's to the circumference of the Earth.

But, as galloping down Piccadilly implies a sense of motion, we must distinctly state that the Earth, so far from revolving, is as stationary as Smithfield Market, or any other London nuisance can be; and that no order from a policeman, if such a thing was to be found on the surface of the Earth, could induce it to "move on." This is lucky for the human beings that live round the Earth, as one of the revolutions would instantly bring their houses about their ears, in a way as summary as the French Revolutions have proved to the Orleans, the Bourbon, and other Houses, since fallen completely to the ground.

The Earth has but one Pole, and that is one on which a flag is flying from the summit, or chimney, or ventilator, or whatever the small orifice may be that is on the top, like the slit in a money-box.

The Centre of the Earth is occupied by a plaster statue of one of England's kings on horseback, but which king is on horseback our geological researches have not enabled us to discover, for we have not yet penetrated into the interior.

The only persons that at present inhabit the Earth are a few carpenters and glaziers, who walk upon it by means of ladders—a very inconvenient way of walking, if a person had to travel for many days to distant climes.

What the products of the Earth may be, we cannot take upon ourselves to say; but we are told that the interior is entirely filled with hoarding, previously to the monster casts taking possession of it. This brings it somewhat into relationship with the Earth we ourselves inhabit, where we know too well that hoarding is the occupation of a very large caste of men. The monster casts, we are told, are taken from moulds, in which respect the Model Earth differs from our own, where the mould is all on the outside.

The Earth has already cost a world of money, is just four weeks old, and is expected to last three years; after which period it will be taken to pieces, and sold for rubbish.

We had nearly forgotten to state that the principal deposits of the Earth will be the money paid at the door. Its mineral products will be silver and gold; but no diggings will be allowed for the discovery of the latter in the regions of California.

We have only as yet scratched up the ground of this very fertile subject, and so shall take the liberty of returning to the Earth in a day or two.

A Pretty Scale of Prices.

A FASHIONABLE Portrait Painter, whose name it would not be fair to his many rivals to mention, when asked what are his terms, invariably answers:—"I have no scale of prices. In fact, I generally leave it open to the liberality of my patrons. I have but one rule to guide me in taking likenesses, and that, to be candid, is, 'Handsome is, who Handsome does.'"

What an April Fool!

A YOUNG correspondent, who writes on the 1st of April, says he has been directed by his friends to inquire of us, "What kind of fish is the *Poisson d'Avril?*" We have the greatest pleasure in informing our juvenile correspondent that the fish in question is a very odd fish, and in its general characteristics is supposed to be very like a whale!

"THERE NOW;—THAT'S A CIGAR I CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND!"
"WELL; PUT ME UP A DOZEN, TO TRY!"

THE FRENCH CONSPIRATION.

From GOBEMOUCHE, *Man of Letters, to* SIR WORTLEY, *Member of Parliament.*

"MILORD,

"I HAVE read in the journal the allocution which you have addressed to the Government, and in which you state that you have a proofs of a great conspiracy existing in this country, and of which this city is the threshold.

"Milord. I am a Frenchman. I am a conspirator. I am proud of one and other title. Yes: we conspire: yes, we wish to conquer the old England. But it is in the full street that we conspire. It is by intelligence, by genius, by civilisation, and no more by sabres and bayonets, that we would vanquish. Yes, we will invade you by thousands; and our flotillas, unimpeded, shall discharge legions of our compatriots, from Boulogne, upon the Cliffs of Albion. But those invaders come with flowers in their fusils, and your blondes country-women need fear no terrors of war from those who trust to overcome them. Yes, perhaps, I myself may hope to lead away some Britannic Briseis, the captive of my bow; but it is the bow of CUPID which I wield—it is with love and not war that we would be irresistible!

"My lord—there is a conspiracy, but it is patent—a foreign invasion, but it is here. Our banners are planted amongst you, and yet your Kremlin on the Thames does not burn. Our legions are encamped in Regent's Quadrant and Leicester Squar: and yet we do not fear poison in the houses where we are billetted, or dread ambuscades as we parade your city. Oh, vanquished! you have nothing to fear from Frenchmen! We smoke under NELSON'S column, and Trafalgar is ours. We promenade in Waterloo's Place, and revenge Waterloo!

"Already a letter from the important journal of which I was correspondent, has appeared in these columns. Although the *Moniteur de Boulevardes* has ceased to exist, I am a man of letters still, and not idle. I study. I observe. I reflect. Educated with care, I write English with native purity.

"I am not of those Frenchmen, light and frivolous, who think to approfound the institutions of a country in a visit of eight days: and having walked through London, attended by their guide of office, and spoken and smoked with their compatriots at the *cafés* of Leicester Squar and Regent's Quadrant, believe themselves authorised to speak with confid nce of the manners and the politics of a great nation. No! Since my arri al I have deeply studied, carefully inspected, intimately meditated this City, this Carthage, superb rival of our Rome. I have marked all classes of Insularies, from the super LORD MAYOR in his palace of the City, to the humble artisan taking his refreshment under the tents of the Crystal Exhibition. I have formed profound conclusions; I interview enormous changements for this country.

"The insular habits are rapidly passing away. The Parisian civilisation has invaded and conquered the white cliffs, at which NAPOLEON pointed in vain his eyeglass and his flotillas. The male beard and costume of France no longer excites ridicule in the old England—on the contrary, the Insularies adopt our dress, and let to grow their moustachios. I saw of late, in the Chamber of Commons, the son of the greatest of English Statesmen. His discovered chest, his waving locks curled above his forehead in a BRUTUS, his rich imperial, his gallant air, are those of the Continent of our France—not of England, traditional country of the blue frock with buttons of copper, the culotte of skin, the boots to reverse. The young SIR P—L might be a Sportsman of our Jockey Club; a lion of our Boulevard of Glove. And not he only, as I have said—not the young dandies of the clubs and brilliant militaries on leave—but the youth in general, the artists, the students of the schools of medicine, the advocates of the Temple, and the clerks of notary, the young officers of scheriffs in Chancery Lane, let grow the hair and carry the beard. Where our arms have not conquered, our arts have vanquished. The old England Frenchifies itself all the days.

"I see on most of the shops the announcement that French here is spoken—an imperfect jargon it is true, but yet a great and remarkable advance, and sign of civilisation; and it is with no small feelings of delight and pride I remark that almost all the literature of the people is translation of the profound views of our own superior authors; the seizing narratives of our incomparable ALEXANDRE—the large morality of SUE, and SAND; even the lively tales of the good old PAUL DE KOCK, here find interpreters and admirers. In the English Theatre, no pieces but of French origin are tolerated by the public. An accomplished countrywoman of ours, speaking, it is true, in the English language, but with an accent which renders her adopted tongue a thousand times more melodious and charming than it is in native mouths, is the chief actress at the people's theatre in the Strand. At that of the Princess, where presides the Son of the KEAN, whom our ALEXANDRE DUMAS has rendered immortal, I found him and his wife performing a drama from our Boulevard. At Drury-Lane, Azael the Prodigal, surrounded by the Bayaderes of Memphis, has borrowed the decorations and voluptuous dances, if not the music, of our Academy. Tartuffe is acting upon the Haymarket scene, and those shafts which the immortal MOLIÈRE launched against the priests and bigots of his time, are found still to be sharp and to have poison after two hundred years, when directed against Anglican Church zealots, and aimed at Britannic hypocrites.

"Thus I say, that we have conspired, and that we have conquered.

"Is not the man of all England the most admired and beloved a Frenchman? Whose name, whose good things are in so many peoples' mouths as the name, as the good things of ALEXIS SOYER? Yes, ALEXIS is a great pacific conqueror. If merit is to be rewarded by public gratitude, his eminent services ought to be acknowledged by the two countries—the two countries which he has united, as were the twins of Siam, by the bond of the stomach. If there were a cordon (*bleu*) of the Legion of Honour, it should be sent to SOYER with the title of Grand Commander. This nation has paid him just and repeated honours. Chef of the Club of Reform, that once powerful party has been disorganised ever since be ceased to be its chief. It dwindles. One is dissatisfied with its leaders. LORD JOHN is scarcely esteemed: SIR WOOD is little tasted since SOYER the Frenchman resigned his baton of commandment, and threw himself upon a single party no more, but on the whole country.

"Albion has responded to his appeal. In our days of college, it was our habit to call her perfidious; but where shall we find a country more faithful, more grateful? With us everything uses itself; every man makes himself to forget. A week after February there was no more question of the House of Orleans, than of the House of Valois; a month after LAMARTINE had been the hero of a revolution, the saviour of a Republic, he was the forgotten writer of books forgotten. Here it is different. We (for almost I feel that this is France and that I am an Englishman) honour and remember our public men. Honour to the country, and to those to whom she is grateful!

"An exploding proof of this worthy appreciation has lately been conferred upon ALEXIS SOYER. The magistrates of the county of Middlesex have summoned before them ALEXIS. He appeared with the courage of his nation, of his genius, before the grave administrators of the Britannic Themis. But it was not tortures, it was not imposts, it was not Botanibay, which they offered to him; it was to confer upon him the rights of citizenship, and to present him, in the name of QUEEN VICTORIA, of the LORD MAYOR, of England entire, with a splendid testimony of the national gratitude.

"In the neighbourhood of London—by the gigantesque Palace of Crystal, the fresh meadows of the Hyde Park, and the sombre avenues of Kinsington's Gardens—little removed from the Octroi (turnspikes)—there stands, amidst parks and prairies of its own, a château called the Château of Gor. The Château of Gor has been purchased with the money of the municipality by this grateful nation, by these grave magistrates, and has been conferred, with the patent of baronnet, upon ALEXIS SOYER, Frenchman. SIR SOYER, in a warm allocution, responded to the LORD MAYOR, when this title, this domain, were conferred upon him—and asked all the magistrates to dine in the palace of which he has become master.

"A palace of fairies is he making of it—truly a Symposium of all nations, as SIR SOYER (faithful to his Bacchanalian tradition, and proud of his religion of the apron) has styled it. Halls are here filled in the manners of all nations, accommodated by the presiding taste of SIR ALEXIS. The Saloon of Italy, the Saloon of Turkey, the Saloon of Spain; the Hall of France, the Hall of Old England. You may consume here the cocka-

liquet of the mountains of Scotland, the garbanzos of Castille, the shamrocks of Ireland, the maccaroni of Vesuvius, the kari of the Ganges, and the cabob of the Bosphorus; you may call here for the golden juice of the Rhine, and the purple draught of the Garonne, as for the whiski of the Liffi, and the Afandaf (liquor which I adore) of the Thames. SIR SOYER will soon be prepared to furnish you with all these. Already his pavillions glow with the rich colours of the lavish pencil: already banquet halls and feudal towers rise among his parterres: already quiet alcoves and particular cabinets twinkle from among the bosquets, where they will be covered by the discreet and beautiful foliage of Spring and Summer;—yet a few weeks and the palace of SOYER will be opened. This, Milord, is the Conspiracy by which France hopes to conquer you—this is the representative whom the Republic sends to Albion!

"Agree the hommages of profound consideration with which
"I have the honor to be, Milord,
"GOBEMOUCHE,
"*Leicester Squar*, 10 *April*." "*Man of letters, man of progress*."

THE SEASON FOR FAIRY-LAND.

AST approaching is the time of year when we may expect to find Fairy-Land, in all its various forms, advertised as "open" at half-a-dozen places in or near the Metropolis. The painters are beginning to put the last coat of paint on all the lamp-posts of Elysium at Cremorne; and the "Abode of the Elves," where gin-and-water may be had at ninepence per glass, is just getting its last pail of whitewash.

The Hermit's robes have gone to the wash at Vauxhall, and his venerable beard has been in soak for a week, in "a pink saucer," to give it that carrotty hue which seems inseparable from the dramatic idea of a recluse "disgusted with life," upon a nightly salary. Even as remote as Rosherville, the "Garden of England," which has been rough dug all the winter, is being stocked with liberal pennyworths of polyanthuses; and the Hall of Banners is being sure of its armorial pocket-handkerchiefs darned up into a condition calculated to make them fit emblems of an age of chivalry.

In addition to the ordinary number of "Abodes of Bliss," with their tight ropes, additional lamps, ham sandwiches, stout, and fire-works, we are promised, at Kensington Gore, something of a severely classical school in SOYER's Symposium. Already at the outer gate may be seen a British Lion, sculptured from a bit of genuine hearth-stone, raising his paws in playful rampancy, and holding in his grasp a huge gas-pipe, as if to show his might, while shaking his mane and clutching the main of the Equitable Company. We hear rumours of table-cloths three thousand yards long; but whoever spun that enormous yarn must, we think, have been threading the mazes of those realms of fancy which SOYER is attempting to realise.

A Work that is Sure to Go Down to Posterity.

AMONGST the few works of the present day (excepting, of course, *Punch*) that have any chance of going down to posterity, we may mention the present unfinished Catalogue of the British Museum. In fact, if it advances no quicker than it has already done, it is not only likely to go down to Posterity, but to Posterity's Posterity, and even further. We wish them all joy of a thing which we are never likely to enjoy ourselves.

A MAGISTRATE recently cautioned a defendant not to "take the law into his own hands." In the present impure state of it, surely nobody would think of doing so!

CUSTOMS OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

THE fact is beginning to be rather apparent that the Board of Customs are particularly ugly customers. The London Dock Company has had to complain of their behaviour, and the St. Katherine's ditto has also petitioned Parliament in deprecation both of their manners and their Customs. The petitioners allege that on one occasion,

"Their premises were suddenly subjected to a search more like a search by police officers for stolen goods than a visit for examination by officers of the Customs."

Is this what these excisemen—if they were in search of spirits—call doing "their spiriting gently?"

To seize on large quantities of goods not liable to duty at all, appears to have been a customary practice with these Custom-house gentry. They are likewise accused of having filed fifty-three separate informations relative to articles, some of which were not worth above 1*d.* each; proceedings which savour much more of grinding oppression than of legal filing. That informations of such a nature are uncommon is creditable to the character of the common informer. Their information seems to be in a great measure worthless, as after all, that is, after the lapse of a twelvemonth, they often fail to bring it into Court. The following charge against them, if a true bill, shows them to be as remarkable for misapprehension as for misinformation.

"It is also affirmed that some over drawings of molasses, which had been marked among the seizures, being inadvertently returned to the casks, the Customs preferred an indictment for felony against ten of the company's servants, upon which four of them were committed to Newgate, and that when notice of trial was at length given, the record was suddenly withdrawn."

This great alacrity in getting up a charge would be most fitly recompensed by a discharge; a broadside which, to a very large extent, should send the Board of Customs to their right place; namely, the right about. The principle of Free Trade thoroughly carried out, or carried out and out, would enable us to dispense with their disagreeable services. A great deal of the work they do had better be left undone; for example, rummaging the persons of travellers; and what they leave undone they had better never meddle with—the trunks of said travellers. Half of the time they are paid for consuming is wasted for the prevention of petty smuggling in ruffling dresses by their clumsiness, and tempers by their behaviour. This rotten old Government log ought to be chopped up. Customs like those of this Board would be much more worthily honoured in the breach than in the observance; and if the breach were a break-up of the whole Board, so much the better.

FEWEST WORDS NOT SOONEST MENDED.

LAST year, everybody thought a great legislative feat had been accomplished by the passing of an act for the shortening of the language of Acts of Parliament, but it seems that, in legislation, a "few words" leads to so much disputing, that it has been necessary, in a great hurry, to repeal the Act alluded to. We must infer from this, that Parliament is nothing if not long-winded, and that it is quite impossible to legislate without the old allowance of verbiage.

The attempt to make the masculine the feminine, and to declare "this" shall stand for "that," and "one" for "t' other," has signally failed; and we have gone back in a single year to that plethoric richness of adjectives, verbs, and substantives, for which our Acts of Parliament have long been remarkable. Since the principle of curtailment has been thus unceremoniously thrown overboard, we wonder some M.P. does not propose that no Act shall be binding or bound up in the Statute-Book, that does not run to so many pages at least—the number to be determined up-stairs by a Select Committee.

Lord John taking up his Bill.

THE question of the admission of Jews into Parliament is again before the Legislature. We trust that bigotry and intolerance will no longer deprive the House of Commons of the services of a class of men so eminently calculated as the Hebrews to participate in its labours; for never let us forget that the whole business of Parliament may be defined to be a series of bill-transactions.

How to Obtain a Character.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, reading in the advertisements that a character might be obtained at any time by a person sending a Graphiologist a specimen of his handwriting, immediately sat down, and wrote a letter, in which he said, that "he would feel extremely obliged if MR. W—— could possibly favour him and his colleagues with a character by return of post; at present they were deplorably in want of one."

TRUE DEFINITION.—Considering how MR. HARPER makes his income out of pirating the liveliest English authors, he may be said to "live by his wits."

HONESTY.—A Baker buying his Sunday's dinner.

THE MARBLE ARCH.

Classical Group which will, in all Probability, be on the Top of the Marble Arch by the First of May.

"WHAT's the use of the Marble Arch?" is a question that even Echo—who usually answers for everything and everybody—did not condescend to reply to, until, the other day it was suggested that the top of the Arch should be converted into a police station. Economy is now so much the order of the day, that we wonder Temple Bar is not assigned as a residence to the LORD MAYOR, that the Mansion House may be let out in separate beds for families and gentlemen. The Beadle of Aldgate has, we understand, for some years, lived in Aldgate Pump—upon, of course, a reduced salary; and we have heard it rumoured that the two legs of the Bronze ACHILLES, in Hyde Park, are being fitted up as barracks for a small detachment of Foot, that will be on guard during the Exhibition.

There is, perhaps, no objection to housing a division of police in the Marble Arch, provided the inhabitants do not interfere with the architectural design, by putting their heads out of the window and breaking the uniformity of the cornice, by a great staring police constable, rendered more glaring, at night-time, by his terrific bull's eye. We suppose we must expect the top of the Arch to be turned to some useful purpose by the inhabitants, and that it will be impossible to keep the Inspector from smoking his pipe; the Serjeant from nursing his baby; or the married officer from assisting in the weekly washing operations by which he ekes out his maintenance. The single constable will, of course, expect to take his "lettered ease" over his newspaper, on the top of the Arch, which, thus surmounted, will form an agreeable fore-ground to the Crystal Palace.

POLICE CASE EXTRAORDINARY.

Two lads, familiarly known as CHARLEY and JACK, were charged with attempting to pick the pocket of MR. JOHN BULL, in the old highway. It appeared from the evidence of Special Constable *Punch*, that he had been watching MR. JOHN BULL for some time, and, seeing the prisoners with him, pretending to be his friends, he, the constable, was afraid that MR. JOHN BULL had got into rather bad hands, and resolved to keep his eye on what was going forward. Seeing the prisoners shuffling about for some time, and going from side to side as if they did not know what to do, the constable remained a little way behind, when, suddenly, the prisoner CHARLEY threw something over MR. BULL'S head, and, from the effect, there could be no doubt that there was some chloroform, or other stupifying matter, on the article alluded to. At the very same moment the other prisoner, JACK, approached the gentleman's pockets, which were very full, and drew from him a long purse marked with the word "Income."

On being asked what they had to say for themselves, both the prisoners were inclined to be rather insolent, and CHARLEY said that he was only offering the gentleman something to do him good; while as to his companion, he had only just met him.

JACK, when asked what he had to say to taking the money, declared the gentleman owed it to him, and even if he didn't, he had got a surplus—much more than he wanted for himself—and seeing it hang out of his pocket, the opportunity was too tempting.

On inquiry being made whether the prisoners were known, it was found that both had been in the service of the prosecutor, who said he had not had much to complain of until lately, when both had become rather neglectful. In fact, he feared they had been too long in their places.

The prisoner JACK declared he had offered once to leave his situation, but his master wouldn't let him. Both prisoners said the gentleman was at liberty to suit himself, if he could, for they were tired of his service, and didn't want to stay with him any longer.

They were informed, that, however this might be, they must do their duty as long as they remained; and they were remanded to a future day, for further inquiry.

The Real Miracle of Rimini.

MR. DRUMMOND may say what he likes about the winking picture of Rimini: but there is one miracle which it has unquestionably performed. It certainly has opened the eyes of wavering Protestants.

NOTE AND QUERY.—Whether the Scalds of Scandinavia are superior to the BURNS of Scotland?

DARING ROBBERY OF AN OLD GENTLEMAN NAMED "BULL,"

By the Aid of Chloroform.

FAMILY MINISTRIES.

We maintain that the plan of keeping all the public appointments in the same family, is an excellent one, and should not be held up to ridicule. It stands to reason that the members of a Ministry who are all members of the same family, must pull much better together than a Ministry composed of persons picked from twenty different families, who would each have a different interest, and would all be pulling twenty different ways. The Family Ministry, on the contrary, has but one interest, and pursues it in one compact body, most perseveringly, upon every occasion. The members of it never squabble, for the interest of one is the interest of all. To make a Ministry strong and durable, we are confident that all the members of it should be personally related; and the closer the ties of relationship, the stronger the interest that binds the Ministry together. By this means you gain Union, and Union in a Ministry is half its strength.

On the above principle, we hold, it is far better to have one Family to govern us, though it may be the dullest in the kingdom, than a Ministry composed of the cleverest men of the day!

In fact, we are convinced that the plan of Family Ministries is so far superior to every other, that we propose that every Ministry, for the future, be composed of but one entire Family. The various offices might be distributed in the following manner:—

The Prime Minister	*should be given to*	The Grand Papa of the Family.
The Lord High Chancellor	"	His Eldest Brother.
Home Secretary	"	Grand Papa's Eldest Son.
Foreign Secretary	"	A German Cousin, or any one of the Foreign Relations.
Colonial Secretary	"	Some Distant Relation.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	"	The most liberal Uncle.
Lord Privy Seal	"	Somebody's Godpapa.
Postmaster-General	"	Any of the Grandsons who had shown a taste for Letters.
First Lord of the Admiralty	"	Any of the Dittos who had read *Robinson Crusoe*.
Other Lords of the Admiralty	"	So many Brothers.
President of Board of Trade	"	Any one of the Grandsons who had been taken out a-shopping by his Mamma.
Chief Secretary for Ireland	"	Some crabbed Relation, to whom a grudge was owing.

The subordinate offices might be scrambled amongst the Nephews, and the Cousins, and the Poor Relations, until the whole Ministry was complete. The appointments about the Queen's Household should be confided to the female members of the same family. Mamma might be Mistress of the Robes; and Ladies of the Bed-chamber should be entrusted to the Wives and Daughters of Ministers, or else their Aunts, and Great-Aunts, and Nieces.

The only difficulty would be in the case of a family not being numerous enough to fill all the offices, and being compelled to admit another family to share the public fish and bread-basket with them, which would necessarily cause a division, and lead to quarrelling. But such an instance was never known. It is extraordinary the large families Ministers always have. There seems no end to them. The cause, we believe, is owing to the large increase of one's family directly a person gets into power: relations, home as well as foreign, spring up in every direction, and a Minister is introduced for the first time to first and second cousins—and great uncles, and great great grand-children on his mother's side—of whose existence he never had the slightest suspicion, before his elevation. Accordingly, we do not think we need have much fear of the Supply of relations ever failing to meet the Demand.

We are positive our snug little family plan would answer admirably. Another advantage would be that we should be saved by it the disappointment of resignations, and the annoyance of dissolutions,—for you may depend upon it that when once an entire family gets into power, it would take a change in the dynasty at least ever to get them out again. Once in, there would be the comfort of knowing that they would remain in for ever.

Architectural Transparencies.

The Crystal Palace will doubtless suggest the construction of a great variety of similar edifices. *Punch* would propose glass as the very best possible material to build nunneries with, as in default of a legally appointed visitation of such institutions, it would be satisfactory, and would tend to calm unpleasant apprehensions, to see how their inmates are treated, and generally what is going on inside the establishments in question.

AN APOLOGY WHICH WAS SADLY NEEDED.

The present Ministry is, as every one knows, a long way from being a good Ministry; but still it is the best of its kind, for it must be confessed that, as far as it has gone,—and we have hopes it will yet go further,—it has proved itself in every respect "An *Out*-and-*Out* Ministry."

CHANCERY FOR THE MANY.

On consideration, it strikes *Mr. Punch*, that Lord John Russell, if he had tried, might have devised a better expedient for expediting the business of Chancery, than that of setting the Master of the Rolls and a Common-law Judge to help the Lord Chancellor. Numerous cases of equity are continually coming before the Metropolitan Magistrates, and are generally dealt with in such a manner as to give universal satisfaction. If certain Shepherds of the Mormonite persuasion had conspired to diddle a parish orphan out of a few pounds that had been bequeathed to her in the savings bank, the machinations of those reverend persons might have been effectually defeated, and the protection of the child provided for, quite adequately, without filing any sort of Bill, by a simple application to the Beak. An order, or a recommendation, directed to the overseers, with, perhaps, the summary committal of some of the parties implicated to the House of Correction, would answer every purpose in such a case.

Punch, therefore, proposes that the Lord Mayor should be associated with the Lord Chancellor, and likewise the more sagacious among the Aldermen, together with the magistrates who dispense justice at the various police-offices. Such judges would not be the less competent to settle a question of common sense and equity, because it involved a matter of eighty thousand pounds. In short, a recent notorious case might have been decided, as well, or better than it has, at the Mansion House, or Worship-Street; and certainly much more satisfactorily to the party chiefly concerned, there being the "costs to be paid out of the estate."

A CAMBRIDGE LYRIC.

Oh, call me early, faithful Gyp,—Oh, call me early, pray;
To-morrow's dawn will usher in the fatal Tripos Day.
From Sydney Street and Trumpington, and the King's Parade along,
The embryo Wranglers, Senior Ops, and Juniors will throng.

I'm sure, if reading hard will tell, I've done my very best;
I've ransacked all the libraries and news-rooms east and west:
Hall's, Johnson's, and Macmillan's shelves attest my studies still,
And so, unless I greatly err, will each man's little bill.

Bell's Life in London, every week, I've scanned from page to page;
Devoured every novel that in turn has been the rage;
I've scampered over *Hiover*, and got it pretty pat;
I've studied *Fistiana* well, and *Felix and the Bat*.

The Mathematics practical I've studied 'gainst my will,
And described *some rare parabolas* in the course of many a spill;
And though I've not read *Whewell*, or a man of equal note,
I know something still of levers, as I'm stroke-oar of the boat.

Non fumus ex fulgore, the mild cigar has taught;
Of *Falernum* and *Sabinum* you know what Horace thought;
And after many a wine-party, with the Bard I quite agree,
Old-crusted Port at sixty-four bangs Cape at twenty-three.

But what will these accomplishments in the Senate-House avail?—
Recipes for mixing Copus, brewing Bishop, mulling Ale.
Will one continuous cannon at the billiard-table tell?—
I fear my course of subjects will too surely prove a sell.

They tell me, oh, my faithful Gyp, 'twill be a case of pluck—
A most decided "Not approved;" if so, what sorry luck!
But were I an Apostle, methinks with joy I'd swoon,
And sing a hymn of triumph, were I dubbed "The Wooden Spoon."

Then call me early, faithful Gyp; prepare a good repast,—
Strong Mocha Coffee to begin, some Cognac for the last;
And if I pass to-morrow, the College Ale I'll broach,
And uphold my plan of studying 'gainst reading with a "coach."

Extensive Sale of Wood.

Did it ever happen to Sir Charles Wood, when at school, to be despatched to procure pigeon's milk somewhere about this time of the year? *Punch's* reason for asking this question will be obvious from the subjoined very innocent announcement, which appeared the other day in the *Times*:—

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer has also received a letter from 'P. Q.,' purporting to enclose a half-note for £50. *No half-note, however, accompanied the letter.*"

Surely the Chancellor of the Exchequer received this letter on the First of April.

A MEDIÆVAL MILLER.

"Marry, sweet Joan," sayd a certayn man to hys young wife, "what sayest thou to taking the vayle?" "Contente, in good soothe," answerde shee, "an thou wilt give me therewith a newe bonnet."

FILLING UP THE CENSUS PAPER.

Wife of his Bosom. "UPON MY WORD, MR. PEEWITT! IS THIS THE WAY YOU FILL UP YOUR CENSUS? SO YOU CALL YOURSELF THE 'HEAD OF THE FAMILY'—DO YOU—AND ME A 'FEMALE?'"

OUR NEXT ACHIEVEMENT.

To relieve the minds of HER MAJESTY'S subjects from suspense and anxiety respecting the intentions of the Government, *Mr. Punch* thinks it proper to state that having satisfactorily accomplished the great object of putting down Popish Aggression, the next task to which he intends to devote himself will be the adjustment of the Income-tax, which, with the extensive support that he calculates upon both in and out of Parliament, he confidently expects to succeed in placing on a just and equitable basis. The fiscal arrangements contemplated by *Mr. Punch*, will, he trusts, be productive of as perfect content as is compatible with this Exchequered state of existence.

Rival to the Great Exhibition.

THE Great Exhibition of 1851 will be a very wonderful affair; but more wonderful still will be the Great Imposition of this same year—if the people will stand it. It is needless to say, we allude to the renewal of the Income-tax.

SCARCELY THE WORD FOR IT.

A contemporary, talking of the Great Exhibition, says, "the works have been getting on *swimmingly*."

SPIRITUAL TAILORS.

A PHILOSOPHICAL book remains to be written on the connexion between clothes and conversion; dealing with those young gentlemen who only renounce the "vanities of the world" for the sake of the—vanities of the church. How much may not the Tailor have to answer for; the Tailor whose goose saves the Roman Capitol!

To explain: Young VELOURBY, chiefly notable at Oxford for his gay attire, suddenly darkens in hue. The studs vanish like falling stars from his shirt-front, which becomes a sad one—*frons læta parum*. A progressive development takes place. But then you observe another form of dandyism comes up. He looks more sanctified, it is true—but then it *is* a polished and pretentious sanctity. The black is glossy; the pallor sentimental. Now, may not a jackdaw be as vain as a peacock—in spite of his sombreness? Shall we not suppose that it is just possible that the Tailor's part may help the Priest's in this kind of conversion, and that all these delicate dark externals of dress may be the real converters, affecting a dandiacal mind? It is a melancholy thought that Protestant churches should be severed by a tailor's shears!

We regret to say that your Tailor is fast becoming your Tractarian's assistant. At the Universities, waistcoats like hair-shirts are among the regular articles of supply. Soon may we expect to see a "Gent's new hair-shirt," or a "Tie *à l'Ignatius*," figuring in London for the benefit of the cheap dandies. The Tailor has the power of canonisation now-a-days. A little fancy, conjoined to a good deal of credulity, help his disciples on. Weak boys imagine they are loving doctrine, when they only love ornament. They chiefly value the Rose of Sharon as something to be worn in the button-hole!

Now we cry, "Reform your Tailor's bills," to these young gentlemen. We have no objection, to be sure, to anybody's wearing a hair-shirt—always provided it is occasionally washed. But a waistcoat *like* a hair-shirt is not an object of reverence, but of ridicule, my dear VELOURBY! And when, further, your ecclesiastical dandyism extends to putting "old English" inscriptions in Latin on your Broughams, the case gets worse;—the *respice finem* on the panels only suggests "whip behind" to the classical man of sense.

Punch is only gay on such matters with an object of good. Any attendant of ST. BARNABAS will tell you, that you prepare the purifying Holy Water by putting *salt* in it.

THE BEST PERSONS TO KNOW.—An Undertaker is advertising a new kind of Coffin, which, he says, is "strongly recommended by the Faculty."

A SLAP IN THE FACE FROM BROUGHAM.

LORD BROUGHAM still preserves some of his old turn for satire, as well as his other powers, which we are happy to find unimpaired; and he gave a specimen last Thursday evening of his retaining his aptitude for irony in all its early vigour. Speaking of some motion he had brought forward, he said, "Had he known that there would have been other business on the same night, he would, for the convenience of the House, have postponed his motion to a future day, because he could not but be sensible that it would be inconvenient to their Lordships to listen to a discussion on this subject after having had their attention occupied with another matter." This sarcasm would seem to imply that his Lordship did not believe the mental capacity or capaciousness of the House of Peers to be sufficient to admit of more than a single subject of discussion on a single evening.

It is true that the Commons rattle off their topics a little too glibly sometimes, and pass rather hurriedly from the Budget to Ceylon; then make a dash to Ireland, from which, by a short cut, they go to the East Indies, calling at the Cape of Good Hope, and winding up, as it were, in Houndsditch, by a debate on Jewish disabilities. We should be sorry to see the Upper House proceeding thus skittishly in its discussions; but we think LORD BROUGHAM is rather too severe when he would limit the powers of their minds to the admission of one solitary subject in a single evening. We must accuse him of unmerited sarcasm when he looks at the intellect of the Peerage as a sort of vacancy for the admission of one, and one only, per night, of the many topics claiming their attention.

On Orreries' Heads Orreries Accumulate.

IN the ensuing week we are promised at the Haymarket a new Orrery with nine additional planets. Every year the Solar System seems to come out stronger and stronger; and we understand that arrangements have been made for 1852, by which the spirited Astronomer will secure the whole of the thirteen new moons that will have made their *débuts* in the year that is now passing. We are told that the proprietor is in treaty with several Stars, and that terms have been offered to the great bear at the Zoological to represent Ursa Major for one week only.

So great is the appetite for novelty on the part of the public, that an Orrery has really no chance unless an extra comet or a few additional moons can be secured; and we are happy to congratulate the Astronomer on his prospects for the present season, which enables him to advertise no less than NINE NEW PLANETS.

POT-LUCK FOR LORD STANLEY.

CERTAIN of our Protectionist contemporaries are betraying the cause which they pretend to advocate. The *Morning Post*, for example, published an account of the dinner given to LORD STANLEY by his party at Merchant Tailors' Hall, detailing the bill of fare, which, if that report is correct, comprised an accumulation of luxuries sufficient to have glutted HELIOGABALUS a thousand times over. We must unhesitatingly contradict this statement as manifestly tending to discredit the complaints of the distressed landed interest. The repast—which was as sumptuous as circumstances allowed—consisted of boiled beef and suet-pudding, with potatoes and carrots, followed by pancakes and homely apple-pie. The following paragraph will convey an idea of the ill-judged tone of exaggeration which the *Post* has indulged in respecting the STANLEY "banquet:"—

"Some of our contemporaries are, or feign to be, surprised that LORD STANLEY did not, immediately after dinner, at Merchant Tailors' Hall, direct MESSRS. BATHE & Co. to lay on the table, *with the first bottle of claret*, copies of every bill which he might, should, could, or would have brought in, had he succeeded in forming an Administration when the present Cabinet first tumbled to pieces. The *Times*, more particularly, seems to think that the Toast-master ought to have read them through, paragraph by paragraph, and that the assembled convives would have done well to have discussed on the spot their possible political bearing, *instead of their Burgundy and biscuits*."

We can fancy the hysterical laugh with which the ruined agriculturists will deride the idea of their party's "first bottle" of claret, and of its having "discussed" Burgundy and biscuits. A likely joke this, with the land going out of cultivation, and the expenses of farming exceeding the returns, so as not to leave sixpence of rent for the landlord. The honest yeomanry of England too well know that their impoverished representatives went as far as they could in treating themselves to good wholesome beer, and will say that how they could afford even that humble beverage was wonderful, considering the Malt-tax.

HOCUS POCUS REFORM.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has been trying a little conjuring, to remedy the shortness of judicial hands in the Courts of Equity. The PREMIER has evidently heard, with unusual respect, the old project of the Irishman who tried to lengthen a blanket, by cutting a piece off the bottom to add it to the top; and on the story being told him, LORD JOHN has apparently exclaimed—"Ha, ha! an excellent idea. Egad! I'll try it! So, I'll cut a Judge off the Rolls, and placing him over the CHANCELLOR, for appeals, I'll increase the number of Judges, by taking one from the bottom, and putting him at the top of the Court."

The Minister seems also to have studied in the itinerant school of the individual who, at fairs, twists a single sheet of paper into a multiplicity of forms. LORD JOHN, taking the existing judicial materials, twists them about, and serves them up—or purposes, rather, to serve them up—in different forms, by way of making more of them. We are afraid this melancholy expedient arises from the cowardly fear which has taken possession of Government in these days, and prevents it from providing for the efficiency of the public service, lest a salary more or less for a really working man should be grudged. We can assure LORD JOHN that he is not pleasing the public by curtailing the fair proportion of workers; but there is left ample scope for his economising operations among the drones.

An Enormous Cabbage.

A TAILOR, living at Middleton, near Manchester, cut out of a Spanish cloak sufficient to make a complete suit for three of his boys, a waistcoat for a fourth, a cap for a fifth, a Polka jacket for his wife, and a pair of gaiters for himself! This is the largest cabbage ever known on record!

POPERY AND PROGRESS.

"Magna est Veritas, et prævalebit."
"The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth."

"*To the Editor of Punch.*

"SIR,

"IN refutation of the calumny that ascribes to the Roman Catholic priesthood an influence unfavourable to the political and social advancement of a nation under its control, allow me to refer you to the history and present state of Ireland—subjects whereon the most extraordinary misconceptions prevail.

"Before ST. PATRICK converted the Irish to the holy faith of Rome, they were a set of miserable savages, but one degree elevated above the brute. Indeed, they are said to have gone actually on all fours; but I will not venture to vouch for the correctness of this last assertion; being scrupulously anxious to confine all my statements strictly to fact.

"The heathen Irish lived in wretched mud cabins, which were shared with their pigs, by those who were so fortunate as to possess any. Their numbers were scanty, owing to the circumstance that they were cannibals, and that they subsisted, in a great measure, on one another; otherwise, the sole diet of the majority consisted of that precarious root, the potato, which they ate raw.

"Ireland, at this period, was ravaged by monstrous reptiles, amongst which were dragons, exceeding in size the largest crocodiles, and serpents bigger than boa constrictors, and highly venomous.

"The preaching of ST. PATRICK at once converted the wild Irish into a civilised people. He persuaded them to leave off their relations as food, instructed them in agriculture and the rearing of cattle, and not only introduced the use of fish, but taught them to eat it with silver forks, into which he had miraculously changed their wooden skewers.

"The Saint also, as is well known, banished all the snakes and dragons into the bogs, where their skeletons are occasionally dug up, being termed the remains of extinct *saurians* and *ophidians* by infidel geologists.

"From that time to this, the career of Ireland—interrupted only by aggressions on the part of Saxon heretics—has been one of steady progress, and has been marked in the most singular manner by freedom from those civil discords that chequer the prosperity of other and less favoured nations.

"At the present moment we behold, in that blessed land, a spectacle of moral elevation and material greatness. Fields waving with corn attest the perfection of agriculture. Inexhaustible peat bogs, by the aid of chemistry and capital, are converted into mines, yielding boundless wealth. Innumerable manufactories are transmuting flax into clothing for all the nations of the earth. Fisheries, everywhere established by judicious enterprise along the coast, are continually deriving from the teeming ocean an abundance of wholesome and nutritious food. Landlords, uniformly resident, are devoting all their energies to the improvement of their estates, and of the condition of their tenants. The land abounds in the castles and seats of affluent noblemen and gentlemen, and is dotted with quiet hamlets, consisting of picturesque cottages, the abodes of a happy peasantry.

"Strife and dissension are unknown; everywhere brotherly love and kindness reign, and are, indeed, carried to such an extent, that blessings are invoked by every mouth and every pen—and especially in the gentle and amiable journals—on the heads of the bitterest and most cruel enemies of the Irish race. Of course I allude to the malignant and pitiless English people, who, lately, when the food of millions of Irishmen had been destroyed by the Legislation of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, refused to contribute a single farthing to relieve the distress of their suffering and injured brethren.

"But, foremost among the attributes which render Ireland a model nation, is that noble sentiment which abhors and scorns deceit, prevarication, and falsehood. If there is any one trait which distinguishes the Irish character, it is scrupulous adherence to veracity.

"The blessings of education are everywhere diffused by an enlightened clergy, who sedulously encourage the study of natural science, with the view of leading their flocks, through nature, upwards, in the direction alluded to by a celebrated poet, who, by the way, was a POPE.

"The members contributed by Ireland to the Imperial Parliament are a band of grave and reverend Senators, who never allow factious considerations to seduce them from the path of honesty and duty, and whose sole object is the wellbeing of the Empire.

"Whence, then, has arisen the vulgar Protestant notion respecting the state of Ireland, which is so entirely opposed to my faithful and accurate account of it? From wilful misrepresentation? Far be it from me to say that, sensitive as I myself feel to any imputation on my own credit. No! It is occasioned by a most extraordinary and almost incredible delusion that heretics are subject to, the nature of which I may explain, perhaps, in a future communication. In the meantime, Sir, allow me to subscribe myself, with earnest sincerity, your obedient servant,

"VERAX."

CHANCERY REFORM.

John Russell. "QUILT 'EM, TOMMY! QUILT 'EM! THEY'LL GO WHEN THEY'RE WARM! WE'LL KEEP UP WITH 'EM!"

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY; OR, THE LAST NEW FUDGE.

THE moral æsophagus or gullet of the fashionable-world would seem to be of large dimensions—developed in relation to an appetite for the marvellous. At all events, there is observable, in genteel society, a certain extraordinary power of deglutition. Witness the extensive facility with which homœopathy—clairvoyance—magic crystals—Puseyism—have been swallowed by the superior classes. The bolus just at present coming into vogue appears to be "Electro-Biology."

Mr. Punch lately witnessed an exhibition of this so-called "science." A number of persons, taken indiscriminately from among the spectators, were seated together in chairs. Each had placed in his palm a bit of metal, on which he was to stare. After the lapse of some minutes, the operator went round, and passed his hand across their foreheads. In about a quarter of an hour he desired those who had their eyes closed to remain; the rest to depart. A remarkable clearance instantly took place of all of the party that looked respectable and intelligent; leaving a very suspicious and unprepossessing residuum. Then ensued a series of "experiments" similar to those reported in the *Morning Post* of Friday last, as having been exhibited at Willis's Rooms, in the presence of beholders,

"Respectable in point of numbers, and exceedingly select and fashionable in character; several noblemen, members of Parliament, and officers of high rank being present."

This select and fashionable assembly was diverted, according to our contemporary, with the following extraordinary phenomena, amongst others:—

"Upon the two more susceptible subjects DR. DARLING produced some very remarkable effects, preventing them at first from speaking, except at his pleasure, and then so far affecting their memories as to render them incapable of remembering the name of the place in which they were, or even of the metropolis itself. In addition to this, he placed the hands of each lightly together in front of his person, and, at the word of the operator, the person found himself unable to take his hands apart. One hand of each gentleman was then laid upon the hand of the other, and the combined strength of the two could not separate them."

These persons were also apparently rendered unable to walk—to rise—to sit—and then,

"To crown all, after the patients had been allowed to resume their seats, they were made to find those seats *so insufferably hot*, that they could not retain their places upon them."

Thus, by means of Electro-Biology, one might give another a drubbing without committing an assault, and offer him somewhat more than a mere insult, by bidding him consider himself horsewhipped.

The "patients" were likewise induced to mistake pure water, on tasting it, successively, for wormwood, honey, and champagne; the evidence for the reality of these impressions resting on their words and their grimaces. Others, on a previous evening, had been made to fancy a sovereign a halfpenny, and a gentleman a horse, and to imagine a tumbler of clean water to be full of enormous reptiles.

Now, in the Electro-biological performance which *Mr. Punch* witnessed, there was an actor—or "patient"—whose arm, it was alleged, could be stiffened at will by the operator. When it was so stiffened, the "patient" declared himself absolutely unable to put his arm down. Some medical men present suggested the test of trying—against some one *not* Electro-biologised—which could keep the arm extended longest. A compact and muscular gentleman present undertook the contest; and the result was, that the arm of the "patient" sank, in spite of manifest effort, whilst the gentleman's continued to be held out, amid the cheers of the lookers-on. So much, thought *Mr. Punch*, for Electro-Biology!

But the wonders of Electro-Biology are not novel. Doubtless it was in the Electro-biological state that *Polonius*, at the suggestion of *Hamlet*, pronounced a cloud, in succession, to be like a camel and a weasel, and, lastly, "very like a whale."

The Poorest Platitudes.

A MATHEMATICAL line is straight enough, but the lines in Geology are Strata.

The Man who squints rarely makes a good Astronomer.

Never look a Gift Shark in the mouth.

It is the early Exciseman who catches the still-worm.

It is not every Baby that Curried Lobster will agree with.

If a "still tongue proves a wise head," then the wisest of mortals must be Dumb Persons.

The Man with two wooden legs should never *ride* anything but a Clothes-horse.

The best "House of Correction" is the one in which a Mother-in-law dwells.

Of all Flatterers the portrait painter may be said to carry off the brush; for no flatterer understands the art so well as he, of flattering a person *to his very face!*

Two of a Trade won't Agree.

WE think we have hit upon the reason why the gallant COLONEL SIBTHORP is continually abusing the Crystal Palace. The fact must be that there is a little rivalry in the case, for the attractions of Hyde Park must be a cause of jealousy to one who is constantly making an exhibition of himself.

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A STRANGE MAN JUST DISCOVERED IN GERMANY.

IT has been mentioned in the German journals that a Foreigner, from some unknown country, and speaking a jargon scarcely intelligible by the most profound German philologists, has lately made his appearance at Frankfort on the Oder, where, of course, he was handed over to the care of the police.

"This individual was brought before us, JOHANN STUMPFFENSTRUMPFFEN, Burgomaster of Frankfort, on Tuesday, the 8th of April, and examined in our presence and that of our Clerk and Town Council.

"The raiment and appearance of this individual, landed, no one knows how, in a remote and extremely quiet German city, are described by all persons as most singular. In height he is about five feet six inches, his hair is white, his face sallow, his beard red—that on his upper lip not so much grown as that on his cheeks: his hands are large and dirty: his teeth useful, his appetite great, and his thirst constant.

"His dress is most extraordinary and barbarous. On his head he wears a covering of a snuff-brown colour, in shape something like a wash-basin—which it would be very advisable that he should use for his face and hands. Round his neck, which is exceedingly ugly and bare, he wears a strip of a shining stuff, spun out of worms, he says, in his own country, and called an Alberti: it is puffed in two bows round his cheeks, and gives him a highly absurd appearance.

"His outer garment was a loose, shaggy vest, made out of the skins of bears, most likely, and tainted strongly with a stale and exceedingly rancorous odour of what he calls 'backybacky.' This outer dress—when asked its name, by BURGERMEISTER VON HUMPFFENSTRUMPFFEN—the nondescript called a 'Minorimosy;' and, holding up his outstretched hand three times, cried out the syllable 'Bob,' and wagged his head; from which the Burgomaster concluded that 'bob' is the name of a coin of the country.

"His next garment, one without sleeves, was decorated with buttons of glass; and in the pockets were found bits of paper, which the nondescript tried to explain—by the words 'Ungle,' 'tickor,' 'spowt,' &c.—and showed by his gestures that the papers were to him of considerable value. They are greasy, and, to all appearances, worthless, coarsely printed, and marked with rude manuscript numerals. It is conjectured that they may form part of the paper-money of his country.

"Beyond these tokens, no coin of any kind was found on the nondescript's person.

"Under the glass-buttoned garment, from which he struggled violently not to be divested, the stranger had on two other very singular articles of costume. One was very ragged, and evidently old, and covered with printed figures in pink, representing Bayaderes dancing. Over this was a small piece of stuff worked with the needle, and once white—the name of which, after repeated and severe interrogatories, he said was 'Dicki.' It has been carried to the Museum, and placed between the breastplate of a Turkish vizier and the corslet of a knight of the middle ages.

"His lower dress was of a broad check pattern, something resembling the stuff which is worn by the Scottish Highlanders, who, however, it is known, do not use *braccæ*, whence it is evident that the stranger cannot be one of these. When the Burgomaster pointed to these, the nondescript wagged his head, pleased seemingly, and said the word 'Stunnin,' which the clerk took down.

"On his feet were a sort of short boot with large iron heels, in which he began to execute a queer dance before the Court, clinking the heels together, and turning the toes fantastically in and out—pointing to this boot with the cane which he carries in his mouth, he winked to the clerk, and said 'Hylo;' but then presently looking round the room, and seeing a portrait of the late Field-Marschall PRINCE OF WALLSTADT, he ran up to it, and said—'BLOOKER! BLOOKER!' and danced once more.

"What relation can there be between the nondescript's boot and the late gallant and venerated MARSHAL FORWARDS, who destroyed BONAPARTE, after the latter had defeated and taken the HERZOG V. WELLINGTON prisoner at the battle of Mount St. John?

"At this stage of the examination, and having been allowed to resume all his clothes, the stranger pointed to his mouth and laid his hand on his stomach, crying out the monosyllable 'Grub,' which, DR. BLINKHORN thinks must mean food in his language. Accordingly, a sausage, some bread, and a can of beer were brought, of the first of which he partook greedily, devouring the whole bread and sausage. It was observed that he ate with his fork, not with his knife, as we Germans do.

"Having tasted the drink, he, however, laid it down, making very wry faces, and calling out the word 'Swipey, Swipey,' twice, which was taken down. And then, by more faces and contortions, he made us to understand as if the beer had disagreed with him, upon which the excellent Burgermeister, having a bottle of Rhum in the cupboard, gave the savage a glass, who smacked it off at once, crying out the word 'Jollybyjingo.'

"'Jollybijingo, was ist denn Jollybijingo?' asked his worship, conjecturing with his usual acuteness, that this was the savage's phrase for Rhum of Jamaica. 'Wilt thou have yet a glass Jollibijingo?' And his Honour poured out a second glass, which the nondescript seized, and tossed off this time, exclaiming

"'Aybaleaveyermibawawawy!'

"Which expression being accurately taken down, his worship the Burgermeister considered the examination sufficient, and sent off the Foreigner under the guard of Gendarmes BLITZ and WETTER to Berlin.

"*A true copy.* *Signed* HUMPFFENSTRUMPFF, *Burgomaster.*
BLINKHORN, *Clerk of the Court.*"

From the Berlin Tagblatt.

"The named SNOOKS, Bartholomæus Student, out of Smithfield, London, was brought hither in custody, from Frankfort on the Oder; where, being tipsy, he had lost himself, allowing the train to go away without him. SNOOKS was handed over to the British Minister here, and will return to London as soon as any one will lend or give him funds for that purpose."

THE WRONGS OF PIMLICO.

SUPPOSE, in making *Pro Bono Pimlico* synonymous with *Pro Bono Publico*, so good a *Mrs. Malapropism* has not been perpetrated as we used to imagine. The good of the public is more closely identified with the good of Pimlico than has been hitherto supposed; and a recent letter in the *Times* has shown what a nuisance is inflicted upon the former, by an inconvenience caused to the latter. A complaint has been made that every vehicle having to make its way from Pimlico to St. James's Street, must go miles round about, because none but the privileged few, who are, in this instance, the very privileged and the very few, can be permitted to drive past the front of Buckingham Palace. What harm can be done, does not appear; for, although the travelling οἱ πολλοί, would have to go before the royal windows, there is such a *longum intervallum*, enclosed within iron railings, that anything like contamination would be quite impossible.

We are sure that HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE are quite ignorant of the inconvenience entailed upon the public, in their names, as it were, and for the apparent indulgence of a supposed spirit of selfish exclusiveness on their parts, which we verily believe neither of them to possess. We make very little doubt that when the royal couple are reading their next week's *Punch*—as they no doubt do read, it by turns, out loud to each other, at breakfast—they will cause inquiries into the subject to be made forthwith; and if the complaint proves to be well founded, we will answer for its being immediately remedied. In the mean time, we can give a hint to the public, to enable them to combine loyalty with convenience, by taking a short cut through the prohibited ground, not only without any disrespect, but with decided respect to the Sovereign. All visitors to the Palace are to enter by the gate in front, and consequently a person wishing to cut through, and save a mile or so, going and returning between Pimlico and the Stable-yard gate, has only to say he is going to call at the Palace, and by leaving a card, he will at the same time satisfy the rigid claims of etiquette, and considerably shorten his own journey.

A CHRISTIAN HERO.—HIS CROSS AND LUCIFER-BOX.

THE world knows nothing of its greatest man, says Poet TAYLOR; Poet WORDSWORTH—see *Excursion*—having said the same thing before him. Here is the REV. PETER DALY, Catholic priest of the town of Galway, burning like a lamp in a sepulchre, when he ought to shine like a star in the firmament. DALY made a truly heroic speech—a real *poteen* oration—last week at a dinner in Galway; in which speech he crumbled LORD JOHN RUSSELL to dust, crumbled him as a giant's fingers would crumble pound-cake. And then DALY said that in '48 he had given advice that would have overturned England—

"He had proposed that there should be taken a hundred picked men—*each man like himself!!!*—and that forty of these should be sent to Liverpool, thirty to Bristol, and thirty to Portsmouth, and on a certain day and hour to set fire to and burn down the English fleet! and at one blow destroy the government."

The proposal was heroic; but where get a hundred men of such sublime, ennobling powers as priest DALY? We doubt whether even Ireland—prolific mother of Christian heroes—could supply them. Nevertheless, the mind is uplifted and enlarged by a contemplation of the picture painted in flames by the hero that might have been. Beautiful, too, to imagine the advent of DALY to our shores; to see him—the teacher of peace and good-will to all men—with his cross and his lucifer-box, land on the quay of all-unconscious Liverpool; to watch him with his midnight, panther tread, stealing down to the docks, and then—and then to see the heavens red with conflagration!

Ought we not to love Ireland, that gives us such priestly goodness—ought we not to hug to our bosoms a faith of which such men are the depositaries, and ought we not as Englishmen to be especially proud of the contempt—the offspring of our strength—that takes no more heed of the gabble of such wretches than the lion heeds the vermin that shelter in his mane?

EXTRAORDINARY PROTESTANT DELUSIONS!

"Tell truth, and shame the devil."—*Shakspeare.*

"SIR,

"WITH your permission, I will redeem my promise to explain the nature of that astounding delusion which makes Protestant heretics mistake the garden of the world, happy Ireland, for a land of poverty, disorder, contention, turbulence, filth, fraud, mendicity, mendacity, and wretchedness.

"First, *Mr. Punch*, let me request you to take a pea. And a thimble? No, Sir. Take a pea without a thimble, or take any other round substance of equal size. Cross the two first fingers of either hand. Rub the pea, or the pellet, between your crossed fingers. You will fancy that you feel two peas or pellets, though the fact is that you have only one. Don't take my word for this, unless you please. I should scorn to deceive you; but try the experiment, if you doubt the assertion.

"Again, you are probably aware, that although you think you see the setting sun in a line with your eyes, natural philosophy demonstrates that it is below the horizon, and that a large portion of the globe intervenes between the solar luminary and the visual organs of *Mr. Punch*.

"As I pique myself on my candour, I must fairly tell you that these two illustrations are not my own. They belong to our great controversialist, the late BISHOP MILNER, and were cited by him in confutation of the heretical position advanced by DR. PORTEUS, a Protestant BISHOP OF LONDON, that 'If we cannot believe our senses, we can believe nothing.' The sceptical TILLOTSON had before maintained the same error; and the object of either pseudo-prelate was to subvert a dogma of infallibility, attacked also by that rogue and thief of the world, SWIFT, in the dinner-scene between PETER, MARTIN, and JACK, which occurs in the Fourth Section of *A Tale of a Tub*.

"Now, Sir, just as DR. MILNER's pea imposes on your touch, shall it disabuse your understanding; exactly as his setting sun bamboozles your sight, shall it undeceive your mind.

"No doubt the spectacle of Irish evil and misery is true for you. Irish peasantry appear to you to starve and be evicted; Irish landlords to be shot from behind hedges; Irish partisans to fight and murder one another; and, I dare say, even the scrupulous veracity of the Irish people generally, seems to you to be questionable. Your perceptions inform you that loyal newspapers, such as the *Tablet*, foment ill-will and treason, and that honourable gentlemen, like MR. REYNOLDS, declare themselves ready to vote right wrong, in order to spite Ministers.

"But, *Mr. Punch*, facts, undeniable, indubitable facts, as all these phenomena are apparently to you, the truth is, that they are mere hallucinations—as unreal and absurd as the fancies of any lunatic at Hanwell. They are no more to be trusted than the duplicity of MILNER's pea.

"These false perceptions, in fact, are the work of the Arch-Enemy of mankind; and they are only a small part of a grand system of imposture, which he has for ages practised on his slaves and dupes—Protestant heretics.

"You have often wondered, doubtless, at what you regard as our wilful blindness, in ignoring those historical records which impute bloodshed and persecution to our Church. But the Church never did persecute, or shed blood. Neither have your historians altogether deceived you. I grant that JOHN HUSS, JEROME OF PRAGUE, LATIMER, HOOPER, RIDLEY, CRANMER, did certainly appear to be burnt at the stake. The crusade against the ALBIGENSES, the massacre of the HUGUENOTS, the living and human holocausts of the Inquisition, I admit, seemingly occurred. But all these horrors were only phantasms. Just so the crimes imputed to holy ALEXANDER VI., whom you irreverently call old BORGIA, were imaginary. He died in the odour of sanctity, and not from poison which he had caused to be mixed for a Cardinal.

"It is true that some of our writers—to humour your illusions—have owned to persecution on the side of the civil power, distinguishing between the State and the Church. But I would never stoop to evasion, however pious. There is nothing like sticking to the plain truth; which is, that every *auto-da-fé* that has been apparently witnessed, has been a mere appearance, as also has every semblance of punishment inflicted on the score of religion—except in Pagan and Protestant countries.

"You will ask how you are to judge of the truth or falsehood of the evidence of your senses? Heretical philosophers will tell you that the errors of one sense are corrected by the testimony of the rest, and will cite BISHOP MILNER's pea and sunset to prove the very reverse of his argument. Our Church, however, declares that your senses may be altogether deceived,—with her assurance, only, to convince you of the mistake.

"You are to know, then, that all the atrocities of which History accuses her, are as visionary as the air-drawn dagger of MACBETH; spectres conjured up by diabolical artifice to induce you to resist the Holy See. I trust that I have now for ever dissipated those amazing delusions, and that you will immediately become converted to the Truth as it is in

"VERAX."

Sidney for Slaughter-Houses.

IN the debate on Smithfield, MR. ALDERMAN SIDNEY is reported to have told the House of Commons that, as to the question of removing slaughter-houses from the Metropolis,

"If the House were prepared to deal with it, they must be prepared to deal with at least 1500 butchers of this Metropolis."

Very well. Of course the butchers will be only too happy.

The "Lodge," Taunton.

WE understand that, in consideration of late events, DOCTOR HENDREN (*soi-disant* Bishop of Clifton and Shepherd of the "Lodge") *will be* empowered to change the name of that nunnery. Henceforth, for "Lodge," *read* "Dodge."

Affecting Sacrifice.

SIR CHARLES WOOD said "he would rather cut off his right hand" than attempt to transfer the poor's rate to the Consolidated Fund. The excision might be a sacrifice to the Minister himself, but of no avail whatever to the country. Make even BRIAREUS Chancellor of the Exchequer, and let him, in a fit of generous insanity, cut off ninety-nine of his hands, would there not still remain the hundredth to pick our pockets of the Income Tax?

TELL IT TO THE HORSE MARINES.

FRENCH paper prints a story of a horse lately slaughtered at Montfaucon — a horse in whose body was found a silver box with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and — a written paper, with these lines:

"As I cannot survive the defeat of my Emperor, and as I have neither wife, nor child, nor cousins, I am about to get myself killed in a last charge against those scoundrels, the English, and as I will not let them have my Cross, I will make my faithful horse Château Margot, *swallow it*. He will give it up when he can. — PIERRE DARDENNE, Serjeant in the 2nd Squadron of Red Lancers."

And the written paper —written in the tranquillity of battle — is legible, after some six-and-thirty years inside a horse!

Well, the faithful Château Margot *may* have swallowed the box, but *Punch* can't.

RELIGIOUS HOUSES BILL.

WE applaud MR. H. GRATTAN; son of a great man—as the mistletoe is the child of the oak. We reverence the mild wisdom—the gentleness and dignity of the Irish Member. Would he, for only one day a week, consent to show himself in the Crystal Palace—under a second glass case to keep the flies off—as a model senator, to the delighted delegates of the whole universe? MR. GRATTAN'S last contribution of wisdom—his latest pearl at the time of our going to press—was on the Religious Houses Bill. He called the bill "atrocious." He also expressed a benignant wish that "some Honourable Members would go to these religious houses to get good sense, good feeling, and good manners." The wish was kind; and no doubt certain members might "get" the estimable qualities spoken of by the Honourable Member, with this proviso—if MR. GRATTAN himself has not already carried them all away; for where else *could* he have got such abounding good sense, good feeling, and good manners, that on every public occasion break out—thick as a rash—upon him? With respect to the Religious Houses, if nunneries are still to be permitted in England, we earnestly hope that a law will be passed legalising fences for the receipt of stolen goods. We can scarcely think it fair that IKEY SOLOMONS should be transported for buying thefts, and that IKEY HENDREN should be allowed to kidnap young virgins, value £80,000!

The Exhibition and the Church.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* suggests "that a form of prayer be prepared and used in all Churches, on the last Sunday in April," for a blessing on the Exhibition. We heartily second the thought; adding this suggestion — "That, in penance of his abuse of the aforesaid Exhibition, COLONEL SIBTHORP be further prepared and used in a white sheet in the body of St. Paul's, with a four-pound dip in either hand, and a copy of his Parliamentary philippics, printed in large letters, hung about his neck."

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE are un-authorised to state that Royal permission will be granted for a change of name to ALDERMAN SIDNEY, who, as emphatically the butcher's friend, will be allowed to take the appellation of ALDERMAN KIDNEY.

The Metropolitan Members.

THESE gentlemen seem to patronise any ancient annoyance, so it be of London. Last year they opposed the Cemetery Bill—fighting for the undertakers. This session they stand up for Smithfield. In time, we fear, it may become a question, whether, among other crying nuisances to be got rid of, there is not the nuisance of—Metropolitan Members!

THE BRITISH LION AND THE FRENCH SOCIALISTS.

A FEW persons have been foolish enough to fear that the British Lion was preparing to submit its nose to the fingers of the foreign Socialists. We can answer for our old friend, the B. L., that he will turn up his nose a very great deal too high to allow of any liberty being taken with a feature which is so serviceable to him in smelling a rat, or getting scent of anything else, in which he has a real interest. Socialism is in far too bad odour for the nose of the British Lion to have anything to do, either with it or its champions. The old women of England ought to be very much obliged to LEDRU ROLLIN and his Socialist allies of all nations, for their recent manifesto, in which they condescend to tell us that they do not mean to set England in a blaze, nor overthrow the Government.

We should like to catch them at it; or rather we should like a single policeman to catch them at it. A night in the station-house, and six weeks in the Fields of Cold-bath, would sufficiently damp any revolutionary fire with which they might feel disposed to burn us out, or enlighten us. We should like to see the LEDRU ROLLINITES—who drove our English workpeople out of France, and robbed them of their savings;—we should like to see these gentry attempting to lead our intelligent artisans by the nose into the same mess in which industry now is in France, where employment is almost stopped, and where liberty does not exist, even in name; for it is an offence punishable by law—free republican law—to speak of it.

But LEDRU ROLLIN does not mean to abuse our hospitality. "All the better for him," is all we have to say upon that question. So long as the foreign Socialists pay their British washerwoman, if they employ one, their British milk-score, and all their other expenses, which we dare say they do—for "ready money" is most likely the basis of their transactions with our British working classes and tradesmen—we have no objection to any number of aliens that our lodging-letters can accommodate. But once let any of these fellows try in this country any of their Parisian pranks among themselves,—for we will not insult a single Englishman by supposing he would be such a spooney as to join,—once let the foreign Socialists try any of their cut-throat or cut-purse dodges here, and off they go in the hands of those bugbears to rogues and thieves—the proper authorities.

PUNCH TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to his Grace of London, and having read the QUEEN'S Letter to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, in which her Majesty, among other wise hopes, trusts that all Bishops will "by a judicious exercise of their *authority* and *simplicity* of the faith and worship of our Reformed Church," &c. &c.—

Mr. Punch having read the above, begs to put to his Grace of London four questions:—

I. Is authority—episcopal authority—derived merely from episcopal wealth?

II. Is Christian simplicity best shown in a Bishop's banker's book, or in a certain other book, in which bankers are, at times, irreverently spoken of?

III. Is the best foundation of Christian episcopacy some £300,000 per annum (ground-rents included)?

IV. Finally, if it be so, will the BISHOP OF LONDON, at his best leisure, return to *Punch* the market-price of locusts and wild-honey at Fulham?

WORLD'S FAIR OFFER.—Gentlemen in Belgravia, who, under the signatures of "PIMLICOLA," "J. O.," &c., are writing to the *Times* newspaper, describing the discomforts which they are likely to experience in the quarter from the great crowds of strangers and omnibuses which will infest the Crystal Palace during the Exhibition, are respectfully informed that MESSRS. W. QUITTS AND CO. have a Register of Houses for exchange and letting. A House in Red Lion Square will be let by a desirable Family, in exchange for an abode in Belgravia—*without premium*.—A noble Mansion in Bloomsbury Square is offered to Families desirous of quitting Belgrave Square or Grosvenor Place for the season. Premium for the season, £200.—A Lady (daughter of a Colonel of the Grand Army) who receives twenty-four select Boarders at her Mansion, Rue de l'Eau, Boulogne-sur-Mer, will be happy, during the ensuing season, to change Houses with any English Nobleman or Gentleman whose premises are large, and whose *respectability is undoubted*.

NO EXHIBITION RABBLE.—Persons desirous of quiet, and to avoid the vulgarity and noise of the Exhibition, are requested to examine the Registers of MESSRS. SWOPP AND CO., High Street, Islington, where the Nobility will find commodious Mansions in the most respectable Neighbourhood, in the finest air.

TO FAMILIES QUITTING PIMLICO.—The Proprietors of the BLUE PIG HOTEL, Smithfield, respectfully suggest to Belgravian Families quitting the Pimlico end of the Metropolis, a visit to the Blue Pig Hotel. The B. P. H. is situated in the most eligible and open quarter of the town—in a district proverbially *healthy and lively*. The B. P. H. is within an easy distance of the principal Theatres and Houses of Parliament. The (Central) Courts of Law are close to the B. P. H., and the Magnificent National Fane of St. Paul's (from which the BISHOP OF LONDON has NOT yet—as at Pimlico—ordered the cross to be taken down, is at hand; where divine worship may be attended at the small charge of Twopence entrance and a shilling for the Verger. The Proprietors of the B. P. H. will undertake to board Families in the most comfortable and fashionable manner, including Tea for Ladies eight times a day.

THE CRUSADERS OF ST. IGNATIUS.—A ROMAUNT OF THE PERIOD.

'Tis merrye in the Servauntes Hall of good Syr Symon Snooke,
With hys cocheman, porter, footmen twain, groom, housekeeper, and cooke,
And ladye's mayd, and nurserye mayd, and lawndres, and scullions,
And the boteler, and the lytle foot page with his doublette all buttons.

And Maister Jemes the newe footman, with calves soe fine to se,
Is reading from a booke aloude Seynt Dunstan's hystorie;
And Mystress Anne, the ladye's mayd, that came a weeke agoe,
Is stryngyng of a sett of bedes together in a rowe.

The fat portère is fast aslepe and snorynge lyke a pigg;
The cocheman lookyng mighty wise, the raythe for his wigg;
The nursemayd, Susan, Maister Jemes is gazing hard upon;
An eye of shepe at Mistress Anne throwes bashfull Maister John.

A secret nowe I will you tell ye colde not thynke to hear,
And wolde not guess till Domèsdaye, I'll holde a pynte of bere,
The foteman Jemes, and Mystress Anne, that dwel the stayres beloe,
Are the Ladye Constance Gabye and Lord Reginald De Veau.

It was worthye Saint Ignatius, that discrete and wise frière,
With wyde-awake, and gown so blacke, and ankles all soe bare,
He lysted them in hys croysade agaynst the heretycke,
Which att the Pope his Holyness in merry Ynglond kicke.

With manye another gentyl knyght and manye a nobyl dame,
They doffed their brave apparel, and their hye degree and name,
And hyred themselves as servitoures, that soe they mote crepe in,
And all that in each house they colde, untoe the Popedome winne.

Noe shame knewe yong Lord Reginald in powder and in plushe,
And Constance in her ginghame gowne noe more than hee dyd blushe;
In sooth they were a goodlye pair, and plighted to be wedd,
But noe such haste for that, they thought, as Seynt Ignatius said.

'Twas passing strenge—Syr Symon Snooke he colde not make it owt,
Hys newe footemàn and ladye's mayd were kneelynge all aboute;
Certès, that they shold say their prayers, noe harm itt is, I wene;
But what the dewse, Syr Symon thought, doe all their antickes meane?

The Ladye Snooke, when shee did goe untoe the nurseryè,
Was puzzled much what kind of dolles the chylder hadd to see;
She colde not think how they colde like soche images as these,
And why they played before their dolles so often on their knees.

The eldest girle, the fayre Lettyce, had lost her myrth and fun,
And oftentymes wold saye how nyce it were to be a nunne,
And she and her next sister Jane wold ballades syng no more,
But dronyed Latyn chantes instead, that mayd Syr Symon snore.

Soe sped the Ladye Gabye; but Lord Reginald de Veau,
Who tryed it on with Master Jacke, he found ytt was noe goe;
To all hys tales of cocke-and-bulle, "How rede yee in the booke?
The rest, I wot, ys all mine eye," quoth lytle Jacke a Snooke.

Syr Jacke wold take his syster's dolles, and sett them on the payls,
And take cocke-shyes with pebbyl-stones at Xavier and De Sales,
But Jemes, Lord Reginald De Veau, at leest one conqueste made,
The nursemayd Susan, open-mouthed, did suck in all he sayd.

Both Constance Gabye and De Veau full wel did acte; but yett
Wolde Maister Jemes and Mistress Anne their part sometymes forgett;
And Jemes wolde helpe hymself to wyne before a companyè,
And Anne wold lye her down unbidd in face of her ladyè.

'Twas Friday—yett Syr Symon Snooke, so sunke in unbeleefe,
Besyde codde-fyshe and oyster-sauce, must alsoe dyne on beefe.
And Jemes, Lord Reginald, must bear the sirloyn to the Hall—
Not soe, in faith; he 'll spoyl the dysh, and soe he letts it fall.

Syr Symon was an angry man—this was too moche to stand;
The sacke to Jemes, Lord Reginald, he gave ryght owt of hande;
And Anne, the Ladye Gabye, too, was startyd in a tryce,
For havyng smogled in a preest to see the fayr Lettyce.

And thus mote end thys lytel song; but there is more to say,
About my Ladye Abigayle and my Lorde that turn'd Flunkèy.
With them departed Maister John and swete Susan alsoe,
And the Ladye Gabye John did wed, and Susan Lord De Veau.

Fair Constance and Lord Reginald their plyghted troth did loose,
And to theyr converte loves instedd were bound in marryage noose.
'Twas in Seynt George's (Bedlam Fields) the double knott was tyed,
And Reverend Seynt Ignatius blest eche brydegrome and hys bryde.

VERY LIKE A WHALE!

The French Socialist Leading the British Lion by the Nose.

DEDICATED TO OUR YANKEE WELL-WISHERS.

YANKEE DOODLE IN 1851. *According to the "New York Weekly Herald."*

YANKEE DOODLE 's come to town,
To see the Exhibition,
And strike a blow at England's Crown,
By stirring up sedition.
The *New York Weekly Herald* see,
Whose Editor 's a noodle,
Or QUEEN VICTORIA's throne will be
Upset by YANKEE DOODLE.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, doodle, &c.

Old JOHN BULL, our wares to show,
Invites our glorious nation,
And we 've accepted, no ways slow,
The loafer's invitation.
We 've produce to display, that shall
Amaze your cotton-spinner,—
Our *native* raw ma-te-ri-*al*—
Our muscle, bone, and sinner.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

That there stuff, them genuine goods,
The sile of Freedom reared on,
Cut out an empire from the woods,
The greatest ever heerd on.
Light work to fell the British Oak,
For arms with might so gifted!
The sleeves is tucked up for the stroke,
I guess the axe is lifted.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

YANKEE DOODLE, in a ship,
Is come from New York city,
And if he should repent his trip,
I reckon it 's a pity;
Of Socialists he brings a crew,
To kindle agitation;
Reds, Chartists, Anti-rentists, too,
Who 'll preach repudiation.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

Socialistic tracts, much more
Combustible than rockets,
Are stuffed, with bowie-knives in store,
In YANKEE DOODLE's pockets.
With schemes and projects for a new
Britannic constitution,
And plenty of revolvers, tu
Effect the revolution.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

YANKEE DOODLE builds his hopes
Upon the great dissensions
Of Britishers about the POPE's
Aggression and pretensions;
On Manufacture's every seat
So ready for rebelling
For very hunger—now that wheat
At such a price is selling!
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

YANKEE DOODLE is no fool,
He 's up to all that 's doing,
Full well he knows what Liverpool
And Manchester are brewing;
Their own republic they 're to form,
And cut the QUEEN's connexion;
And he intends to guide the storm,
And lead the insurrection.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

A mob once sack'd the Tuileries,
Another might the Palace,
I realise, with perfect ease,
And never mind the gallows.
To get the troops engaged in Town
In quelling this commotion,
And then on Manchester drop down,
Is YANKEE DOODLE's notion.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

YANKEE DOODLE 's come to town,
In all his force and power,
He means to burn the Abbey down,
Bank, Parliament, and Tower.
Oh! yes—and fire the Thames as well,
Or, my! what fibs e-tarnal
That catawampous print do tell!
Our screamin' New York jarnal.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

CURIOUS DIARY.

THE other day, the police reports were lighted up by an extraordinary gleam of sentimental interest. A swindler of no ordinary fraudulency was found to have kept a journal in which his "doings" assumed quite a pious and serious aspect. Devotion was associated with the ruin of bakers, and the victimisation of coal-merchants. The whole, too, was tinged with a certain ludicrous pathos. MELPOMENE's robes were used to wrap up the firewood, fish, sofas, chairs, and champagne gained from credulous tradesmen.—Now, by a curious accident, *we* have come in possession of another Diary. It was picked up in the neighbourhood of Downing Street!

"*Monday*. Brought on our Budget. Everybody grumbling. Hope Fortune will not quite desert us.

"*Tuesday*. Mob crying, 'Give us pure coffee,' all day. Got in a crisis. Nothing from Irish members. Attempt to turn us out by STANLEY.

"*Wednesday, Thursday, Friday*, &c. Crisis, as usual. No help from Netherby.

"—*th inst*. Fortune not quite deserted us. Keep the old house. Sent for supplies.

"—*th inst*. Row as usual. Great noise about the mitres.

"—*th inst*. Impudent notice from one BAILLIE about some little place in Ceylon. Dined with BEN, and talked it over.

"—*th inst*. Boys sad. CHARLES can't manage his funds. Fellows knocking and ringing. Mob calling out, 'imbecile.'"

We are inclined to believe that the unhappy party will be on a very serious trial before long.

A BRAY FROM SMITHFIELD.

"MY DEAR KNIGHTLEY,

"I AM not one of the common cattle. I am merely an Ass; and, as such, in the course of my long life—(asses, you know, seldom die)—I have been sold many times, in Smithfield. I have, therefore, some knowledge of that serene and tranquil spot. And, SIR CHARLES, you were right in your beautiful speech in Parliament t'other night. There never *was* any accident in Smithfield: bullocks never were crowded or goaded; and as for being driven through London, they liked it—they had, at least, a glimpse of life before they were introduced to the butchers; and if they did toss a few old women, the old women themselves liked the operation; however in the hospitals they might pretend to complain of it. Again, as you beautifully observed, Smithfield was not a fine lady question, fine ladies never being out of their beds when the market begins; and nursery-maids—as you touchingly remarked—with their babies, had no business near the pens.

"Sorry am I that your beautiful speech did not have its full reward; nevertheless, should the franchise be extended to my order, depend upon it you shall have, at the next election for Northamptonshire, the voice of

"Yours truly,

"A DONKEY."

POISON IN THE PAPERS.

A CERTAIN young gentleman, a few years ago, in passing through a somewhat disreputable thoroughfare, was moved by the fervour of indignant decency to smash some windows wherein were exhibited divers prints and pictures of continental character and vile tendency. The zealous youth, by this act, obtained considerable sympathy, and no little applause. The precedent, however, was dangerous; and really, if among the rising generation there are many such ingenuous and spirited young fellows, it will be expedient that some particularly strong iron-wire lattice or screen-work should be put up in front of the windows of our newspaper offices.

The details of evidence, as exemplified by a recent instance, in actions brought by gentlemen who have been injured in their marital capacities, may give a zest to the breakfast of a man about town, but are certainly very undesirable accompaniments to the coffee and rolls, or tea and toast, eggs, rashers, Yarmouth bloaters, or Finnon haddocks, of which comestibles wives and daughters are the partakers. It is not easy to conceive what manner of persons such disclosures can edify, except brutal sensualists, forensic students, morbid anatomists of human nature, and very profound explorers of the theology of PETER DENS. A rather more sketchy style of reporting trials involving details of profligacy and vice, would much increase the eligibility of our journals for family perusal.

"Club Snoring."

Such is the title of a pathetic complaint addressed by a sufferer from the "Alfred Club," to the *Post*, touching certain members who *will* snore; and innocently asking of the Editor of the *P.* to abate the nuisance. We think the evil may be met by practically carrying out the subjoined resolution,—

"Whereas,—Certain members are given to stertorous habits, to the annoyance of members wide-awake; be it enacted, that the Waiters, on report of any Member snoring, shall henceforth be empowered, one and all, to—pull his nose."

CORK HORSES.

THE Cork journals announce an epidemic among the horses of that city; and marvel at its origin. We, in our turn, marvel at their ignorance. Was it not LORD JOHN RUSSELL who insinuated the cholera into Ireland?—it can be no other than he (but this we state in confidence) who sends the glanders upon Ireland's horses. For further information, apply to the members of the "Synod of Thurles."

A Pocket Protector.

A LADY—yes, a lady—has invented an elastic ring (elastic, we presume, as opposed to *that* gold ring) for the protection of our pockets. Any hand intruding therein, will be immediately caught. In how many pockets will the hand of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER be laid hold of, "picking" the poor Clerk's Income-Tax!

MR. BRIGGS RIDES HIS MATCH.

Mr. Briggs is Weighed, of course.

His Friends recommend him a little Jumping Powder.

CAXTON'S GHOST TO DR. MILMAN.

"My Dear Dean,

"Before your promotion from St. Margaret's, Westminster, to the Cathedral, St. Paul's, you stirred yourself in the laudable endeavour to erect a monument of some sort to the memory of the first English printer,—namely, myself, William Caxton. Now, we here in the Shades—whatever your mundane philosophy may say to the contrary—are very much interested in the memories we leave behind us; very susceptible of the ill-treatment that the ingratitude of posterity visits upon us. Thus, Nelson now and then fires up, as he could fire, when from a new-comer he learns the unfinished condition of his column; and even George the Third takes it unkind of posterity that his copper pigtail, opposite Ransom's, is not kept as bright as the gold in Ransom's coffers. Well, my worthy Dean, it is this spectral weakness that urges me to put to you this simple question—

"Doctor Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, what do you propose to do with the money, subscribed some years since, towards the Caxton Monument?

"I am told that a good round sum was collected. Poets and scholars spared somewhat from their light pockets, whilst enthusiastic printers, like Messrs. Clowes—proud of their Caxton—threw down their hundred pounds!

"Now, Doctor, putting away any bashfulness that may, even in my present condition, linger about me,—I must ask of you, do you propose to re-open the matter? Is William Caxton to have a monument, or are the sums subscribed to be returned—a very tedious and difficult operation, by the way—to the donors?

"I am told, when the monumental question was first opened, that you, with poetic mind, suggested the adoption of a light and a fountain to the memory of Caxton, as significant of the benefits of Caxton's art to darkened and thirsting man. Permit me to offer another plan in memory of my individual self.

"You are now Dean of the City Cathedral; and though, as a late parishioner of Westminster, my monument ought to stand somewhere near that 'side chapel of the Abbey' where my press creaked,—nevertheless, I will not reject the hospitality of St. Paul's. Have you money enough in hand to buy me a good, stout, working-day statue in stone? If not, let me have a *vera effigies* in wax. Madame Tussaud tells me that such an article may be turned out of hand on the most moderate terms; and a wax-work statue of William Caxton would, no doubt, add to the wonders of your Cathedral, and make the show a still better twopenny-worth than is at present afforded by your exhibition.

"Any way, a monument of some sort I will have—a monument of marble, wax, or ginger-bread, or—depend upon it, Mr. Dean—you shall again and again hear from

"The Ghost of Caxton.

"P. S. I have this moment heard that the St. Paul's twopence is abolished; and that *Mr. Punch*—for his prowess in the twopenny warfare—is to be invited to a solemn festival given by the repentant Dean and Chapter. Is this true?"

An Eligible Opening.

We have seen an advertisement in the papers headed with the striking words, "Close of the Arctic Regions." We trust that before the Arctic Regions really do close, we shall have some further particulars, as the whole world is interested in keeping open this important No-thoroughfare.

THE OFFICIAL YEAR.

It seems that the 7th of April is the first day of the official year, and may be looked upon, therefore, as a sort of New Year's Day at Downing Street. We do not understand why the 7th of April should be selected, and, indeed, it seems to us that the 1st would be quite as appropriate. Why cannot official people commence their year when other people do, instead of beginning more than ninety days after the fair, when the rest of the world has entered upon its second quarter? We suppose that one of the reasons why nothing is done during the two first months of the assembling of Parliament is, that the official year has not commenced, and that the time has therefore not arrived for business.

We beg to suggest the publication of an official almanack to enlighten us as to the progress of time; for, perhaps, when we are lamenting that we are half through the year—without anything having been accomplished—we are, officially speaking, only just commencing the twelvemonth. We are afraid, however, that though the official year is extremely slow to begin, it is quite as rapid as the ordinary time in its flight, and that the year is consequently very soon over.

A new time-table should be immediately constructed for the use of the uninitiated, among whom we must acknowledge ourselves to be numbered, though, if we may venture on a guess, we think the table to calculate official time would be something after the following fashion:

Two Minutes make	One Official Hour.
Two Hours	One Official Day.
Two Days	One Official Week.
Two Weeks	One Official Month.
Two Months	One Official Quarter.
Two Quarters	One Official Year.

In addition to the time-table proposed above, we would recommend a sort of official calendar, marking down all the moveable feasts, including the Ministerial White-bait Dinner, and other great solemnities of an official character.

THAT "POOR CREATURE, THE POPE."

Father Newman has been glorifying, at Leeds, the celestial powers of the Pope, in commemoration of certain converts made there. The Father, with the meekness and truthfulness of his order, said:

"Why, they (the Protestants) had seen the holy father, the Pope, driven from Rome, and obliged to take refuge elsewhere; they had seen him persecuted by his own people, and had said, 'Here is a poor creature—he can do nothing!' They (the Roman Catholics) took them at their word. It was true the Pope was not strong in this world; but if he was not strong in this world, and yet was strong, he suspected his strength must come, not from this, but from some other world."

How beautifully true is this! The Pope was taken from Gaeta to Naples, and thence to Rome, by a sublime army, armed with celestial weapons. The bayonets that again hoisted him into the chair of St. Peter's (here Lady Morgan shakes her head) were forged of divine temper—the bullets were manna, doing the duty of lead—the swords, converted sunbeams, fighting the fight of Impius the Ninth.

There can be no doubt of the celestial nature of the weapons; but—we confess to the perplexity—we are much puzzled to learn how French soldiers, in their gross mortality, managed to get hold of them. What Archangel was Minister of Holy War on the blessed occasion?

Market Removals.

Smithfield Market is to be removed, we know not where. But had Ferrand been returned for Aylesbury, there is no doubt that Billingsgate would have gone to Westminster.

HERE HE TAKES A PRELIMINARY CANTER, AND PUTS HIS HORSE AT A FLIGHT OF HURDLES.

AND GETS OVER VERY CLEVERLY.

THE MERCHANT TAILORS' SWANS.

THAT affluent civic body, the Merchant Tailors of London, have, in common with other companies, their Swans. It is upon record that these birds were chosen as Thames pets, by all London companies, as significant, in their snowy whiteness, of the purity of the London Corporation. Purity and—dignity. To the contemplative cockney eye, the civic swans at Hampton, or sweeter Ditton (with its sweetest "SWAN" of all), they show—

"How graceful pride may be, and how majestic, ease!"

If Rome had its sacred pullets, more magnificent London (as represented by her gorgeous companies) has her yet more sacred swans; for to these birds owe the Merchant Tailors, the Spectacle Makers, the Skinners, and others, that profound wisdom that frequently startles the world through the electric column of the newspaper. An evil day was it for Rome when the sacred pullets looked with sickening eye upon their morning barley, refusing to partake thereof. The Swans, the property of the Merchant Tailors, have given augury of the saddest future to the City of London, or at least to that powerful and compact body, the Tailors, that make the proudest portion of London's Corporation.

Possibly it may yet dwell in the mind of the newspaper reader that the week before last, LORD STANLEY was invited to take his seat at the board—though not cross-legged—of the Merchant Tailors. It was expected that his Lordship would there and then produce something that should—like the owl of MINERVA—reveal itself as the acknowledged type of sublimest wisdom. And up to the hour of his Lordship's appearance at the board, all the sitting Swans of the Merchant Tailors were doing as well as could be expected. LORD STANLEY made his speech; he moreover complimented MR. DISRAELI on his "wit and ability"—(when you want to say the least you can of a man, always speak of his "wit,")—and the next morning every swan's egg of the Tailors was found to be addled; with one monstrous exception—an egg, to all appearance, a full-sized, true swan's egg, produced the smallest of goslings that, should it consent to be reared upon free trade oats, may, arrived at its full growth, challenge the wonder of the world as the smallest of geese!

At the hour we go to press, a fierce discussion rages in the Hall of the Merchant Tailors; namely—"Whether the speech, as an omen, caused the goose, or the goose the speech?"

SOME TIME AFTER THE START, MR. BRIGGS GOES ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FLAG, AND IS OBLIGED TO GO BACK, WHICH, AS THE GROUND IS RATHER HEAVY, "TAKES IT OUT OF OLD BLUNDERBUS CONSIDERABLY."

RARE NEWS FROM AMERICA.

Now that we have got a Crystal Palace, or enormous glass-house, all the world, seems determined to throw stones, or, at all events, to have a shy at us. The last packet from America contains the exclusive and confidential intelligence, that the leading men of Liverpool are about to declare Liverpool, Lancashire, and Wales a republic; a pretty mess or puddle for the Liverpuddlians to get their feet into. We dare say, the next packet from America will bring the news that Kensington is a commonwealth; that PUMMELL, the beadle, has been declared dictator: that all the inhabitants have sworn fealty to him in BATTY'S new Hippodrome, and that the EMPEROR OF CHINA has been proclaimed Lieutenant-General in Hyde Park, at the Chinese Exhibition at Knightsbridge. As to Kennington, we shall probably hear—from America—that NATHAN has become a discontented Baron, and is walking about with a new *Magna Charta*, to which he is soliciting signatures among those who take tickets for his annual benefit.

We shall probably be informed also—from America—that the Isle of Dogs has gone to its proper destination; that CARDINAL WISEMAN has been proclaimed Pope in the middle of the garden of Golden Square; that FEARGUS O'CONNOR has been sent for to form a ministry, and that the Parliament is, henceforth, to assemble at Snig's End, which is to be bought and paid for out of the public treasury. We shall not be surprised, either, to hear—from America—that Leicester Square is in the hands of the French; that a Provisional Government is sitting daily at BERTOLINI'S; that London is to be henceforth a French province, and that LEDRU ROLLIN is appointed President of France, leaving CAUSSIDIERE—who abandons the trade in boot-tops, for which he has been travelling on commission—here as his deputy.

This is the sort of stuff we expect to hear from America, but as we are not very likely to hear it from any other source, it does not much signify.

Serious Music.

EVERYBODY has heard of the celebrated melody to which Tradition imputes the death of a certain ancient cow. There is, however, a species of music whose deadly influence is not confined to the vaccine constitution. The enormous organs that are dragged along the streets, howling and snorting, not only make noise enough to drive all the dogs in the town mad, but also to frighten the horses, insomuch that several fatal accidents have already occurred from the bolting of the terrified animals: so that these truly dangerous instruments are actually allowed to go about, playing tunes that HER MAJESTY'S subjects die of.

Mr. Ferrand, at Aylesbury.

MR. FERRAND, from his inn at Aylesbury—Aylesbury the spotless—proudly appeals to the pure spirit of patriotism that dwells in the hearts and sometimes jingles in the pockets of the model Bucks' constituents. MR. FERRAND says, "he has no need of the 'Man in the Moon.'" We will endeavour to believe MR. FERRAND: the meekness of his utterance ought always to dispose us to believe. He talks honey, and his political speeches flow with the milk of human kindness. MR. FERRAND may have no need of the Man that,—according to hoary tradition—dwells in the luminary; but of the Moon herself there can be little doubt of her influence upon the brain of the fervid Protectionist, as shown in most of his orations made "at the full."

Smithfield Sympathy.

GEORGE HUDSON—ex of the rail—put in his voice for the continuance of Smithfield. It is very condescending on the part of his departed majesty to show to an unbelieving world that mere vulgar fleshly bullocks can be thought of by a—golden calf.

WHO, IN CONSEQUENCE, MAKES A MISTAKE AT THE NEXT FENCE.

HOWEVER, MR. BRIGGS IS NOT HURT; AND, AFTER SOME EXERTION, RE-MOUNTS.

MR. BRIGGS, AS HE APPEARED COMING TO THE BROOK. IN THE DISTANCE MAY BE OBSERVED HIS OPPONENT, WHO HAS A NASTY FALL, BUT FORTUNATELY TUMBLES ON HIS HEAD.

MR. BRIGGS, AS HE APPEARED IN THE BROOK.

AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE CAME OUT OF THE BROOK.

PORTRAIT OF MR. BRIGGS WINNING THE RACE. N. B. THE DENSE CROWD IS CHEERING HIM.

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COMPARATIVE LOVE.

Papa. "So, Charley, you really are in Love with the little Black-eyed Girl you met last night?"

Charley. "Yes, Papa, I love her dearly!"

Papa. "How much do you Love her, Charley? Do you Love her as much as Pudding?"

Charley. "O yes, Papa! and a great deal better than Pudding. But—(*pausing to reflect*)—I do not Love her—so much as—Jelly!"

THE KOH-I-NOOR A REAL "MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT!"

A fatality has hitherto attended the possession of the Koh-i-Noor diamond; on which account, now that it has fallen into Her Majesty's hands, superstition might counsel the Queen to get rid of it as soon as possible. A considerably better reason, however, why our Sovereign might be recommended to dispose of this piece of crystallised carbon, is, that by selling it for what it would fetch, she might be enabled to sport a much more splendid jewel in that crown, which may she wear long before changing it for a better! The Koh-i-Noor would fetch a sum which might be invested in a munificent Royal foundation for educational purposes. This proposal is more especially seasonable just now, that we are all—that is, all rational and honest men—considering how best to counteract papal machinations. We cannot oppose the Pope and his servile emissaries more effectually than by disseminating knowledge. Ignorance is said to be the Mother of Devotion; which is quite true—though only true as regards that devotion that venerates nail-parings, images, anatomical preparations, and other things of a similar nature to the objects worshipped by aboriginal negroes.

But how is it, then, that so many "clever men," as Father Newman and his confederates boast, have gone over to Rome? In consequence of their stupidity, and not of their cleverness. Most of those who have turned papists have been persons whose acquirements are confined to the ancient languages, and whose philosophy extends no further than the wordy speculations of the praters of old. A considerable number of these erudite converts may be very well informed on the subject of Greek or Hebrew roots, but it is questionable if many of them know the stamens from the pistils of a buttercup. No Faradays, no Brandes, no Whewells, no Sedgwicks, have prostrated themselves at the feet of the Pope and Dr. Wiseman. An acquaintance with the sublime laws, and the masterly handiwork which govern and characterise the Universe, will prevent any one who has the least idea of style, from mistaking for other than human the imbecile ordinances and clumsy fabrications of priestcraft. Oxford, learned only in the learning of pedagogues; asinine in regard to natural science; has been the chief nursery for Rome. The "clever men" who have joined the Church of the Inquisition have only done, late in the day, what the slightest logical perception would, with their principles, have made them do years ago.

The Royal Commission, it is to be hoped, will correct the monkery of Oxford, by forcing the study of Creation's realities on that great grammar-school. Still there is a large proportion of the working classes, and a vast mass of pauperism, almost, if not quite, as ignorant as Oxford of those truths, the knowledge of which is the surest safeguard of the understanding against the delusions of Roman or any other imposture or insanity. Could the Koh-i-Noor be converted into the means of dispelling this darkness, it would be indeed what its name implies—a true "Mountain of Light."

A REGULAR BAR MESS.

There is a superstition among the public which renders it necessary for the Railway Directors to put on a special train during circuit time, for the accommodation of the lawyers. This superstition—a very absurd one, no doubt—was nearly being justified one day last week by the catching fire of a carriage full of barristers. The attention of the guard was happily called to a fearful odour of burning horse-hair, caused by the frizzling of some of the wigs of the learned occupants. We are happy to be able to add that the casualty can be accounted for without reference to any mysterious agency. We should be sorry to see the old suggestion of Sydney Smith as to the necessity for "burning a bishop," converted into a proposition for "burning a barrister," as a preventive against accidents to the public in general; but we think a more wholesome plan would be—until regular signals are provided—that the breaking of a window should be recognised as a sign to be repeated by the passengers in each carriage, until the attention of the guard has been obtained. Such a signal as this would, in time, arouse the attention, not only of the servants, but the Directors of the Company.

The Best Possible Proof of Civilisation.

Mr. Hawes said of our Cape colonists, "that they were giving the best possible proof of civilisation, for they *paid their taxes very well.*" If taxation and civilisation run together, we are sure that England has every reason to boast of being one of the most civilised countries in the world. In fact, many a poor Englishman might complain that the country was much too civilised "for his money."

The New Foot Regiment.

Some individuals, with a rather large development of the bump of "cautiousness," anticipate disturbances in consequence of the expected influx of socialist foreigners. Not much danger is to be apprehended from that quarter; but, nevertheless, it is pretty certain that some others of our foreign friends will be ready for a brush, which has been wisely provided for by the formation of the Shoe-black Brigade.

MORE MONSTERS!

We are threatened with the exhibition of a female child, "15 inches in height, and weighing 5lb." An ingenious contemporary says of the human doll—"it may be put in a pocket." The very destination, we presume, proposed for it by its exhibitors.

The Two Arcadias.

Sir Philip Sydney's.—A shepherd boy, piping as he would never grow old.

Alderman Sydney's.—A drover goading an ox, as it would never grow mad!

SELF GOVERNMENT.

A virtue yet to be acquired by every one of the English Colonies.

REFLECTIONS IN A BRIGHT SHOE.

(By "our own" Shoe-black).

LONDON has been startled within the last few weeks by an unwonted invasion of red-coats—not soldiers nor Red Republicans—but youthful shoe-blacks, whom hopeful benevolence has sent out of the Ragged Schools, equipped to try their chance in a new game of *Rouge et Noir*, or scarlet and blacking.

Mr. Punch, in his vocation of mounting all sorts of coats, and mixing with all manner of men, at once took the hint—ordered a red frock on his own account, invested in brushes and blacking-bottles, and is now occupied, whennot blackening paper with ink, in polishing the feet, instead of brightening the faces of the community.

It is an interesting occupation, though many may consider it a humble one. *Mr. Punch*, while busy with the boots and shoes of his customers—high and low, and high-low, alike—gets very curious glimpses into their heads and hearts. The ancients had a proverb, that you might estimate the statue of a Hercules from his foot, and it is still found that getting the length of a man's foot is a very good way of finding out the size of his mind, no less than that of his body.

In his new situation as one of the rank and file of the Shoe-blacks' brigade—and very curious files some of them are—*Mr. Punch* takes care to get the length of every man's foot, whose boots come through his hands, and he proposes to communicate to his dear Readers, from time to time, the results of the unconscious self-measurement which his customers are every day innocently applying to themselves. *Mr. Punch* believes he may thus be the channel of some not unimportant truths. He prays JOHN BULL, with his visitors, not to imitate the cat who used to figure at the head of MR. WARREN'S Advertisements, setting his back up, and swelling his tail, in indignation at the image of himself reflected in the boot which derived its polished surface from "30, the Strand."

And first of my new friends, the red-coated little shoe-blacks. Dirty as their present calling is, most of them have left a dirtier to follow it. They are themselves the moral off-scourings of those very streets whose material mud it is now their business to remove. They are an advanced guard of the first ragged regiment of Industry that the benevolence of Great Britain has set about enlisting and drilling. They are our *garde mobile*—only, instead of sticking a musket into the hands of our *gamins*, and setting them to shoot their fellow-citizens, LORD ASHLEY and his drill-serjeants arm their recruits with a blacking-bottle and a brace of brushes, and employ them in polishing the boots and shoes of all members of society who are able to pay the requisite penny.

And I must say that, of the two kinds of brushes, I infinitely prefer a brush with a pair of boots to a brush with the defenders of a barricade.

I commenced work yesterday in the neighbourhood of the Crystal Palace. There it stretched, in its lightsome length, a glass hive for the human bees of the nineteenth century. I prayed, as I looked up at it, waiting for a customer, that no one would ever attempt to take the honey by the aid of sulphur; and that the bee-keepers of the world would at last discover a better way of "swarming" their bees than by the noise of a brass band. Society, hitherto, has been more afraid of the stings of its bees, than anxious to cultivate and aid their power of honey-making. But now that the glass hive has been introduced into the bee-keeping practice, with the human as well as the insect worker, I could not but hope that with the former, as the latter, we may henceforth see the honey taken for use, while the bees, instead of being smothered or starved in the process, are left to thrive and multiply, and fill their cells, year after year.

And, full of this thought, as PRINCE ALBERT passed me to inspect the ordering of the world's contributions, I could scarcely resist a momentary inclination to fall down and kiss—I mean—black his princely Bluchers.

But the day wore on, and the waggons, with their grim and strangely-formed packages, toiled up to the western entrance, and workmen, in beards and blouses, in fustian and corduroy, swarmed in and out and about, with sappers, (in coats like my own), in orderly confusion, coming and going, lowering and lifting, hoisting and heaving, pushing and poising—and the noise of hammers began to pall on my ear, and I ceased to feel an interest in the painters and glaziers that crawled like flies on the roof—and still no customer came. It was a dry day, unluckily for us, and mud was an abominably scarce article.

I had begun to think of packing up my brushes, when a hale and hearty Briton, ruddy of the country, smelling of May-buds, and cows, and fresh air (who had by some miracle contrived to find a puddle, and to step into it), put one of his top-boots into my hand, and told me to black away.

"Driving a tidy trade, lad—eh?" was his first question, as I got a half-crown patch of polish on to his broad instep.

Myself. Fust pair to-day, Sir.

Stout Agriculturist. Ah—yours is a bad trade, then—like all the rest. That 's it. The country 's going to ruin, and the very shoe-blacks feel it.

Myself. Why, Sir, mine wasn't a trade at all till yesterday. I've just took it up, Sir.

Stout Agriculturist. Ah!—I see—Want of employment everywhere. Why, bless me—there 's sixteen of you, I can count from here. That 's Free Trade, that is. What trade was you at before you came to this?

Myself. I was on the streets, Sir, 'oldin osses, and pickin' up things where I could—thievin', I mean, Sir.

Stout Agriculturist. Holloa! A young thief. (*And here the stout gentleman made a violent effort to withdraw his boot, but I had him tight*).

Myself. But, please, Sir, I want to be an 'onest lad—and so I went to the Ragged School—and guv up priggin', and they started us.

Stout Agriculturist (*still struggling to get away*). A pretty pass things have come to, with their Ragged Schools, turning all the young thieves in London loose on society in this way!

Myself. Please, Sir, I was loose on society afore—I was—and so was JEM TWITCHER, and BOB the Lusher, and Duck-legged JOE yonder—and all on us.

Stout Agriculturist. And I'll be bound they 've taught you to read and write, and cipher—and all for nothing?

Myself. Yes, Sir, and I'm werry much obliged to 'em—and so 's all on us. And there 's some gone to Australia, and makin' no end of wages—and there 's a lot they turned out, with these 'ere kiddy coats, in the shoe-black line—and we arn't no need to go priggin' now. I made a bob yesterday—all fair and straightforrard—Sir.

Stout Agriculturist (*reflectively*). Bless my heart! I wonder where things will stop! Educating the very thieves. (*To myself.*) Well, *you'll* make something out of this cock-and-bull business (*pointing to the Palace with his stick*), and that 's more than most people can say, except your old friends—the thieves.

Myself (*timidly*). Don't you approve on it, Sir?

Stout Agriculturist (*explosively*). Approve of it? *Me* approve of it! With wheat at 37*s.* a bushel! No, Sir, I don't approve of it. I approve of what COLONEL SIBTHORP said about it in the House. It 's bringing the foreigners about our ears, like a July thunder-storm, as if we hadn't enough of the dirty democratic parley-voos already.

Myself (*apologetically*). There was a gent., as I blacked yesterday, said it 'ud be a great thing for the peace of the world, Sir.

Stout Agriculturist. Peace of a fiddlestick! Why, you young block-head, aren't you sharp enough to see it 's meant to encourage the foreign manufacturers, and to set our women's heads a-gadding after French furniture, and French silks and satins, instead of being content with what we have at home—and that the English upholsterers, and cabinet-makers, and weavers, and manfacturers, and cutlers, will be driven out of the market by the untaxed foreigners—and that we shall have England overrun with *parley-voo* goods, as it is now with *parley-voo* corn? Peace of the world, indeed! (*Snorting with indignation.*) But it serves 'em right. The manufacturers were such fools as not to stand by the farmers, and now they 're getting farmers' measure.

Myself. Well, Sir, I should be much obliged if you'd tell me what they're a-goin' to send all them there things as you 're a-mentioning of, over here for?

Stout Agriculturist (*compassionately*). Poor creature! Well! They haven't taught you over-much at your Ragged School, I see. What they 'll send their goods over for? Why, to sell, to be sure.

Myself. Ah! I thought as how that must be the reason. 'Acos they aint a goin' to give 'em away—'taint likely.

Stout Agriculturist. I should think not. Catch a foreigner giving anything away.

Myself (*inquiringly*). Then, in course, Sir, them as gets these here foreign articles must pay for 'em?

Stout Agriculturist. I should think so—A pack of rubbish!

Myself (*still inquiringly*). Then the money must come from somewhere, Sir? It don't grow here, like Californy, Sir.

Stout Agriculturist. Of course it must. Out of JOHN BULL'S pocket, the stupid fool that he is!

Myself (*somewhat confused*). But, please, Sir, how does he get the money in his pocket?

Stout Agriculturist. The poor lad's a perfect idiot! Why, by

working for it, to be sure—earns it like a horse, and spends it like an ass!

Myself (*collecting my conclusions painfully*). Then, if he's got money in his pocket, Sir, he must have worked for it, as you says; and if he's worked for it, there must 'a been work for him; and if there's work for him to make the money to buy the foreign goods, I don't see 'ow he comes to be ruined, Sir, along of these here foreign goods coming.

Stout Agriculturist (*indignantly*). How dare you argue with me, you young blockhead? (*Relapsing into his natural benevolence*). Here, there's a penny for you; and remember I tell you the country's ruined by Free Trade; and the next customer you get, mind you tell him so.

Myself (*pocketing the money, and ironically*). Oh, won't I neither?—Walker!

And I blush to say, that such was the influence of my costume and companions, that I indulged in a "sight" at my worthy instructor in Political Economy, as he continued his walk, brandishing his stick in the direction of the Crystal Palace, as though he wished that it was all window, that he might demolish it at a single blow. Meanwhile I set my stool for a fresh customer.

REMOVAL OF THE BRIBERY MARKET.

OBSERVING that Bills are now before Parliament for the Improvement and Removal of Markets, we hope some notice will be taken of the Bribery Market. This Market has long been a nuisance in all political boroughs. Men have been led by the nose, and whipped and goaded in large herds, and publicly sold, in open daylight, like so many cattle. The acts of inhumanity that have been practised in the Bribery Market almost surpass those of Smithfield. The number of persons that have been crushed, because they would not quietly allow themselves to be driven and sold to the highest bidder, would scarcely be believed, unless they were too truthfully recorded in the Parliamentary annals of corruption. The many instances of oppression that have resulted from the public sales in the Bribery Market are so glaring, that it is difficult to imagine how any one can advocate the continuance of such a cruel, such a degrading system. Yet the Bribery Market has its sturdy advocates, who maintain that the Constitution would be in danger if the Market were attempted to be done away with. They cry out for "vested rights," and loudly demand compensation if these privileges are in the least infringed!

Another plea for the continuance of the nuisance is, that the persons who are bribed rather like it, and if they choose to be bribed, no one has a right to prevent it. They declare that the system agrees with them perfectly well, and that, therefore, it must be a very healthy one. They have resorted to it all their lives, and as long as they live they will never buy or sell in any other market. As for the corruption, they only wish the Market was held much oftener than it is—twice a week, in fact, like most markets—in order that they might fatten and grow rich upon it! Like venison, the higher the corruption the better they say they like it!

There are others, also, largely interested in the maintenance of the Market, who insist that the large sums of money turned every election in the Bribery Market, should be a strong reason why it should never be abolished. A solicitor, who has for years been a most extensive salesman in the Bribery Markets all over the Kingdom, states, that no less a sum than £3,000,000 must have changed hands at the last general election—in close boroughs only. Why, the sum that was expended at St. Alban's alone exceeded, he thinks, £50,000. Then there were Ipswich, and Woodstock, and Poole, Yarmouth, Portsmouth, and Sandwich, to say nothing of several Irish towns, each of which held snug little markets of their kind, in which business was done to the extent of several thousands; and if this business was done away with, by the abolition of all bribery markets, it would be so much money taken out of the pockets of the inhabitants of those towns, and it would be inflicting a very serious injury upon a very numerous class of HER MAJESTY'S loyal subjects.

We think we have heard somewhat similar arguments used with regard to a somewhat similar nuisance. If we recollect right, the nuisance in question was Smithfield Market. That nuisance has been ordered, by Act of Parliament, to be removed. It is to be hoped that the Bribery Market will quickly go after it, and the St. Alban's Market, we think, should be the first to show the example.

OUR COLONEL'S CORNER.

THE hearing in the new House of Commons is, as every one knows who wishes to make a fine speech, extremely indistinct. SIBTHORP being asked what was the loudest tone generally heard in it, replied on the spot, "A Barry-tone."

A person who was reading in the streets, ran violently against him. The Colonel took hold of him and held him by the button-hole, till he delivered himself of the following *jeu d'esprit*:—"Sir, it is perfectly true that 'those who run may read;' but that is no reason why those who read should run;" having said which, he good-naturedly released him, with a poke in the ribs.

It is needless to state that the Colonel is strongly imbued with all the JOHN BULL prejudices of the fine "Old School," of which he has always been one of the proudest ornaments. He was asked what he would do in case the Crystal Palace were attacked by these French Socialists. "Do, Sir!" he answered quite angrily, "why, Sir, I would simply call into operation the Cold Water Cure. I would have a small fire-engine stationed in the Exhibition; and if they attempted any of their foreigneering tricks here, I would begin playing upon them, like a house on fire. Depend upon it, Sir, they would all begin running, to a man; for if there is one thing a Frenchman has a greater horror of than another, it is Cold Water. I never met with a foreigner yet who could face it."

He was asked what was his opinion about Communism. He was very angry at first, and wouldn't answer. At last his brow gradually relaxed, and he said, in the calmest manner, "Communism, my dear Sir, is the equal division of goods. That is to say, if I have a dickey, and you have no shirt, I must share my dickey with you. Now I should like to know how we should all look with only half a dickey a piece?"

He has taken very little interest in the Papal-Puseyite question. Once only was he heard to offer an opinion. The conversation ran upon the candles of St. Barnabas' Church:—"It seems to me," he said, "that that religion must be rather a dark one that requires the aid of candles to throw a light upon it. The only ends of Puseyism that I can see seem to be candle-ends. You may call such things 'Religion,' if you like; but I call them 'Stuff!—Stuff!' In fact, considering the quantity of tallow used, I may say, Kitchen-stuff." And nothing would induce him to say another word.

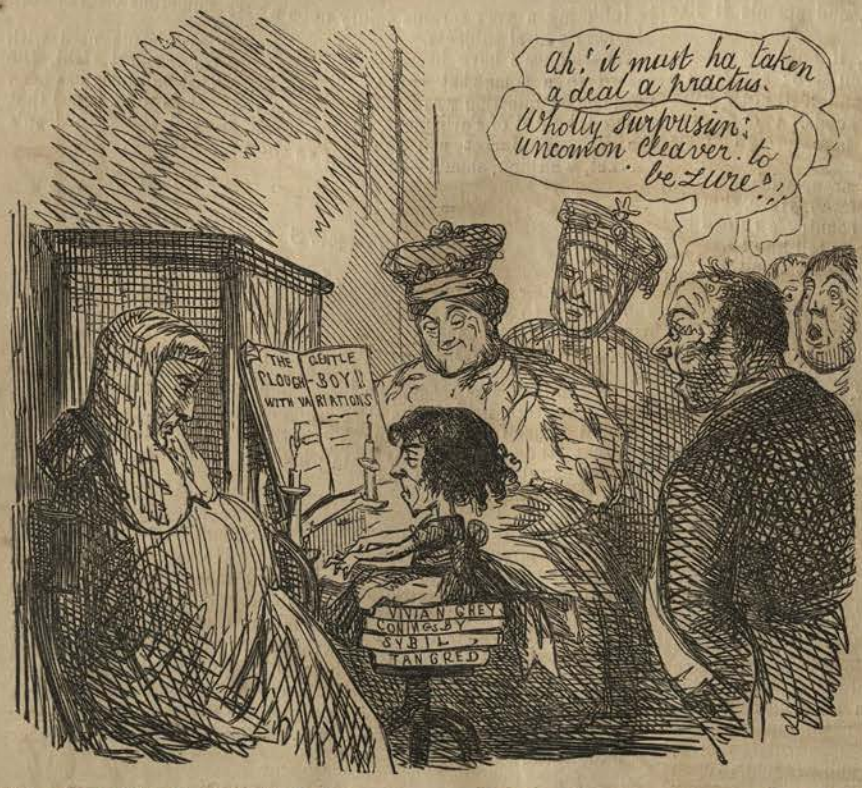
He was taken to see the Model of the Earth in Leicester Square. His enthusiasm knew no bounds; and he went about saying to every one, "This is the wildest turn the Earth has had yet. We have often heard of the Earth being turned inside out; but this is the first time, I believe, that it has ever been turned outside in."

It is a mistake to suppose, however, that our COLONEL is always good-natured. He can be severe, as well as playful; can kick as well as romp. Many sessions ago, CHISHOLM ANSTEY failed to laugh at one of his best repartees. The COLONEL husbanded his wrath for three years. At last, nearly 300 members were rushing out of the House at once.—"Please, Sir," inquired an anxious stranger, "is the House up?" "No, Sir," shouted SIBTHORP; "but CHISHOLM ANSTEY is!" The joke flew like wild-fire; and, the next morning, CHISHOLM ANSTEY sent a friend to the COLONEL to ask him to make it up.

During Passion Week, he went to see one of the Orreries. He was very uneasy for a long time; but, at last he could bear it no longer. Crimson with rage, he rose from his seat, and exclaimed—"Why, this is precisely the same as was exhibited last year!" And he left the Theatre, warning all the check-takers, that "he certainly should write to the *Times* about it."

"Up with the Lark."

"What makes you up so late, Sir?" said a father to his son, who made his appearance at the breakfast-table about ten o'clock. "Late! Why, Father, I was up with the lark." "Well, then, Sir, for the future don't remain up so long with the lark, but come down a little earlier to breakfast."


ah! it must ha taken a deal a practis. Wholly surprisin; uncommon cleaver. to be sure!
THE GENTLE PLOUGH-BOY!! WITH VARIATIONS
VIVIAN GREY
CONINGSBY
SYBIL
TANCRED

THE INFANT PRODIGY PLAYING to a SMALL PROTECTIONIST PARTY.

THE PEERAGE OF NATURE.

We frequently hear of "nature's noblemen," but really they seem to be in such a miscellaneous state, that we think the publication of a "Nature's Peerage" would be very advisable. The only member of nature's nobility that we are acquainted with is Baron Nathan, whose peerage is decidedly not conferred upon him by patent, and we may, therefore, presume that he claims his aristocracy from nature direct. His efforts have certainly been given to the improvement of nature by the aid of art, and nature may, out of gratitude, have conferred upon Nathan his barony. It is not hereditary, because no one can expect to tread in Nathan's shoes, or dance in his pumps,—at least with the grace which he alone can impart to them.

Cruel Oppression.

"Much had been said" (so spoke Mr. Hawes about the Caffre war) "of the oppression of the Boers by the Colonial Office." It is our opinion, however, that a great deal more might be said of the oppression of the Bores of the Colonial Office, of the oppression of the Bores in Parliament, and of every other class of Bores whose pleasure it is to speak, and yet say nothing. We wish some one would head an expedition for the entire suppression of all such Bores, more especially in the House of Commons.

Motto for a Rich Grocer.—"*Miscuit utile dulci*"—he mixed peas, dog-biscuit, and chicory with the genuine Mocha!

STATE CATECHISM

FOR THE USE OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

Q. Her Majesty the Queen will open the Crystal Palace in State, on the First of May. What is "State," according to the Lord Chamberlain and the *Court Newsman?*

A. State is made of a few persons and a few things.

Q. Name them.

A. State is a gold stick. State is also a stick of silver.

Q. What else?

A. State is also a painted carriage, with crystal panels. State is, moreover, eight cream-coloured horses. State is footmen in scarlet and gold lace, with coachmen in Welch wigs to match. State is silver trumpets. State is the Horse Guards: ditto the Blue.

Q. What more?

A. State is a Mistress of the Robes: State is a Bedchamber Woman: State is a Maid-of-Honour.

Q. What relation have the "People" towards the "State?"

A. The relation of poor relations; always to be looked down upon—snubbed, set aside, and—especially on the opening of Crystal Palaces—to be put in a corner.

"Now, by St. Paul, the Work goes Bravely on!"

St. Paul's has at length knuckled down, and, to borrow another forcible expression from "the boys," it has "tucked in its twopenny." Our gallant charge upon the authorities has ended in their ceasing to make a charge upon the public; and, looking upon the gratuitous admission of visitors as a generous admission of error, we will bury the past and the twopences in oblivion.

SOMETHING THAT THOSE WHO RIDE MAY READ.

Since the scurrilous papers have died a natural death, through the more wholesome supply of cheap literature that has been provided, it may be said that slander has literally come to a stand—for now almost the only vehicle for abuse is a street cab.

Expected Explosion at the Horse-Guards.—In a few days will go off the shell-jacket.

IS HE NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?

The Assessed Tax Paper—now in circulation—contains an item which human nature, in or out of livery, will assuredly revolt against. Opposite the column headed "Male Servants, and including waiters and other male persons," there is another column headed with the following words, "If any of these articles have been discontinued between," &c., &c. Now, we wish to know, in the name of the British butler, coachman, footman, page, or valet, what right the Assessed Tax authorities have to allude to these useful members of humanity as "*these articles?*" If the waiters were dumb waiters, if the footmen were brass footmen, we could understand their being classed together as "articles;" but though brass and mahogany might submit in silence to the insult, flesh and blood can scarcely be expected to put up with it. We should not be surprised to hear of a public meeting having been called by the Livery of London to take into consideration the slight passed upon their cloth in the Assessed Tax papers.

A Poser for Electro-Biologists.

The Electro-Biologists profess to deprive a person of his memory by their art, and in proof of having done so, ask if he can remember his name; whereupon he returns an answer in good plain English, in the negative. *Mr. Punch* will be obliged to any Electro-Biologist who will inform him, whence, if the man has lost his memory, he derives his English?

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Miss Talbot—escaped from Taunton Lodge—is to be married to the Duke of Norfolk. We congratulate the young lady on the exchange of Monk's-hood for Orange-blossoms.

A Crack Discovery.

A riveting machine, of extraordinary power, will be found in the Great Exhibition. It is said that this machine will rivet anything; and we understand that the use of it has been applied for by Mr. Urquhart, in the hope that it may enable him to rivet the attention of his auditors.

New Discovery in Chemistry.—Chicory is found to be formed chiefly of Lignine, the essential principle of Wood!

BRITANNIA'S GREAT PARTY.

Enter ALBERT. "OH! MUM—PLEASE, MUM—HERE'S A TO DO!—HERE'S ALL THE COMPANY COME, AND THE STREET'S FULL OF CARRIAGES AND BROOMS—AND THERE'S SUCH A ROW!—AND THE CANDLES ISN'T LIGHTED, NOR THE SUPPER READY, NOR THE MAN DRESSED WHO'S TO WAIT, NOR THE MUSIC—NOR NOTHING."

MR. M'OLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

With ganial foire
Thransfuse me loyre,
Ye sacred nympths of Pindus,
The whoile I sing
That wondthrous thing,
The Palace made o' windows!

Say, Paxton, truth,
Thou wondthrous youth,
What sthroke of art celistial,
What power was lint
You to invint
This combineetion cristial.

O would before
That Thomas Moore,
Likewoise the late Lord Boyron,
Thim aigles sthrong
Of godlike song
Cast oi, on that cast oiron!

And saw thim walls,
And glittering halls,
Thim rising slendther columns,
Which I, poor pote,
Could not denote,
No, not in twinty vollums.

My Muse's words
Is like the birds
That roosts beneath the panes there;
Her wings she spoils
'Gainst them bright tiles,
And cracks her silly brains there.

This Palace tall,
This Cristial Hall,
Which Imperors might covet,
Stands in High Park
Like Noah's Ark,
A rainbow bint above it.

The towers and fanes,
In other scaynes,
The fame of this will undo,
Saint Paul's big doom,
Saint Payther's Room,
And Dublin's proud Rotundo.

'Tis here that roams,
As well becomes
Her dignitee and stations,
Victoria Great,
And houlds in state
The Congress of the Nations.

Her subjects pours
From distant shores,
Her Injians and Canajians;
And also we,
Her kingdoms three,
Attind with our allagiance.

Here come likewise
Her bould allies,
Both Asian and Europian;
From East and West
They send their best
To fill her Coornucopean.

I seen (thank Grace!)
This wondthrous place
(His Noble Honour Misther
H. Cole it was
That gave the pass,
And let me see what is there).

With conscious proide
I stud insoide
And looked the World's Great Fair in,
Until me sight
Was dazzled quite,
And couldn't see for staring.

There 's holy saints
And window paints,
By Maydiayval Pugin;
Alhamborough Jones
Did paint the tones
Of yellow and gambouge in.

There 's fountains there
And crosses fair;
There 's water-gods with urrns;
There 's organs three,
To play, d'ye see,
"God save the Queen," by turrns.

There 's Statues bright
Of marble white
Of silver, and of copper;
And some in zinc,
And some, I think,
That isn't over proper.

There 's staym Ingynes,
That stands in lines,
Enormous and amazing,
That squeal and snort
Like whales in sport,
Or elephants a-grazing.

There 's carts and gigs,
And pins for pigs;
There 's dibblers and there 's harrows,
And ploughs like toys
For little boys,
And elegant wheel-barrows.

For them genteels
Who ride on wheels,
There 's plenty to indulge 'em;
There 's Droskys snug
From Paytersbug,
And vayhycles from Bulgium.

There 's Cabs on Stands
And Shandthry danns;
There 's Waggons from New York here;
There 's Lapland Sleighs
Have crossed the seas,
And Jaunting Cyars from Cork here.

Amazed I pass
From glass to glass,
Deloighted I survey 'em;
Fresh wondthers grows
Before me nose
In this sublime Musayum!

Look, here 's a fan
From far Japan,
A sabre from Damasco;
There 's shawls ye get
From far Thibet,
And cotton prints from Glasgow.

There 's German flutes,
Marocky boots,
And Naples Macaronies;
Bohaymia
Has sent Bohay;
Polonia her polonies.

There 's granite flints
That 's quite imminse,
There 's sacks of coals and fuels,
There 's swords and guns,
And soap in tuns,
And Ginger-bread and Jewels.

There 's taypots there,
And cannons rare;
There 's coffins filled with roses;
There 's canvass tints,
Teeth insthrumints,
And shuits of clothes by Moses.

There 's lashins more
Of things in store,
But thim I don't remimber;
Nor could disclose
Did I compose
From May time to Novimber!

Ah, Judy thru!
With eyes so blue,
That you were here to view it!
And could I screw
But tu pound tu,
'Tis I would thrait you to it!

So let us raise
Victoria's praise,
And Albert's proud condition,
That takes his ayse
As he surveys
This Cristial Exhibition.

Conversions to Rome.

Recent examples have led us to believe, that, in the conversion of young ladies, it is not the conversion of their souls which is so much desired by the Romish priests, as the conversion of their money, which may be lodged in the 3½ per Cents, or any of the public funds. The interest of the Romish Church too frequently means the interest of Government Stock—interest which, in many instances, is only gained at the sacrifice of every principle. We are most happy to be able to record the following

"Frustrated attempt of Conversion to Rome.—Dr. Hendren (*soi-disant* Bishop of Clifton) has signally failed in attempting to convert the sum of £80,000, Public Securities, into ready money, for the purpose of endowing a Nunnery at Taunton."

An Apology for British Sculpture.

By way of showing foreigners that we are not insensible to our own absurdities, it is recommended that on the principal statues erected about the Metropolis in honour of distinguished personages, should be inscribed conspicuously, in various languages, the words "Don't Laugh!"

The Misfortune of Eminence.

As a personage enjoying, himself, some degree of celebrity, *Punch* can sympathise with a distinguished ecclesiastic, with whom, politically and doctrinally, he is at issue. *Mr. Punch* would not like to be put in the position in which that eminent individual has been placed. "His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, in Full Costume," now occupies the place at the head of the wax-work advertisement that was lately filled by "Rush, taken from Life, at Norwich." Before Rush, the benevolent Pope Pius the Ninth occupied this post of (?) honour. Such is Fame!

THE APPROACHING STRUGGLE.

Laugh who will at the ominous speculations of the *New York Herald*, there is reason to believe that a contest of politeness will be occasioned by the advent of our foreign guests, which will amount to a civil war.

Quackery.—The love of quackery by the British Government is strongly proved by the fact, that a box of Life Pills has to pay less duty than the maid-of-all-work's advertisement for a place.

THE FALL OF SMITHFIELD.—AN ELEGIE.

Now tolle the knel of grete Seynt Paule,
Seynt Sepolchre's allsò,
And hange with black the hye Guildhalle,
Alack for rewth and woe!
Good old Smythfelde eftsoon must fall,
The markett ytt must go!

'Twas merry, on a Monday morn,
To see the ring-droves made,
Whilst goodly tunes on ox hys horne
The stout oak cudgel played,
And many a good round othe was sworn,
And the shepe-dogs bark'd and bayed.

That musicke we shall heer no more,
For Smythfeeld must away,
Sith bulles sometimes old wives do gore,
As thro' the stretes they stray,
And folk think anye dirt a boare,
So squeamish now-a-day!

Our lytle kiddes, as blythe as grigges,
All ynn their nursemayd's care,
With hoopes and balles and whirligiggs,
No more shall thether fayre,
To play among the shepe and piggs,
And take the mornyng ayre.

Come, Aldermen of London Towne,
And Liverymen so free,
Put on each man a mournyng gowne,
Like a funerall companie,
And unto Smythfelde wee will bowne,
The last markètt to se.

And Gogge likewyse shall wyth us wend,
Cladd in a sable suit,
And Magog allsoe shall attende,
Apparell'd like a mute,
To dropp a tear for Smythfeeld's end—
Who wolde not ys a brute!

We 'll kneele us down upon the ground,
And kiss the pleasaunt earthe,
Each foote whereof so manye a pound
Unto our guild was worthe;
We wyll not mind the folke around;
An yff we move their myrthe.

A lytel of that soyl so fayre
Shall each man bear away,
To kepe ytt like a locke of hair
Unto hys dyinge daye,
To mind us of the tymes that were,
And how that lande did paye!

Then back unto Guildhall again
To baked-meates we wyll stumpe;
The Citye band, before our trayne,
With drum, trombone, and trumpe,
As yff for some proud warrior slayne,
Shall play a doleful dumpe.

Now, lovely Smythfeeld, fare the wel,
It is the mor pittè;
My harte is broke to heare thy knel,
As nearly as may be;
But owt of sight, and owt of smell,
I styll will thinke of thee!

THE CALIFORNIAN GOOSE.—The *Examiner* states, that a mountain of carbonate of magnesia has been discovered near Goose Lake, in California. Was the Goose that gave its name to the Californian lake the identical bird that laid the golden eggs, or has the lake derived its appellation from the geese who go to the "diggins" after them?

THE GREATEST EXHIBITION.—*Mr. Punch* has no objection to the term "Great Exhibition," as applied to the display of omninational industry, but he considers that the words "in Hyde Park" should be subjoined, to distinguish this Exhibition from that which collects multitudes before the window of 85, Fleet Street.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A (TOO) LATE BARRISTER.

WHERE was I? Alas! I am playing at blind man's buff with my feelings. I lose myself every now and then, until stern reality tears the bandage from my heated forehead; and I collect myself, or rather re-collect myself, once again.

I spoke of a consultation. It was not quite the first, though it was nearly the last in which I ever was engaged. But of this anon! Resigning myself into the hands of Fancy, I follow her into the Temple. I walk up several flights—not of fancy, but of stairs—and find myself at the door of those old chambers, where, as one of the million waiters whom Fortune always keeps in attendance upon her, I used to while away the hours in anticipation of the coming man, (the client), who never came.

The last occupant of my chambers had been a hoary junior, who had sat for years waiting for the turn of the cards, as if he had been playing a game at Patience on the Monument smiling at—the absence of—brief. He had at last turned his attention to the good of the public, in utter hopelessness of doing anything for the good of himself. Unlike many who are ill-used—or rather, not used at all—by the world, instead of revenging himself on society by mockery and malediction, he burst forth into a fit of benevolence so universal in its objects, that it really knew no bounds. He had become the friend of everybody, though nobody had been a friend to him. He started, or rather he printed the Prospectus of a Philanthropic Pension Society, every member of which was to have a pension, or rather to be entitled to one, on payment of a shilling deposit.

The advantages were to be mutual. Everybody was to be equally entitled to a pension, and the privilege of life-membership was to be had for half-a-crown. Any philanthropist, who did not anticipate a necessity for a pension, might purchase the luxury of being a "governor" for a shilling, and a life-governor's qualification was to be had for another sixpence, "to meet," as the prospectus prettily expressed it, "the wishes of all classes of philanthropists." So busy was the brain of my learned predecessor in plans of benevolence, that he was prepared, not only to pension off the world in general upon itself at a nominal cost, but he was anxious to offer accommodation to the struggling, and he projected a Benevolent Discount and Friendly Promissory Note Association, the members of which were all to cash each others' bills.

Admission to the vast benefits of this truly bosom-stirring scheme for giving everybody pecuniary assistance, was fixed at the lowest possible figure; and "a shilling deposit" entitled the depositor to priority in the discount of all or any of his paper. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, on hearing of the proposal, might reasonably have altered his estimate of the next year's income, which must have shown an enormous increase in stamps; for it might have been anticipated, that, when a Benevolent Discount Company thus threw down the gauntlet, every one would be ready to draw. Unhappily the excellent scheme of my learned predecessor—whose bosom was a perfect dairy of the "sky-blue" of human kindness—never came to pass. The President drew a bill upon the Vice, and endorsed it over to the Chairman; the Committee drew bills upon each other, to which the members, in a spirit of brotherly confidence, gave the aid of their names; the Actuary drew upon the Secretary, the Solicitor drew upon the Standing Counsel; and, in fact, there never was such an amount of splendid "machinery" to set a society going; but somehow or other, perhaps for want of something to grease the wheels, the machinery would not act. My friend had himself undertaken the arduous and responsible position of Standing Counsel, in which he had no other interest than a fee of a shilling for "drawing bill," with sixpence extra for "signing draft;" and at these truly philanthropic prices he was ready to draw bills in any quantity, or put his name to as many drafts as were offered to his acceptance. Fate and the money-market nipped this scheme in the bud, or more properly speaking, it no sooner got into the bud than it got an unexpected blow. A heartless banking company refused to negotiate the paper of the Benevolent Discount Company, and that upas tree to all kindly sentiment, "the market," laughed its "orders" and "promises" equally to scorn. While money was a glut, the "Friendly Promissory Note Association" was literally starving for want of funds; and Somerset House was eventually inundated with a sudden shower of spoilt stamps.

Disgusted with the world—as he well might be—my learned predecessor in my attic chambers became more sombre, but no less philanthropic than heretofore; and, while thinking of burying all animosity, it occurred to him that a Benevolent Burial Association, in which the members were mutually to bury each other, might open up some new ground to him. Another Prospectus came forth, headed "Funerals for the Million;" and announcing the joyful intelligence, that everybody who paid a shilling would be at once entitled to a grave. As the "million" did not seem disposed to rush into the earth with the vigour that might have been anticipated—as, in fact, they would no more come to be buried than "dilly dilly" would go "to be killed," the grand idea occurred of allowing a guinea to all those who were desirous of postponing their own funerals to some "onward occasion." Notwithstanding the outcry against expensive funerals, nobody seemed inclined to meet half-way this wholesale undertaking of my learned predecessor; who, still undaunted, tried to get up an Equitable Insurance office, in which everybody was to receive the amount of his policy down, instead of at his death, and was to pay one premium only, as a preliminary, which was to entitle him to the whole sum at once for which he was insured—out of the first profits of the concern.

I intended to pull a leaf out of my own diary, but I have plucked a page from the reminiscences of my learned predecessor in my chambers. Alas! he is no more. His demise formed the substance of a newspaper paragraph. He was trying to set on foot a Benevolent Society of United Cabmen; and, forgetting his own rank in society, he was arguing on the rank in Piccadilly, when a Hansom gave him an ugly blow with one of its shafts, and saved him from the shafts of envy or misfortune, as far as the future is concerned. My tears flow so fast at the recollection, that my inkstand brims over with the pious brine, and I must send for another hap'orth,—which I cannot afford to do until next week—before I proceed.

PLAYERS FROM THE FRENCH.

R. MITCHELL is at his old tricks again. The St. James's Theatre is again to be possessed by a French *troupe*, to the disadvantage and contempt of our own manufacture, the sterling British actor; for there can be no doubt that to the successful issue of MR. MITCHELL'S campaign, as carried out by French troops, we may ascribe much of the indifference, which is the insult conveyed by a heartless public to the thorough-going English actor.

Who, for instance, that witnesses the ease—the consummate polish—of a French LAFONT, can be content with the robust blundering—the fine home-born vulgarity—of a British BROWN?

Who, fascinated by the perfect art of a BOUFFÉ, can heed—as he ought to heed—the slap-dash, go-a-head style of GRILES?

Who, delighted by the airy DEJAZET, can admire—as he should—the fine, crusted, maternal comedy, of a FITZJOHNS?

Therefore, if our English actors are to be at all encouraged, let not the English public be allowed to behold a superior manufacture. The French actor is an artist: the English actor—with rare exceptions—a handicraftsman. We only perceive one mode by which the French players may be made to assist the English stage; namely, by inoculating the English actor with some enthusiasm for his art. And whereas we now commonly read that "MR. MANAGER CRUMMLES has gone to Paris for novelty," let us be told that "MR. CRUMMLES has taken his whole company, by divisions, to study at the French theatre." We take pieces from the French: when shall we take—or imitate—the earnest ability that evokes their excellence?

Rivals to the Great Exhibition.

THERE is every hope that the crowd will be divided on the 1st of May; for the Protectionists mean to create some diversion—entirely at their own expense too—by making a separate exhibition of themselves at Drury Lane Theatre.

PERFIDIOUS ALBION LETS HIS DRAWING-ROOM FLOOR TO A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER—THE RESULT!!

"THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS-HOUSES SHOULDN'T THROW STONES!"

THE Executive Council of the Great Exhibition have just done a very snobbish thing, and they had better undo it as fast as possible. They have also been guilty of a little bit of downright dishonesty. We must and will call things by their right names—in selling their Season Tickets on the condition that the holders should be admitted on the 1st of May, and now, at the eleventh hour, advertising that the tickets, paid for on that understanding, are not to be admitted until the best part of the 1st of May is over. The cause of this arrangement is a clumsy piece of fencing, intended to please the QUEEN; but calculated, we should think, to disgust HER MAJESTY most exceedingly. We will be bound that no small portion of the royal pleasure, in opening the Exhibition, would consist of the opportunity it would afford her of sharing her enjoyment with a large number of her subjects; but the idea of leaving her to ramble about the vast building in gloomy state, with a few gingerbread functionaries at her heels, is worthy the imagination of the most sycophantic of snobs.

We protest, on behalf of HER MAJESTY, against her being placed in the very invidious position into which the Executive Committee would thrust her. Only fancy an impatient crowd being taught, for hours, a practical lesson of stupid unmeaning exclusiveness, by being compelled to kick their own and tread on their neighbours' heels all the morning outside the doors, while the QUEEN, with a set of gold and other sticks, may be taking a dismal tour over the unpeopled avenues of the Crystal Palace. Those flunkies of the Executive Committee have no right to give a false and unfavourable impression of the feelings of their Royal Mistress, by making it appear that it is her wish to have the vast building all to herself during the best portion of the first day of the Exhibition. In fact, the proceeding is a direct robbery of one half of the only special privilege which the season-ticket holders pay for—namely, the right of admission on the day of opening. It is disrespectful towards the QUEEN to arrange matters so that the visitors to the Exhibition, instead of being glad to see her come, will be eagerly impatient for her to go away, as the impediment placed between themselves and the enjoyment they have bargained for.

We can undertake to say, that if HER MAJESTY's personal wishes were to be consulted, she would at once express her wish not to disappoint the public; and while every one would cheerfully submit to all the arrangements necessary for the perfect comfort and convenience of the Sovereign, scarcely any will believe that such arrangements are incompatible with the presence of a few thousands of well-behaved ladies and gentlemen simultaneously with HER MAJESTY in the Crystal Palace.

Pedestrianism in Park Lane.

"EXPERIENCE," in a letter to the *Times*, complains, "that there is a leading thoroughfare in the very heart of the West End, within a stone's throw of the Crystal Palace, which is not paved on either side of the way, the footway of which is so neglected as to be a perfect disgrace to the parish." The thoroughfare alluded to is Park Lane. "OBSERVATION" presents his compliments to "EXPERIENCE," and begs to suggest to him that the inhabitants of Park Lane do not belong to the walking classes; hence, perhaps, the disregard exhibited in the state of that thoroughfare for the convenience of the pedestrian public.

Sir Harry Smith's "Brass Nob."

THE Cape of Good Hope—or rather Forlorn Hope—with such a governor as SIR HARRY SMITH, is not yet ruled by the Kaffirs; though what may happen, who shall say, with a governor who, to awe the savages, "carries in his hand a magic wand, surmounted with a brass nob?" This brass nob has special sorcery in it. And armed with it, SIR HARRY desires the Kaffirs "not to believe in witchcraft." When we consider the behest in association with the charmed weapon, SIR HARRY must surely possess more than *one* "brass nob" so to appeal even to Kaffirs.

HOW TO FIND THE LEVEL OF LONDON.—Ride on a spirited horse on the wood-pavement.

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THE LANGUAGE OF MUSIC.

EVERY one has heard of the language of flowers, in which lack-a-daisiacal young ladies might talk sweet stuff by the flowerpot-full for hours together; but a more dangerous nuisance has lately sprung up in the facilities given by the titles of songs for flirtations between the young men in music-shops and their fair purchasers.

The following is a specimen, not only of what might happen, but what, no doubt, does happen very frequently in some of our musical circulating libraries.

SCENE.—*A Shop.* YOUNG MAN *discovered sorting Music behind a counter.*

Enter YOUNG LADY *with a roll of Music.*

Young Lady (*softly*). Oh! I've come to return "Love's Whisper."

Young Man. Allow me to offer you "The heart bow'd down." I'm sure it will please you.

Young Lady. Be good enough to change "The heart bow'd down" for "Happy Heart," and then I'll take it. I left it behind me the last time I was here.

Young Man. If I had known you had left it behind you, I would have looked out "The Manly Heart" to go back with it. Shall I send it by Parcels Delivery?

Young Lady. No; I'll take that and "The Manly Heart" home with me together. Have you anything else very pretty to tell me of?

Young Man (*looking over stock of Music, and con molto espressione*). "I love her, how I love her!" "She shines before me like a Star."

Young Lady (*also turning over Music*). "Will you love me then as now?"

Young Man. "Dearest, then I'll love thee more."

Young Lady. "Then you'll remember me." Now, can I depend upon all these?

Young Man. Certainly; and may I be allowed to add "My last thoughts of thee."

Young Lady. That's strange. I was going to say, "Why do I weep for thee?" But, perhaps, we had better say both.

Young Man. I will put them both together.

Young Lady. Do. I will go over both when I get home, and as soon as I can make up my mind I will let you know my choice. Good morning. [*Exit.*

Young Man. Good morning. (*Looking over Music as she leaves the shop*). "She is gone from my gaze."

[*Exit to parlour behind shop to dinner.*

THE SALE OF POISON.

WE hope the "Analytical Medical Commission" will, after it has finished with the rascally London Tradesmen who are making their fortunes out of adulteration, carry its inquiries into the mysteries of the Wine Trade. It has now become such a matter of difficulty to get a glass of good wine, that we think the poisonous tricks practised by wine-merchants should be exposed. We trust the *Lancet* will not be deterred from undertaking this most difficult inquiry. Not only does health demand it, but conviviality claims it. Nothing is so destructive of good-feeling as bad wine. It gives one the heart-burn in more senses than one. The merriest party cannot stand up against a succession of Cape Sherries and Agricultural Ports. The cruelty of the deception is such—for one is made miserable under the false pretence of being made happy—that we would have every wine-merchant, who was convicted of selling wine that was everything but wine, punished in the most terrible manner. We would have him condemned, for every bottle of bad wine that was found in his cellar, to drink out of it not less than two glasses, for the first offence; three, for the second; and an additional glass for every fresh offence; until these poisoners of the nineteenth century were thoroughly sickened of their fraudulent practices.

If the *Lancet* will only publish a list of these poisoners—with particulars of their crimes and offences—we may, in time, be rewarded with the discovery of an honest wine-merchant, who will sell wine free from all adulteration!

AN EPITHALAMIUM

ON AN APPROACHING MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE (AS IT MIGHT BE).

Written by the "BISHOP" OF CL—FT—N.

JOINED by the spousal annulet of gold
A youthful pair behold!
High birth, and amplitude of means,
And Beauty, in the verdure of her teens,
In this auspicious union will combine.
You I felicitate,
Whom nuptial bonds intwine,
In that united state,
Whereon all joys await,
The holy knot if Orthodoxy tie,
And wise Confessors intervene,
Link-like, heart and heart between;
But Discord and fell Strife,
Dividing mate from mate,
Attend upon the life
Of man and wife,
Conjoined by pestilential heresy.

Ah, young and lovely Spouse!
'Tis true that I had flattering dreams,—
Nay, say not, rather, plots and schemes,
About thy taking other vows.
But they are past—and I regret
A rash epistle, which, in evil hour,
I to a leading Journal sent;
Whence, as though I from out some bag had let
A feline mouser, on thy copious dower
Suspicion base infers that I was bent,
To aggrandise our Order's wealth and power.
Never, my lambkin, did I seek thy fleece;
Thy welfare was my sole intent,
That thou might'st spend a life of gentle peace,
A life of penance sweet,
Sequester'd in a close retreat,
From meddling curiosity secure,
Within whose sacred walls
Inquisitive relations, come to peep,
Creatures designing, mercenary, deep,
Under pretence of making calls,
Should never pry—of that they might be sure.

Lady, 'tis true that thy resolve has made
Me look unwise—and something more;—
But shall ill-will or spite my mind invade?
Oh, never! though the hopes I nursed are o'er,
Be happy with thy chosen mate.
Never shall Rancour fell, with Stygian drop
Poison this breast; nor Disappointment's sting,
Even against intrusive Chancery,
Which, like as trees relentless woodmen fell,
Or chilling frosts nip early buds in spring,
Has ruined all my fond designs for thee,
Inflame my bosom with Tartarean Hate!

Joy to your union,
Fair daughter and son,
Though our Communion
Has lost a rich Nun.
As when the rising Orb of Day
Illuminates, with gorgeous ray,
The brow of Morn, and every grove resounds
With harmony of many a feathered quire,
Such prospects bright
Of conjugal delight
For you—albeit baffled—I desire.
Ne'er may your lot with woe be cross'd;
I wish you every happiness,
Though Peter's Church has lost no less
Than eighty thousand pounds!

Prospects of the Farmers.

THE poor suffering Farmers have been so disheartened by the continual fall of rain this year, that they intend to wait upon MR. WARDELL with a pathetic petition, praying of him "to put off the opening of Vauxhall Gardens for a few weeks, to enable them to have a little fine weather previous to the commencement of the season, as they always despaired of seeing any after it."

Rude Boy. "OH, LOOK 'ERE, JIM!—IF 'ERE AINT A LOBSTER BIN AND OUT-GROWED HIS CLOAK!"

A TRIFLE FROM CULLEN.—We have nothing very rich from Ireland in the Great Exhibition. Could not DR. CULLEN—with the help of some of the ingenious gentlemen of Maynooth—have sent an Orrery?

THE LAUGH BEHIND THE SCENES.

THERE is a sound of hollow mirth
  Bursts on the unaccustomed ear;
'Tis not the merriment of earth,
  Nor laughter born of wine or beer;
'Tis not the cheerfulness of heart
  That scarcely knows what sorrow means.
No, no; 'tis mirth that acts a part;
  It is the laugh behind the scenes.

The laughers are not truly gay;
  Their spirits are not really light;
Their mirth is the result of pay:
  They laugh for eighteenpence a-night.
They stand within the prompter's view,
  Those JONESES, THOMSONS, BROWNS, and GREENS,
Waiting the well-remembered cue
  To raise the laugh behind the scenes.

The laughter comes from hollow cheeks,
  Whose deep vermilion-coated skin
Conceals, by night, the furrowed streaks
  Of sorrow, groaning from within.
Not e'en a passing jest is heard,
  To raise the mirth that supervenes;
The solemn prompter gives the word
  That starts the laugh behind the scenes.

JONES has, perchance, a little bill
  He 's fiercely importuned to pay;
P'rhaps THOMSON's wife at home lies ill;
  BROWN's infant may have died that day.
GREEN, possibly, with aching head,
  Against the wing distracted leans.
No matter; they must earn their bread,
  And join the laugh behind the scenes.

But all the world 's a stage confest;
  And laughter often has its source
In what would prove a sorry jest,
  Could we but backwards track its course.
For him the laugh would quickly turn,
  Who 'd ask too closely what it means;
Then do not seek too much to learn,
  Or look too far behind the scenes.

WONDERFUL SPEED.

THE Catalogue of the Crystal Palace is rapidly progressing, and will be ready, not only in one language, but printed in four languages, by the First of May. This gigantic undertaking, retarded by innumerable difficulties, will have been completed, therefore, in less than three months. It is this memorable instance of speed that makes us propose that the interminable and never-to-be-completed-in-our-life-time (as a German would say) Catalogue of the British Museum be taken out of the hands of its present sleepy compilers, and confided to the management of the concoctors of the Exhibition Catalogue. We will wager they would get it completed, if necessary, before the end of this year, and would throw in some five thousand illustrations into the bargain, if they were wanted.

Some alteration is sadly needed—or else, at the rate of speed at which this snail-like Catalogue is advancing, it will form a formidable rival to the *Wandering Jew*, continually running on, but never coming to an end. In fact, we can imagine its being used as a land-mark in chronology. Future MACAULAYS will handle it as a very useful yard-measure in measuring off lengths in history. Thus, we fancy the History of England will henceforth be written in the following style:—

"It was towards the commencement of the letter A. of the Catalogue of the British Museum (an era never to be forgotten in the annals of civilisation) when WILLIAM THE FOURTH ascended the Throne."

Or thus:

"The letter B. of the Catalogue of the British Museum was in an advanced state—so much so, that it required but ten years more, thoroughly to complete it—when, to the universal joy of the nation, the marriage between PRINCE ALBERT and her beloved MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA, was celebrated, &c., &c."

In the meantime the books keep accumulating in hundreds of thousands every year, so that when the present Catalogue is completed (if it ever will), another Catalogue will be required for the additional library, which will have grown out of the long arrears of book-accumulation—and so on perhaps *ad infinitum*. We prophesy that the sun will never set on the Catalogue of the British Museum. Like the British Dominions, there will be no termination to it!

FOREIGN INVASION OF EXETER ARCADE.

A FRENCH horseman was trotted up to Bow Street the other day, on the charge of having made a desperate charge with his formidable charger upon the Exeter Arcade. His defence was, that being overtaken by a tremendous *mitraille* of rain, and seeing the place wholly deserted, he sought shelter within its desolate recesses; and in fact the Arcade was taken by storm. The foreign equestrian was very properly fined for his own or his horse's capers; but we would suggest that to avoid such procedings for the future, some signs of habitation should be made manifest within the gloomy vaults of that Arcade, in which, the Beadle, though "monarch of all he surveys," cannot be supposed to be present with all his staff at both entrances at the same moment.

We recommend the Exeter Arcade to the attention of the Emigration Commissioners, and shall be glad to hear of an omnibus having been chartered for the purpose of carrying colonists to that unfrequented nook in the centre of the great human ocean, that rolls past it in every direction. We can scarcely be surprised at a horse—with all its natural instinct for the freedom of the desert—having rushed into Exeter Arcade; which is, we presume, destined to receive the remainder of the cat-tribe driven from Leicester Square by the civilised Globe having been pushed into its limits.

The only thing Free from Adulteration.

WE are so frightened with the revelations of the frightful system of adulteration that is practised apparently amongst all trades, that we soon shall be afraid to touch, smell, eat, or drink the smallest thing. We have but one consolation to buoy us up on this heaving sea of misgivings. There is still one article left us (thank Goodness!) which is perfectly free from adulteration. It is harmless, always genuine, and, no matter what quantity it is taken in, can never do harm, but, on the contrary, is sure to do good. The article we allude to is labelled "*Punch*," and may confidently be recommended as never having contained the smallest grain of adulteration, in the way of wit, or common sense, or any other of the healthy ingredients of which it is usually compounded.

THE HAT FOR 1851.

Hatter. "YOU COULDN'T HAVE A MORE BECOMING HAT, SIR—AND THEY'LL BE A GREAT DEAL WORN AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION."

GUTTA PERCHA HATS.

WE have seen advertised Gutta Percha Hats. We should be sorry to wear one of these hats on a *melting* hot day, as it might not be so easy to pull off as on. It is clear they would not suit warm-headed gentlemen, either: for if the cry of "hats off!" was suddenly raised, they might experience a great difficulty in taking their hats off—a difficulty which might not always admit of a ready solution. A crowd of hot-headed old gentlemen, for instance, on one of JULLIEN'S Promenade Nights, would, the moment "*God save the Queen*" was struck up, be all knocked on the head, and turned out summarily, like so many Red Republicans. We should also recommend gentlemen who wear wigs to avoid these Gutta Percha Hats; for supposing the heat were anything excessive, they might discover, if they had occasion to salute a lady, that their peruque went off simultaneously with the salute. The only persons whom the Gutta Percha Hats are likely to suit, would be the Quakers, as they are known to take off their hats less than any other people; so probably they might take to a hat whose greatest recommendation would be never to fly off, but to "stick to a person through thick and thin."

Rank Deception.

A CAB-DRIVER was brought up a few days ago for smashing a Brougham. His defence was a general character for humanity; and he brought several witnesses to prove that he could not have smashed a Brougham, for he never hurt a fly.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN (EX) UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

THE FRIENDS OF THE (EX) UNPROTECTED FEMALE FAVOUR HER WITH THEIR VIEWS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES, BY WHICH SHE IS BROUGHT TO THE VERGE OF DESPAIR AND EMIGRATION.

SCENE.—*The Dining-room of* MR. SMITHERS (*of the firm of* SMITHERS, GUNSTON, AND CO.) *after dinner. The Party consists of the* EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE (JONES *being still out of town*), MR. SMITHERS, MRS. SMITHERS, JACK SMITHERS, *the two* MISSES SMITHERS, *the* REV. OLINTHUS SMITHERS, *the* REV. GRIMES WAPSHOTT (*who assisted the* REV. OLINTHUS *at the ceremony which transformed* MARTHA STRUGGLES *into* MARTHA JONES), *and* MRS. GRIMES WAPSHOTT, GORHAMBURY GUNSTON, ESQ. (*the junior member of the firm*), MR. TRUMBULL (*the Co.*) *and* LADY, MR. DODDLES (*a nervous young man, with an attachment to the mature* MISS SMITHERS), *and* MR. JOSEPH JERRAMS (*the only one of the fast friends of* JACK SMITHERS *whom he is ever allowed to bring to the family mansion, where he is usually alluded to by the eldest* MISS SMITHERS, *as* "*one of* JOHN'S *low associates.*") *The conversation has of course turned on the Crystal Palace.*

Mr. Smithers (*who is considered eminently* "*cautious*" *in the City*). Well, I don't know. It's a wonderful undertaking, no doubt, but dangerous, I'm afraid—though I don't know.

[*Sips a glass of the very curious old tawny port at* 64.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*who has a great respect for* MR. SMITHERS, *and is alive to danger, as usual*). Eh? Oh, then, MR. SMITHERS, you *do* think there's something in the columns and things——

Jack Smithers (*who is unfeeling in his jokes*). A bag of nails, they say, and a piece of sacking found plugging one of 'em up.

Miss Smithers (*severely*). John, how *can* you? MRS. JONES means something out of the perpendicular, papa.

Mr. Smithers (*oracularly*). Well, I don't know—there *may* be, though PAXTON is a very clever man, no doubt—but they say there ought to have been more concrete under the pillars—however, I dare say CUBITT would see to *that*. CUBITT is a practical man—highly respectable—in every way.

Mr. Jerrams (*with much gravity*). I was sorry to hear they were pumping the water out of the building with steam-engines, after the shower yesterday.

Ex-Unprotected Female. Goodness gracious, me!

Mr. Smithers. Ah—indeed—well—I don't know. [*Shakes his head.*

The Rev. Grimes Wapshott (*who is fond of* "*improving*" *the Exhibition in an uncomfortable way*). It appears to me that, awful as the material danger of this new Tower of Babel may be—you'll excuse my using the expression, MR. SMITHERS—the spiritual danger is much more awful, MRS. JONES.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*who sits under the* REV. GRIMES WAPSHOTT, *and looks up to him accordingly*). Oh! really, do you think so, MR. WAPSHOTT?

The Rev. Grimes (*making himself up for a burst*). Indeed, I do, MRS. JONES. When I think of the flood of French infidelity it will let loose upon us; the benumbing poison of German rationalism on the one hand—I'll thank you for an orange, MR. JOHN SMITHERS—and the grovelling mummeries of Italian image-worship on the other—thank you, I'm drinking port—not to speak of the Sabbath-breaking caused by the sale of fruit and articles of confectionary about the building, and its tendency to puff up poor worms of men, and make miserable sinners think of their wretched bodies—the port, if you please; thank you—I tremble, MRS. JONES; I assure you, I tremble.

The Ex-Unprotected Female (*who has been trembling also*). Oh! indeed, it's enough to make one, MR. WAPSHOTT; and what with the Roman Catholics, and the POPE, and CARDINAL WISEMAN, and their nunneries, and poor MISS TALBOT, I'm sure one doesn't know when one's safe—one really doesn't.

Mrs. Grimes Wapshott (*who takes an ascetic view of life, and lives under the constant shadow of the Seven Hills*). Have you read the *Female Jesuit in the Family*, MRS. JONES?

Ex-Unprotected Female. No, Ma'am; is it very dreadful?

Mrs. Grimes Wapshott (*with gloomy cheerfulness*). It shows us we are not safe in the bosoms of our homes—that's all. I hope you've looked to the religious principles of your cook and housemaid, MRS. JONES?

Ex-Unprotected Female (*clasping her hands*). Oh, Goodness! yes—I think so. They are always asking to go out to Chapel. But I never asked which Chapel they went to, and it may be the Roman Catholic Chapel.

John Smithers (*joyously*). Ah! you ought to inquire, MRS. JONES; for they say a good many young women of the first Roman Catholic families are going out as cooks and housemaids, with a view to making converts.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*reflectively*). No—I don't think ours can be girls of good family. I'm sure Cook drinks.

Mr. Doddles (*timidly*). I'm told they found three casks of gun-

powder the other day in the Exhibition, which ought to have been coffee.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*clutching* MISS SMITHERS *convulsively*). Oh, my dear, only think of that!

Gorhambury Gunston (*who is of an aristocratic turn of mind, a sporting man, and a Protectionist*). Oh! I dare say—some of the foreign democrats, of course. Serves our precious Government right. There'll be a fine row this summer, you'll see.

Mr. Smithers, sen. Ah! indeed. Well, I don't know. Those Socialists are desperate fellows, to be sure; but then there's the police.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*mournfully*). Oh! but then they're never to be found when they're wanted; and I'm sure, if it's like Coram Street, the Socialists might carry off the statue of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, himself, and never see a policeman from beginning to end of it.

Mr. Doddles (*eagerly*). I'm told there's three thousand Hungarians, with their arms and accoutrements, lodging somewhere in Camberwell, ready to break out at any moment they get the word—and they'll get it, too!

Miss Smithers, jun. Oh! MR. DODDLES—how can you?

Ex-Unprotected Female. Oh, good gracious, me! MR. DODDLES—How ever *can* you?

Miss Smithers. And then those Hungarians are such wretches! You know it's the Croats, mamma, we used to read about in the *Illustrated London News*.

Mrs. Smithers (*solemnly*). I'm aware, my dear—and whose conduct to females—was—not to be mentioned.

Ex-Unprotected Female. But why ever do they let them come here?

Gorhambury Gunston (*with fiendish malignity*). Oh, that's Free Trade, MRS. JONES!—that's Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, you know!

Ex-Unprotected Female (*decisively*). Then they ought to be ashamed of themselves; and so ought PRINCE ALBERT.

Mr. Trumbull (*shaking his head*). Yes, I think it's rash; and if anything should happen to HER MAJESTY—I mean besides the building tumbling down, of course——

Mr. Smithers. Yes—of course—TRUMBULL—of course—but I don't know. HER MAJESTY is very much beloved—safe in the hearts of her people. Here's HER MAJESTY'S health, gentlemen (*the* QUEEN *is drunk*). Though, to be sure, there's your LOUIS BLANC, and FEARGUS O'CONNOR, and those chaps—that won't stick at anything!

Ex-Unprotected Female. Oh, then, you do think there'll be something dreadful, MR. SMITHERS?

Mr. Smithers. Well, my dear MRS. JONES, I really hardly know what to think; but they *do* say there's likely to be an accident with the building.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*who mentally beholds herself a crushed and mangled corpse*). An accident!—oh, Goodness, Gracious!

Mr. Jerrams (*mournfully*). And the nuisance of the sparrows is getting worse and worse every day. They've taken to build in the water-pipes now—(*the* EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE *looks deeper agony*.)

Rev. Grimes Wapshott. I believe the building's perfectly safe—(*The* EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE *blesses him in her heart*). *I* think most of the awful spiritual consequences of letting loose upon us the poison of German rationalism, the flood of French infidelity, and the mummeries of Italian image-worship——(*The* EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE *relapses into despair*.)

Gorhambury Gunston. Well, I don't think there's any danger to the Church. I think we may trust to the sound Protestant feeling of the country. (*A ray of hope breaks in on the* EX-UNPROPECTED FEMALE.) But I expect it will ruin our trade entirely—inundate us with foreign goods, and take all the gold out of the country.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*remembering her dividends*). What! the Government Funds and all?

Mr. Doddles. Now, I think the Exhibition will be very good for trade, you see. It will set an immense deal of money about.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*bitterly*). Of course it will—but if it's *our* money—the Government Funds, I mean——

Mr. Doddles. But I expect there will be a revolution. You see, there's the French Communists, and the German Refugees, and the Italian Democrats, and the Hungarian Honveds, and the American Sympathisers, and the Chartists, and the Red Republicans, and GAVAZZI, and the Christian Socialists, and LEDRU ROLLIN, and MR. REYNOLDS—and they're all sworn in a conspiracy, I'm told, to upset everything; and of course that will convulse society, unless the police put a stop to it.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*who has breathlessly followed this awful enumeration*). Police, indeed! Oh! why don't all well-disposed people go away this instant, and emigrate to the Continent, or New Zealand, or Australia, or somewhere? (*with the inspiration of despair.*)—What *is* the good of staying here, to have one's Government upset, and one's money in the Funds taken—and one's throat cut—and one's religion perverted—and one's trade ruined. Oh! Good Gracious! MR. SMITHERS, what ever ought PRINCE ALBERT to think of himself!

Mr. Smithers (*shakes his head*). Well! I'm sure I don't know MRS. JONES.

[*A general shaking of heads follows.* MR. JOHN SMITHERS *winks at* MR. JOSEPH JERRAMS. *The* EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE *indulges in despair.* MRS. SMITHERS *rises with mournful dignity, and waves the Ladies to the Drawing-room.*

KILRUSH COOKERY.

THE Guardians of the Kilrush Union ought really to publish a cookery-book of their own, for some of their inventions throw even SOYER into the shade for economy—whatever may be said of the nutriment which their wonderful concoctions may afford. The London milkmen will be grateful for the intelligence that there is something cheaper even than chalk and calves' brains, to increase the supply of the "genuine milk" from that mysterious cow who is kept so completely in the background, though furnishing such floods of the lacteal liquid from day to day. The Kilrush prescription for making new milk requires a gallon of water, half-a-pound of ground rice, a little flour, and a little real milk, to make two gallons of "new milk *from* the cow"—but how remote "from the cow" it is not necessary to specify.

The above will no doubt whet the public appetite for further specimens of Kilrush cookery, which we trust will be forthcoming for the benefit of all economical families.

WHAT WILL BE WANTED AT THE EXHIBITION.

OWING to the extent of the Exhibition, we think a Map will be wanted to explain to travellers the line of country they are traversing. Great ingenuity might be displayed in giving names to the many hundred streets formed by the different counters. Capital towns, and the names of great men, for which the respective countries are distinguished, might stand sponsors on the occasion. Thus, *Shakspeare Street* might form the principal street of England—*Rue d'Alexandre Dumas* would be sufficient to tell the Exhibition *voyageur* that he was at that moment in France—and *Platz von Herr von Joël* would at once give the necessary information, that Switzerland was the country whose *Gruyère* cheeses were exacting the visitor's passing admiration; whilst, if that celebrated *sifflеur* was on the spot to whistle some of his most bird-like airs, there could not be a doubt about the matter. Some such system as the above will be requisite, or else a person will be losing himself in the middle of China without knowing where he is, or roaming amongst the savages of Africa whilst he is only communing with the French at Algiers.

A Directory, also, would aid a person in the pursuit of his investigations,—or else we pity the postman who has to deliver a letter in the Exhibition to any one of the thousand BROWNS, JONESES, and ROBINSONS who will be installed there. But the Directory, of course, could not be proceeded with until the Map was perfected,—for it would be folly to go in search of a man, until you knew the name and number of the street in which he lived. It becomes all the more urgent, therefore, to proceed with the Map as quickly as possible, or else we shall be surprised some morning with an advertisement like the following in the second column of the *Times*:—

ARABELLA is ENTREATED to return to her disconsolate Husband, from whom she got separated yesterday in the great crowd of the EXHIBITION. He is waiting most anxiously for her at the Tenth Pillar, opposite the Cake Stall, in the Middle Aisle, near the Statue of Despair, on the right-hand side as you enter at the North Gate. To facilitate the recognition, he is wearing a white hat. Come, dearest Arabella: your devoted Husband will not abandon his post till the very last minute of the usual dinner hour.

Two of a Trade can never, &c.

MANY of our Dramatic Authors have sent in their names to the General Interpreters' Society, with the laudable intention of offering their talented services as interpreters to distinguished Frenchmen, during the forthcoming season. They have sent in several of their most successful pieces as testimonials of their ability. The usual Interpreters are calling out loudly against this interference, which they characterise as being all the more ungenerous, as, with a far better knowledge of the French language than the Dramatic Authors, they have never thought of interfering with their business. But they declare, if the latter persist in their intention, that they will have no other alternative—much as they will lose in public estimation by the step—than to turn Dramatic Authors!

MAY DAY, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE.

MRS. BAKER'S SECOND FLOOR.

THERE never was,—*Mr. Punch*,—never such a man as BAKER. He will so have his own way. A woman might as well have been married to a steam-engine of forty horses' power! Here is the world's show, with the Glass Palace—which, by the way, wants nothing but to be lined outside with quicksilver to make it all that a woman could wish—here is the whole earth making all its ends meet, and BAKER—my husband, I was going to say, unfortunately, but I'll keep my temper, though I am his wife—my husband, PETER BAKER, will so put himself over the heads of his fellow-creatures, that he won't, on no account, be brought to take a penny of their money. That is, he wouldn't, if he had his own way; which, as being the mother of BAKER's children, it is my duty he never shall have.

Mr. Punch, if there is anything for which you are cherished in the bosoms of families, it is for your tenderness towards what is called—with no compliment, as I take it—the weaker sex. And why are we the weaker? Not by Nature, but by Act of Parliament. Only give women *their* House of Commons, and see if we wouldn't be a match for the strongest of you. But that's not my complaint at present; but this.

We have the prettiest little mansion—BAKER *will* call it a bird-cage—in Wallflower Row, Camden Town: at the present minute, with its bright green shutters, and red sashes, and a bran-new Insurance plate of the Hand-in-Hand, upon the wall—and the brass door-handle shining like MOSES's gold—and the scraper black-leaded—with primroses in the window—and muslin curtains—and a lark singing outside on his turf, as if his throat wouldn't hold his happiness,—altogether, I will say it, a love of a house; that *is*, a real bit of Paradise! Yes; I am bold to say, when the smell of the paint goes quite off, sitting in our front parlour, you'd think yourself in the Garden of Eden!

Well, with such a mansion and at such a time—with a mansion of six rooms, and only fourteen in family—for up to the present, we've only nine children, my mother, myself, sister SARAH—who's every day going to be married, and lives with us till she's quite settled—SUSAN, the maid, and—yes, and BAKER—with only fourteen in family, and such a house, ought we to fly in the face of fortune, and shut our doors to the stranger? Such were my words to BAKER, and I might as well have thrown 'em away upon the hippopotamus.

However, when I've a thing in my head, I'm no more to be turned aside than a crocodile. What do I do but go to MR. BETTERTON SOCK, who lives, somehow, at the milk-shop; a great scholar, cut off from thousands a-year—as MRS. SOCK so often tells me—by the will of an uncle, who, when he heard that his nephew had gone upon the stage—for nothing could keep him off of it—painted his house black, and let his beard and nails grow for the wounded honour of the family,—what did I do but go to MR. SOCK, and ask him to write me a beautiful advertisement, a little spiced and coaxing like, as if it was a thing for a theatre royal play-bill—yes, just an advertisement of our second floor. I wanted to let the first; but I knew it was of no use. We sleep in that; and BAKER would as soon give up his life as give up his bed-room. Else, what money it would have brought! With that beautiful cane-coloured four-poster; and the bed furniture, an Indy wood, with poll-parrots pecking at citrons and oranges, and humming-birds buried in flowers, and the EMPEROR OF CHINA and his Court taking the air in palankeens—(the very furniture that was my grandmother's, that I brought to BAKER when I married him, that is at this minute as fresh as a new-blown rose)—what would such a bed have brought? But I know one might as well take a vulture by the tooth as talk about it to BAKER.

So I just told MR. SOCK that I wanted to let my second floor, and asked him to draw it up in a nice way for the newspaper; whereupon, MR. SOCK takes pen and ink, spreads his left hand like a plaster all over his forehead, and after biting the pen a bit, and making mouths at the ceiling, he writ what follows below:—

TO THE STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.—A SISTER of the Great HUMAN FAMILY (about to visit London) proffers the Palm Branch of Hospitality! Her TENT is pitched within a pleasing pilgrimage of the CRYSTAL PALACE; the oasis of the Regent's Park shining in its emerald green betwixt her and the WORLD'S FAIR. A Second Floor, divided into two rooms, is the happy home—on the most moderate terms—awaiting a small Family. A gentleman and his wife may be accommodated with more than Arab cordiality. Or two Gentlemen would be preferred. No Persons of the Turkish persuasion need apply. Terms, Four Guineas a week, Boots included; if with latch-key, Five Pounds Ten. Apply, personally, at No. 1., Wallflower-Row, Camden Town.

There, *Mr. Punch*, I call that a beautiful thing, out of the common way; and for all that, when I laid it in the newspaper before MR. BAKER, he called it trumpery, and begged to know if the wife of his bosom was n't gone clean mad?

"What do you mean by second-floor—where do you find it?" asked BAKER.

"Where do I find it!" said I, "why what's the floor above us?"

"The garrets, and you know it; the garrets, where you can't swing a cat!"

"Garrets, indeed! That's how you pull down everything. I've had them beautifully papered with a paper that's coloured with a tobacco-plantation, with slaves and all, as nat'ral as life; and if, in these times, that second floor isn't worth a poor four guineas a week it's worth nothing.

"And, MRS. BAKER,"—said BAKER to me, in a manner as if I was a wild woman, without feelings for my little ones—"and what do you intend to do with the children? Where are they to sleep?"

I didn't answer him—I wouldn't trust myself; as if I hadn't taken good care of beds for the whole precious nine of 'em somewhere in the house.

But the fact is, *Mr. Punch*, BAKER—though he's my husband—is a man without what is called public spirit. He does nothing but abuse the Crystal Palace; and has no notion of turning an honest penny upon hospitality. And this, too, at a time when everybody's throwing their doors open; and the World's Family are meeting at our firesides—and when, with a little squeezing for a few weeks, more than a twelve-month's rent is to be made out of one's foreign relations.

However, I only wish you could see our second floor! I did think of following MR. BETTERTON SOCK's advice—only BAKER is such a man—and sending out cards to all the newspapers to come and look at it, with sherry and ham-and-beef sandwiches; but, *Mr. Punch*, if Wallflower Row, Camden Town, doesn't lie in your morning's walk, you may take my word for it that two sweeter, livelier rooms—'specially since I've hung up four canary-birds in each, to give a life to the tobacco-paper, where there's the tobacco in every stage, from blossom to leaf—as the paper-hanger told me—with the slave and his whip, all the more to show off to our foreign brothers the freedom of BRITANNIA's soil,—

If, as I say, you can't come yourself to Wallflower Row, you may——

But I'm interrupted by a double-knock.——I've put my head out of window.—Two foreign brothers come, as MR. SOCK says, to demand the hospitality of our second floor.

THE MAY QUEEN.

YOU must see they call me early—call me early, that's a dear!
To-morrow will be the least of a joke of all days in the year.
No doubt 'twill go off well, love—but still 'tis a trying day;
For I am the Queen, and it's May, my dear; I am the Queen, and it's May.

I'll go through it without a sigh, love, for your sake and for mine;
But, oh, how happy I shall be when we get home to dine!
I hope they'll have it over soon, and let us get away;
For I am the Queen, and it's May, my dear; I am the Queen, and it's May.

Pray, tell Gold-Stick in waiting, that the moment he awake
He'll have all the Bed-chamber Ladies up before the day doth break.
You know those horrid Robes of State must be put on for the day;
For I am the Queen, and it's May, my dear; I am the Queen, and it's May.

Little ALBERT shall go with us—it is well he should be seen;
And you'll take care and bow, dear, when they cry "GOD save the QUEEN!"
When I can't bow to them myself, any longer, that's to say;
For I am the Queen, and it's May, my dear; I am the Queen, and it's May.

There's COLONEL ROWAN round the porch will muster all his powers;
And I trust, to damp our pleasure, we shan't have any showers;
You know I carry the sunshine where I go, as the people say;
For the Queen, 'tis always May, my dear; for the Queen, 'tis always May.

The carts still come and go, I hear, unto the house of Glass;
And the helpless folks in Knightsbridge, they grumble as they pass;
But, of course, dear, all must be ready, or what will the people say?
For I am the Queen, and it's May, my dear; I am the Queen, and it's May.

I haven't the least doubt, love, there'll be no behaving ill;
That they'll cheer us, as usual, down Constitution Hill;
That for rich and poor alike 'twill be a merry-making day;
For I am the Queen, and it's May, my dear; I am the Queen, and it's May.

So you'll see they call me early—call me early, that's a dear!
To-morrow will be a triumph for you, love, never fear;
But still you know it's sure to be a very fatiguing day;
For I am the Queen, and it's May, my dear; I am the Queen, and it's May.

A GEOGRAPHICAL CON FOR ALL NATIONS.

WHERE was Happiness born?
"Happiness was born a Twin," Sir, (*at Windsor*).

THE ORIGINAL AGAPEMONE IN DANGER.

CERTAIN persons think it is rather to be regretted that, in consequence of some recent phenomena of Roman Catholic life, public attention has been called to the subject of nunneries. There is reason to apprehend that some measure for the visitation of these establishments will be enacted by an heretical Legislature. People are beginning to ask why lunatic asylums are subjected to so rigorous a system of supervision, whilst conventual institutions are wholly exempt from inspection — as if there were any similitude or analogy between a madhouse and a monastery. Perfect holiness presides, and always did preside, over all the arrangements of "religious houses." Immorality never showed his nose inside the walls of any of them. Cruel punishments, in the name of penances, were never inflicted on their inmates. No nun was ever buried alive for broken vows; and when WALTER SCOTT, in *Marmion*, represented so murderous an atrocity as having been committed by the "servants of ST. BENEDICT," he told a deliberate falsehood, at the instigation of the Deuce.

FEWEST WORDS SOONEST MENDED.

WE understand that during the visit of the French to London, an evening will be set apart at every London theatre, when a piece will be performed without dialogue, as the action will speak for itself, and will afford a picture of French life which every Parisian—in the habit of visiting the theatres of his own city—will at once recognise. The dialogue would be a mere encumbrance in the eyes of a Frenchman not understanding the English language; and the incidents, as shown in action, will be such as he will from previous acquaintance speedily catch the meaning of. We have only to recommend the restoration of the French titles to all the "new and original" pieces that have been produced on the English stage for the last year or two; so that the play-goer from the other side of the water may select those pieces with the plots of which he is already familiar. Considerable success has attended the publication of songs without words; and we have no doubt of an equally happy result to the experiment of plays without dialogue.

Eastward Hoe for the Aristocracy.

ROTTEN ROW is now—pretty much what its name implies. In fact it may be pronounced to be decidedly in a state of decomposition. The notion of providing a substitute for it by cutting out a horse-course in Kensington Gardens, is unpopular, and, indeed, atrocious. The superior classes had better abandon Hyde Park for this season, and retire for quietude to that part of Town which hitherto has rejoiced in the appellation of slums. We would suggest to the equestrian and vehicular aristocracy the propriety of seeking a temporary Row and a succedaneous Ring, in Victoria Park, Bethnal Green.

CHURCH RATS.

A Ballad for the Day.

YE who would heere of DICKE TURPYN,
Or JERRYE ABERSHAWE,
A yarn aboute a knave I 'll spin
As grete as anye outlawe.

Thys knave he was an Ynglyshe clerke,
As manye more there bee,
That doe the POPE OF ROME hys worke
Among our own clergyè.

Of Church Mice yee have herde before,
On manye a sundry daye;
Church Rattes these vermyn be, ryght sore,
Which on the Churche do prey.

At Oxforde Universityè,
Where most parsons doe wend,
Thys Rat did unto Poperyè
His mynd begyn to bende.

Yett orders hee anon did take,
Although with doubtfull mynd;
But, as a rogue small bones dothe make,
The Articles he sygned.

Therebye he gott a living fatt,
Wherein full well he fed,
And half a Papyste, still thys Ratt
Dyd eate the Churche her bredd!

With gold, and carvyng, and with paint
His chancell he trick'd out,
And many an olde wryneckèd Saynt
Pourtrayed the walles about.

The Ynglyshe plain he sholde have redd
He chaunted and yntoned,
As yff prayères shold not be said,
But snofled, drawled, and droned.

By dayelight he did candles brenne,
With flowers about theyr stickes,
Would ducke, and turne, and ducke agayne,
With other soche antickes.

To preche without a surplice on,
He colde not make a shifte,
And wolde have hadd his flocke, eche one,
Confess to hym for shrift.

And then men's wives and daughters went,
For all that they colde say,
And yn the Vestrye wyth him spent
Sometimes nye half the daye!

And other synnes besyde their own
They tolde unto thys knave,
As unto many a man was shown
By certayn lookes he gave.

This Popeysh Ratt yett wolde not goe,
But, longe as he colde staye,
Did in our Ynglish Church burrowe,
And then he ran awaye.

His orders now he did declare
Noe better than a bam,
And his confessionall a snare,
His shrift a hoax and shamm.

He went unto hys lorde the POPE,
And bent to hym the knee;
As all soche Rattes wyll doe, we hope,
As quicklye as may bee.

And *Ponche*, meanwhile, with staunch ferrèt,
And good dog *Tobye* alsòe,
At all such varmyn Rattes will sett,
As hard as he can goe.

CURIOUS CONTRADICTIONS.

A CLOCK never lies so much as when it stands. The reverse of this takes place in Common Law, for there an action never stands so well as when it *lies*.

England finds it easier to make a great man than to make a statue to him.

There is a great resemblance between TATTERSALL'S and the wood-pavement — for all their ways relate to horses;—but there is this slight difference between them—that whereas the one knocks them down, the other knocks them up—and it is a question which of the two in its time has disposed of the greatest Lot?

There never was a nuisance yet so foul, but it was sure to find some one to praise it.

It is the poor shirt-maker who sows, but the slop-seller who reaps the advantage.

It is a kind legislature that takes the same considerate care of human beings as of rats, by allowing arsenic to be publicly sold.

"AN ERROR OF THE PRESS."

WE are glad to find that our contemporary the *Times* was in error in attributing to the Executive Committee the proposed exclusion of the public from the opening of the Great Exhibition. It turns out that the mistake—and it would have been a very great mistake to have committed—arose from the annoyance naturally felt by an illustrious personage to be pressed upon by impertinent and vulgar curiosity, when appearing in public. We, as *the* other illustrious personage of Great Britain, suffer much from the same kind of annoyance; and we are frequently inconvenienced by a crowd of boys at our heels, who sometimes are only dispersed by the vigilance of *Toby*.

We hope the public will behave themselves properly on the First of May; and we particularly entreat the fairer portion of the creation to curb its natural—but extremely inconvenient—curiosity. The ladies got a severe rub on Saturday last when a stop was put to the further issue of tickets for them, although those for gentlemen could be had as usual. It is evident that HER MAJESTY had more annoyance to apprehend from her own, than the opposite sex; and, indeed, we know too well what it is to have a parcel of ladies continually running after one. Even our treatment of *Judy*, which we mean as a salutary warning, seems to have no influence in protecting us against the attentions of the gentler part of the creation. We often wish ourselves the reverse of attractive; but we suppose we must pay the penalty of our dangerous fascinations.

REFINEMENT OF TORTURE.

CERTAIN communications were recently made to the Royal Asiatic Society of London, descriptive of the modes of punishment peculiar to the criminal code of China. A Chinese merchant, convicted of killing his wife, was sentenced to die by *the total deprivation of sleep*. We cannot help thinking what a horrible mode of punishment this would be, if carried out in England. For instance, could any sentence be more terrible than the following:—"Condemned to die by the total deprivation of sleep in the House of Commons!" If it is with difficulty we can avoid falling asleep whilst reading the debates, what must it be for a person who was condemned, for several successive days, to listen to them! But the sentence would be so revoltingly cruel, that it would require, at least, a JUDGE JEFFERIES, or a Poor Law Commissioner, to pronounce it.

A HINT TO THE COMMISSIONERS.

"MON DIEU, ALPHONSE! REGARDEZ-DONC. COMMENT APPELE-T-ON CETTE MACHINE-LÀ?"
"TIENS, C'EST DRÔLE—MAIS JE NE SAIS PAS."

HOUSE OF CALL FOR BEAUX.

THE number of persons likely to visit London this year has been calculated almost to a child.

The number of ladies, it has likewise been calculated, will probably exceed the number of gentlemen by a proportion of, at least, 5 to 1.

This is very agreeable; but the question is, how shall we be able to entertain so many ladies? Are there *beaux* enough to escort them about town?

It is a very well-known and painful fact, that the *beaux* are a very limited class. It is believed that they went out of existence with the hackney-coaches; at all events, you may walk for miles before you meet with one. If, then, the supply is scarcely sufficient to meet the present demand, what will it be when there are another million of ladies imported into London? There will barely be one *beau* to every thirty families!

From the above analysis it is perfectly clear, that, whilst one family is being shown the marvellous wonders of our Metropolis, twenty-nine will have to stop quietly at home. It is out of compassion to those twenty-nine families that we trouble ourselves to make the following proposition:—

We propose that the names of all the available *beaux* about London be collected, and inserted alphabetically, with their heights, and colour of their hair, in a Register to be called "*The Beaux of all Nations.*"

This being done—and the regulation that no Beau should exceed the age of forty-nine, being strictly adhered to—certain houses should be taken in the leading thoroughfares about London, where those Registers should be kept; so that they might be consulted by mammas and chaperons, at all hours of the day.

The small fee of One Shilling should be paid upon each consultation—or subscriptions for the month, or season, might be allowed at an economical rate, entitling the subscriber to an unlimited inspection of the Registers.

The Beaux should be divided into Three Classes.

The First Class should be CITY, or WALKING BEAUX.

The Second should be WEST-END, or CARRIAGE BEAUX.

And the Third, OPERA BEAUX—warranted good for evening parties, pic-nics, horticultural and botanical fêtes, and if need be, Almacks.

The name and address—and, when it will stand the test of inquiry, the pedigree also—of every Beau to be carefully kept in the Register.

As an indispensable condition, every Beau must be well dressed, and partially good-looking.

To facilitate reference, portraits might be appended by the side of the name; or, better still, in order to avoid unpleasant shocks, and guard against disappointments, a small assortment of *beaux* could be kept, ready gloved or spurred, as samples, for inspection in the Office, similar to the plan adopted at many of the Servants' Bazaars.

The rate of subscription should be very moderate, and there should be family subscriptions, as at circulating libraries, to enable a family, where there are many young ladies, to change their sets of beaux as often as they please in the course of the day. A higher rate should be charged for beaux with polished leather boots and white kid gloves.

French beaux to be taken only with the very best references; and no Irish beaux allowed.

Every beau should be well accomplished in all the small talk current about town; should command a smattering of one or two continental languages; should be walking directories of the districts in which their services would be required; should have a general knowledge of shopping and should not be above, if occasion required, carrying a lady's poodle.

Some such valuable institution like the above will be needed, or else the streets of London, during the forthcoming gay season, will be robbed of some of their brightest ornaments, from the fact of nineteen-twentieths of our female visitors not being able to venture out of doors for the want of a proper beau to accompany them. Whereas, with a "*House of Call for Beaux of all Nations*," mamma would have only to walk into the Office, and settle the difficulty at once, by calling "the First Beau off the Bench!"

A Trifle from Sandwich.

AMONG the most interesting objects in the Great Exhibition, will be found a wonderful specimen of the most elaborate carving—consisting of nothing less than a ham, carved into 5000 slices of the most delicate texture, by a waiter at Vauxhall. He has employed his leisure hours for the last twenty years in completing this extraordinary triumph of the art of carving, and so beautiful is the workmanship, that the material is rendered quite transparent; the minutest fibre is plainly traceable; and how there is substance enough left to hold together, is the source of universal astonishment among all who have seen this marvellous piece of waiter-craft.

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

SURELY the Clerk of the Weather has set his face against Fairs; for it is now some years since appropriately fair weather has shone upon the stalls and shows of Greenwich. On Easter Monday and Tuesday the fun of the Fair was destined to experience a very long rain, and a by no means merry one. Parties of Ethiopians were going about in a soaking state, proving the possibility of washing the blackamoor white; and the *Ghost* of RICHARDSON, as he sat in a shower, with his chalked face, eating his bit of bread and cheese, exemplified the fact, that the distinction between chalk and cheese is not always easy; for, in this instance, the chalk and cheese were being sadly mixed together. The *Clown's* dry humour was damped by his wet clothes; and the black ringlets of the *Villain* were hanging, horridly out of curl, over his highly corked countenance. The penny portrait painters could not draw in chalk, or oil, because of the water which ran in torrents through their canvass, and FRAZIER'S Circus, though making a great splash with its horses, was open in vain, for no one cared to see the noble animals plunging and kicking about in the puddles. Even in the town, the weather threw a damp upon everything, for the "Collegians" could get nobody to pay a penny to look at a black beetle under a glass-case, in a pelting shower; and hot water for tea was not required where cold was so plentiful. It would seem that the fates regarded Greenwich Fair as a stain upon us, and are determined to wash it, by giving it a soaking every year, when opportunity offers. Whether it will ever be washed fairly out, is a question we cannot undertake to answer.

ALDERMEN IN OMNIBUSES.

THE world of London—the present world, and the foreign world to come—owe, and will owe, a debt of gratitude to MR. ALDERMAN CARDEN. He has, within these few days, unconsciously suggested a new and important benefit to be obtained from Aldermen in the lump. He has shown how omnibus-conductors travel in fear of Aldermen; and upon learning the dignity of their passengers, become instantaneously changed into perfect gentlemen. Mouths of Billingsgate become mouths of gold. One WILLIAM BURGESS, No. 1540, was summoned by the Alderman for refusing to show his badge; accompanying such refusal with certain flowers of speech, not quite so precious as the pearls and diamonds of the young lady in the fairy tale. Suddenly, No. 1540 learned the civic dignity of his customer, when—in the Alderman's words—the conductor "overpowered him with civility," well-nigh smothered him with roses. Nevertheless, the Alderman, with proper public spirit, summoned 1540, who was fined in a mitigated penalty, in consideration of his miraculous gush of after civility.

Now, we would suggest to the honourable Court of Aldermen a little amount of self-sacrifice during the summer months, with so many thousand strangers omnibus-bound for the Exhibition. We would propose that not a less number than six Aldermen should, day by day, take it in turn to ride, from eight in the morning until ten at night, in omnibuses plying towards the Glass Palace; that the fact of the half-dozen Aldermen so bestowed should be made known, though—as far as possible—the identity of every Alderman should be kept a secret; in order that omnibus-conductors, in doubt whether they carried an Alderman or not, should, upon the very suspicion of such passengers, be as civil to all men—foreign and native—as was the penitent WILLIAM BURGESS to ALDERMAN CARDEN. HAROUN ALRASCHID wandered *incog.* for the good of his subjects: why should not a SIR PETER LAURIE ride unknown for the honour of British hospitality, and the glory of London?

A Popish Mull.

POPE'S *Essay on Man* was a great success. POPE'S Essay on Woman—or the notorious Popish attempt to inveigle a young lady into the "Lodge at Taunton"—has proved decidedly a failure.

MR. PUNCH'S COUNTER AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

As nothing, now-a-days, is complete without the presence of *Mr. Punch*, we have opened a Counter at the Exhibition. It is not for us to admire it—that is a pleasure we cheerfully leave to others. The value of the Counter, however, will be best proved by the following short description of a few articles exhibited in it:—

An Omnibus—that will allow a person to sit down with his hat on, and give him plenty of room for his legs, without incommoding those of other people.

A Lady-Jumper (on the same principle as the Baby-Jumper)—to keep the wife quiet at home whilst the husband goes and enjoys himself at his Club.

A Latch-key—which really has the effect, falsely attributed to most latch-keys, of turning every clock in the house three hours back, directly the husband opens the street-door.

A Machine for quarrelsome households, for enabling strangers to see at once which way the cat jumps.

A new kind of Alarum-bell, in connexion with a Shower-bath and an Italian Organ, for getting lazy servants up in the morning.

A Lodging-House Meatometer—to enable rural visitors to judge, by the quantity of meat that is eaten each day, how much greater their appetite is in town than in the country.

The New Revolver Shirt—that, by turning round a little to the right or left, is made to display in succession the following round of fronts; viz.:—1°. a Coloured Front, *pour la matinée;* 2°. a Plain Front, *pour la promenade;* 3°. a Dress Front, *pour l'Opera, ou le Bal;* and 4°. a Deshabille Front, *pour la nuit;*—thus admirably combining four shirts in one. Singularly adapted for foreigners.

A Machine for making Satin Paper Gloves—to enable persons to make their own gloves, and quite as cheap as envelopes.

The Washable Parasol—that takes on and off, and washes beautifully.

The Revolving Shoe for Horses—purposely invented to enable gentlemen to ride on the wood-pavement, as a horse with this revolving shoe only goes round and round, but never falls.

A Revolving Heel for Young Gentlemen—who cannot waltz without getting giddy.

The VERDI Ear-Protector—to enable a young lady to sit out one of VERDI'S operas without hearing any of the noise.

The Modern Housewife's Best Friend. This consists of an improved kitchen safe, which, by means of a spring, catches the cat (that dreadful domestic marauder, whose voraciousness is only exceeded by his destructiveness) the moment he ventures near it.

The above are only a few of the wonderful things contained in *Mr. Punch's* Counter but they are all we choose to let the public into the secret of this week.

THE CONSCRIPT FATHERS IN SMITHFIELD.

WHEN the city of Rome was entered by a barbarian invader, and all the rest of its inhabitants had fled in dismay, the Patres Conscripti alone remained at their post, sitting in awful dignity, and trusting (no doubt with sufficient reason) to their personal appearance to scare away the savage intruder. As a last resource, our modern Patres Conscripti, the Corporation of London, with Senator and ALDERMAN SIDNEY at their head, might adopt a similar expedient to repel the invasion of Smithfield. Indeed there is now nothing else that they can do; let them, therefore, arrayed in their robes of office, and wearing their most solemn faces, proceed forthwith to the Forum or Market in question, and seat themselves, with stern determination, in the pens and lairs, along with GOG and MAGOG. Their venerable aspect may terrify the sanitary aggressors, who will perhaps regard them as the tutelar deities of the place. A ready answer may be given to the only reason why the Defenders of the Filth should not sit among the pigs. Their official habiliments will suffice to show which are which.

ROYAL BACON (WITHOUT ANY GAMMON).

WE are informed by the *Bury Post* that

"It is understood that in this year there is a *bonâ fide* claim for the ancient guerdon of the gammon of bacon. It is no secret that the applicants, who have now been blessed in the bonds of matrimony about 14 months, are resident at Felstead, the husband being a small farmer of his own land there, and a man of some property."

Pooh, pooh! The applicants have been "blessed in the bonds of matrimony" longer than 14 months. They do not reside at Felstead, but in Pimlico. The husband is a farmer, certainly; but not a small one: and he cultivates agriculture near Windsor—he did make hats once; but has left off that business, and so much the better. It is true that he is a man of some property—having been fortunate in his marriage. *Punch* will say no more, except that the Dunmow Flitch for 1851 is to be called the Royal Flitch, and shown in the Great Exhibition.

OUR NUMBER OF ALL NATIONS.

(Written after Six Lessons in "All Languages without a Master.")

TRULY in these polyglot days, when every newspaper comes out in its three or four languages, and no compositor is worth his salt who can't set up types of all nations as readily as if he had served his time to the Armenian priest-printers at Venice, we are really ashamed of the plain roast-beef and plum-pudding fare that we are in the habit of serving up weekly to our readers. Shamed into foreign tongues, by the example of the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Illustrated London News*, we have done our best to remedy this defect.

First, we tried to get our jokes translated into all languages. For this purpose we engaged, at a very trifling expense, a German gentleman, reputed lively in his own country; a Dutchman, who brought testimonials of sprightliness from his ambassador; a French literary gentleman, M. GOBEMOUCHE, some of whose admirable letters have already appeared in our columns; a Castilian, resident in London, whose national liveliness has resisted even the depressing influence of Spanish bonds; a Turkish gentleman, who gave up, for our sake, a lucrative rhubarb walk; our friend, HE-SING, of the Junk, who declared, in the flowery language of his native land, that his wit should shine as the peacock's feather in the cap of the mandarin; HAMET EL-WAADEE, who is likely soon to be released from his attendance on the Hippopotamus, owing to the rapid increase in size of that animal, and his growing relish for English society; together with eminent professors of the dead languages; and a *Privat-Docent* of Göttingen, who engaged to crack jokes in any language, living, dead, or paralytic, (that is, half dead and half living,) such as the Provençal, the Lithuanian, the Rumonsch of the Graubünten, the Frisian, the Wallachian, and a host besides. For the Celtic tongue we secured an eminent native professor of the Erse, from the brown bog of Connaught (who consented, at our request, to delay his departure on a tour in the southern hay-harvest districts), together with an enthusiastic Cymric master of tongues from the well-known village of Cwmbdfgrbth in Merionethshire, and an interesting Breton from the remotest promontory of Morbihan. We were much pressed to include a corps of gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion, who were willing to have abandoned the sale of the pencil for the use of the pen: and the Aborigines Protection Society in the handsomest manner placed at our disposal their interesting *protéges* Makee-to-pe-ka-to-me-pa (*"the Artful Dodger whose tongue is in his cheek,"*) from the Middle Island of New Zealand, and that truly pious and awakened Caffre, Ma-ka-row. But we were obliged to decline all these valuable offers of service, as we found that the office was already becoming a public nuisance.

Our first attempt was to set our staff of all nations at work to translate the jokes of the current number. The result was not encouraging, and the sufferings of our foreign *collaborateurs* were terrific. Anything like the writhings of the German, in the agonies of a pun, which never came, we do not remember to have witnessed before, even among the cattle in a Smithfield Monday Market. M. GOBEMOUCHE was perfectly satisfied with his own performance; but laboured under the slight disadvantage of a total misconception of the meaning of the English which he was rendering. As for our lively Dutch friend, we have no reason to believe he has yet been brought to comprehend even the nature of a pun; though this may partly be attributable to the fact, that the German would explain to him what he called the "central idea of the *ur-wort-spiel*," or original word-play. The Turk and the Arab put our fun into such very fine language, that it read to us just like MR. LANE'S version of the *Arabian Nights*—in other words, was perfectly unreadable. HE-SING made us talk such intolerable truisms that our richest morsels came out of his hands as dry as bits of his own Junk. Our Göttingen Professor, instead of translating our articles, went hunting up distant philological relationships and remote ethnological affinities all through the room; while the Erse, Cymry, and Armorican took to quarrelling so violently about the relative antiquities of their respective dialects, that it was only by setting them all three on the unhappy Saxon, that they were, at last, induced to keep the peace towards each other.

We need hardly say that we did not recognise our children in their new costumes. They were no more like the good, broad-faced, fat jokes, which we entrusted to the hands of the foreigners, than the pale, long-haired, spindle-shanked, scatter-brained, and staid-mannered boys and girls, that a travel-stricken parent brings home from a running education all over the Continent, are like the rosy, romping, rough-spun family that embarked under his care at Dover six years before. And then, to prevent our jokes from hurting anybody, they had carefully broken off all the points. So we gave up *that* plan of getting out our "NUMBER OF ALL NATIONS."

We then requested our foreign staff to take *our* jokes, and build up their own fun on *our* foundations—not translating, but reproducing us in a foreign guise. This attempt was not more satisfactory than the former.

"Upset" (*uebergesetzt*) into German, we read like so many pages of JEAN PAUL, with a dash of *Kladderadatsch*, and an unpleasant smack of *Fliegende Blätter*.

In French, we were a mere Charivari—a noise of laughter without its music; our playfulness seeming savage, and the infusion of copperas and gall in our ink sensibly increased in amount and acridity.

In Italian, we were mawkish; in Spanish, slow; in Dutch, lumbering; in Erse, Breton and Cymric, horrent with unjointed consonants, and suffering dreadfully from a chronic attack of the gutturals. Who *could* stand "*beatha struidheasaich*" for "good living," or recognise our "seediness" in the frieze coat of a "*nireasbhuidh?*"

In short, we no more liked our foreign clothes, made to our measure, than we had before approved of those produced in imitation of the true British cut by our foreign tailors.

At last, determined to have our confusion of tongues like our neighbours, we determined to turn our extensive acquaintance with foreign languages to account, and to astonish the natives with *Punch's* own Polyglot Leader. Here it is.

"*Der Palast de Crystal, en il Aprimento der Exposicion dell' Industry.*

"Man dira ben que der grosser dramatiker Calderon de la Barca ha fatto come een droom του μελλοντος when he wrote dans son Lances de Amor y Fortuna, of the

'Montes fabrica de plata,
Torres levanta de espuma;
Todo el Reyno de Cristal,
Monstruo de Vidrio, gigante
De zafir, es nuevo Atlante
De la esfera celestial.'

"Ach, meine countrymen, felices ter et amplius, sich multa sanâ kibcûkadar dil bilûrsin, et de pouvoir mit furchtlosen freundlichkeit give la main de fellowship à todo il mundo tambien in the Noor-el Huda como dans der Menar-es-Lena. Egalement strenge en las armas quam in le arte, we may claim for our voor-faadren, the boast so nobly expressed in the Rig-Veda, hiritê pitari, tê virâ, vanâd êtya sva mandiran, na-chirâd êva vidvânsô vêdê dhanushi-cha abhavan. Og nu var le commencement ov Sommeren, and the leaves sono grœne i den skov, and under the bright sonnen-schein the Rance agus her duktûr in her taishvo, and the Printz mid seinem sunu links, gehen im Stoltz and Ruhe through the assembled τροπαια of glorious Art, et de la Nature sommessa und gebiegsame. Dar uno spectacle come qui deûgurmichidê, the sage Confucius would have held it digne d'être geschrieben in ye pun-shoo, though there had been menester di san Kuan-peih inscriver lo in the mingsin paoukien."

And that we flatter ourselves is about enough for the present. If, however, our readers relish this specimen, we are quite ready to write a whole number in the same strain, which, if it wants the strength of the plain Doric, or the elegance of our usual Attic style, may, at least, like the new Houses of Parliament, claim the merit of being an uncommonly rich "composite."

Wonderful Natural Phenomenon.

A GENTLEMAN who has made it his business to attend to the phenomena of the weather during a long series of years, has called our attention to the extraordinary fact, that though Vauxhall opened on the 1st of May, not a drop of rain fell during the whole of the evening. The umbrella-makers, who usually look to the Vauxhall season as their harvest, are in despair; and we really hope, for the sake of the gardens, that instead of being, as usual, all up with their prospects, it may this year be all down with the umbrellas.

VISIONS IN THE CRYSTAL.

SMALL boys, of a nervous temperament and high family, have lately—as genteel society well knows, begun to see wonderful things in crystals. Angels—MICHAEL, GABRIEL, RAPHAEL: the shades of the illustrious dead—JULIUS CÆSAR, SHAKSPEARE, EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, NELSON; the spirits of the Planets; the Kings of the East, West, North, and South, appear to and hold familiar converse with these young gentlemen; who, moreover, communicate with the departed relatives of the beholders; and will bring you best remembrances from your grandmother defunct, or kind regards from your deceased uncle.

Now, *Mr. Punch*—whose *clairvoyance* extends considerably farther into a millstone than that of anybody else, and whose vision is by no means limited to the middle of next week—has also been peeping into the Crystal; THE PAXTON CRYSTAL: that beats DR. DEE's, or any other conjuror's, as a wonder and a marvel, all to nothing.

Immediately on his first peep into the Crystal, *Mr. Punch* found himself fulfilling the request of JOHNSON—

> "Let Observation, with extensive view,
> Survey mankind from China to Peru."

He beheld the whole of ADAM'S race collected together for the first time since they were scattered on the plain of Shinar—shaking hands together, with JOHN BULL in their midst, instructing them in that only genuine mode of fraternising.

The vision then changed; and a grand intercommunication of notions and ideas took place between the various nations—on a principle of mutual instruction carried out on a gigantic scale.

A number of French culinary artists were seen, introducing the art of civilised cookery among the Caribs, and other tribes of savages; and MR. BULL also was—not unsuccessfully—displaying to the same aboriginals the superiority of roast beef over broiled prisoner, and of plum-pudding over boiled missionary. Our Gallic neighbours, also, were giving ourselves certain useful hints on the preparation of nutriment; but our own butchers were supplying them with the raw material. The Turks likewise were contributing their kiebobs, the Russians their *caviare*—to the million, indeed—the Italians their macaroni, towards a family dinner of all the human family. Even Ireland—to complete the omninational harmony—offered her stew.

The dinner over, various loyal toasts were proposed; from the health of our QUEEN to that of the King of the Islands—now no longer Cannibal. Every conceivable wine sparkled on the board; but the most wonderful product of the vintages of all nations was a bottle of real port.

But the nations were not satisfied with teaching each other the art of common good living. To the banquet succeeded a vast pantomimic *conversazione* on the subject of habits, manners, customs, and institutions—good and evil. Russia abandoned the knout; Turkey the bastinado. The POPE OF ROME abolished the Inquisition and burnt the *Index Expurgatorius*. The CZAR granted a general amnesty to the political prisoners in Siberia. The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA made it up with the exiled Hungarians. The French appeared demolishing barricades, and founding in their place good institutions—mostly derived from England. Several individuals of that impetuous nation were also seen saluting a number of the A Division with great politeness, as if, from observing the advantages of British order, they had acquired a respect for a policeman. Even an Italian brigand had so far improved upon his habitual image-worship as to go down upon his knees to a constable's truncheon.

Mr. Punch beheld a great free steam-press like his own at work, and the KING OF PRUSSIA stoking the engine.

Brother JONATHAN also was observed by *Mr. Punch* converting his cow-hide into shoe-leather, and unrivetting the fetters of a black man, to whom he afterwards offered a glass of sherry cobbler and a cigar. The same gentleman also appeared grinding his bowie-knife into a pruning-hook, and selling his revolving pistol to a marine store-keeper.

The scene again changed to a vast iron-foundry, where millions of swords and pieces of ordnance were in course of being melted up in order to be turned into ploughshares and locomotives. The whole concluded with a grand display of fireworks, the materials of which consisted of all the cartridges in the world.

THE LAMENT OF THE MEMBER FOR LINCOLN.

THE First of May has come—and gone—
And there has not been any row;
And I am doomed to rave alone,
And tear my frantic locks—as now!
Whilst I invoked the lightning's flash,
The sun was bright, the sky was blue,
And not a hailstone fell, to smash
One pane of that Transparent Do.

No band of Yankee democrats,
No Socialists, or Reds of France—
In Phrygian caps and napless hats—
Of Revolution seized the chance.
They did not try to burn the Bank—
They did not seek to sack the Tower.
To plunder the abodes of Rank,
And overturn the seat of Power!

They went not to the Regent's Park,
And let the bears and lions loose;
I know they had such projects dark;—
Nay, tell me not that I 'm a goose!
On Manchester and Liverpool
There marched no Communistic crew;
And has Alarm, then, been a fool?
And has Prediction proved untrue?

Safe in the Thames the shipping stands;
Safe is our House, and safe the Peers';
And Downing Street no Chartist hands
Have pulled about those humbugs' ears.
The Palace, too, of Buckingham
Has not been levelled with the ground;
And, oh, that hum, that hoax, that sham,
That glass bazaar is whole and sound!

Yes; that confounded shop of glass,
Made, British hands to undersell!
Those foreign vagabonds, alas!
Perceive it serves their ends too well.
The earth to gulp it will not ope!
The bolt to crush it will not fall!
That Exhibition—and the POPE—
Will be the ruin of us all!

ENGLISH FRENCH AND FOREIGN ENGLISH.

FROM the *patois* now becoming prevalent in our streets, by the awkward attempts of foreigners to speak English, and the still worse attempts of Englishmen to talk in a foreign tongue, our metropolis is likely to earn the name of the modern Babel, rather than that of the modern Babylon. To alleviate the difficulty, it has been proposed to have an office for registered interpreters, and we do not see why these useful articles are not as deserving of registration as shirts and over-coats. The present mixed jargon in which everybody is trying to talk his own language badly, in order to meet half-way those who do not talk it at all, cannot be too speedily abolished. Another feature of the proposed scheme is the exchange of foreign money, which is at present trying the temper of the omnibus conductors to a fearful extent, and they are at present rejecting as "buttons" every thing in the shape of outlandish coin that is offered to them. The extent to which they are dashing their own buttons at the tenders made to them is frightful to contemplate.

Punch's Overland Mail.

WE find, from the Overland Mail, *viâ* Regent Street and Charing Cross, that the successful generals, GRIEVE, ABSALON, and TELBIN, have just made a very brilliant addition to our valuable possessions in that interesting quarter. They have made themselves masters of the Tâj Mehal, with all the valuable treasures it contains; and the spot is now daily visited by hundreds, who are attracted to Waterloo place, just as they might be to the plains of Waterloo.

SIBTHORPE'S GALLANT ATTACK ON STREET NUISANCES.

WHAT I REMARKED AT THE EXHIBITION.

I REMARKED that the scene I witnessed was the grandest and most cheerful, the brightest and most splendid show that eyes had ever looked on since the creation of the world;—but as everybody remarked the same thing, this remark is not of much value.

I remarked, and with a feeling of shame, that I had long hesitated about paying three guineas—pooh-poohed—said I had seen the QUEEN and PRINCE before, and so forth, and felt now that to behold this spectacle, three guineas, or five guineas, or any sum of money (for I am a man of enormous wealth) would have been cheap: and I remarked how few of us know really what is good for us—have the courage of our situations, and what a number of chances in life we throw away. I would not part with the mere recollection of this scene for a small annuity: and calculate that after paying my three guineas, I have the Exhibition before me, besides being largely and actually in pocket.

I remarked that a heavy packet of sandwiches which JONES begged me to carry, and which I pocketed in rather a supercilious and grumbling manner, became most pleasant friends and useful companions after we had been in our places two or three hours: and I thought to myself, that were I a lyric poet with a moral turn, I would remark how often in the hour of our need our humble friends are welcome and useful to us, like those dear sandwiches, which we pooh-poohed when we did not need them.

I remarked that when the QUEEN bowed and courtesied, all the women about began to cry.

I remarked how eagerly the young Prince talked with his sister—how charmed everybody was to see those pretty young persons walking hand in hand with their father and mother, and how, in the midst of any magnificence you will, what touches us most is nature and human kindness, and what we love to witness most is love.

I remarked three Roman Catholic clergymen in the midst of the crowd, amusing themselves with an opera-glass.

I remarked to myself that it was remarkable that a priest should have an opera-glass.

I remarked that when the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY was saying his prayer, the Roman Catholic clergymen seemed no more to care than I should if MR. LONGEARS was speaking in the House of Commons—and that they looked, stared, peered over people's shoulders, and used the opera-glass during the prayer.

I remarked that it would have been more decorous if, during *that* part of the day's proceedings, the reverend gentlemen had not used the opera-glass.

I remarked that I couldn't be paying much attention myself, else how should I have seen the reverend gentlemen?

I remarked my LORD IVORYSTICK and my LORD EBONYSTICK backing all the way round the immense building before the QUEEN; and I wondered to myself how long is *that* sort of business going to last? how long will free-born men forsake the natural manner of walking, with which God endowed them, and continue to execute this strange and barbarous *pas?* I remarked that a royal Chamberlain was no more made to walk backwards, than a royal Coachman to sit on the box and drive backwards. And having just been laughing at the kotoos of honest LORD CHOPSTICK, (the Chinese ambassador with the pantomime face), most of us in our gallery remarked that the performance of LORD IVORYSTICK and LORD EBONYSTICK was not more reasonable than that of his Excellency CHOPSTICK, and wished that part of the ceremony had been left out.

I remarked in the gold cage, to which the ladies would go the first thing, and in which the Koh-i-noor reposes, a shining thing like a lambent oyster, which I admired greatly, and took to be the famous jewel. But on a second visit I was told that that was not the jewel—that was only the case, and the real stone was that above, which I had taken to be an imitation in crystal.

I remarked on this, that there are many sham diamonds in this life which pass for real, and, *vice versâ*, many real diamonds which go unvalued. This accounts for the non-success of those real mountains of light, my "Sonnets on Various Occasions."

I remarked that, if I were QUEEN of England, I would have a piece of this crystal set into my crown, and wear it as the most splendid jewel of the whole diadem—that I would.

And in fact I remarked altogether—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Duality of the (Protectionist) Mind.

THERE were two ladies present at the Protectionist meeting at Drury Lane. These two, however, from the fact of their being only two, created more sensation than two thousand. We know of but two ladies who give their smiling countenances to Protectionism, and they must have been the singular two in question. We allude, of course, to our inseparable pair of old friends,—MESDAMES GAMP and HARRIS. The fact of both ladies having umbrellas with them—with which they kept vigorously thumping the floor—fixes the identity at once. We regret exceedingly that MRS. GAMP was not allowed to "propodge" anything.

PUNCH'S OWN REPORT OF THE OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

May has often belied its character for merriment by occasional fits of gloom, and by appearing in the woolly paletot or over-coat of fleecy clouds; but the first of May in the present year has sufficed to retrieve all former faults of that frequently fickle month, and render it for ever famous in the annals of glorious sunshine and cheerfulness. We had intended to get up with the lark, but there being no local lark to regulate our movements, we accepted as a substitute for the early bird, those well known London black-birds, the sweeps, whose cry was the signal for our rising.

Everything seemed auspicious. Even our razor was in excellent temper, which was fortunate, for had it been obstinate, we should have had a terribly close shave to join in sufficient time the line of equipages, which already, before eight o'clock, extended in one rank—a rank in which no aristocratic distinctions were observed—from the doors of the Crystal Palace to the very centre of the Metropolis. The proudest equipage of the peer was obliged to fall in behind the humblest fly or the ugliest Hansom; there being no privileged order, but the order of arrival. The student in armorial bearings would have had a miscellaneous feast in examining the panels of the various vehicles, which combined all the brilliant blazonry of Burke, with all the mysterious heraldry of the cab-stand.

During the time of waiting for the opening of the doors, good-humour kept up the spirits of all, except some of those who, being driven impatiently by the side of the line, found themselves obliged to retrace their steps on arriving at the park gates, and take their places at the back of the whole string, which had lengthened a mile or so since they had foolishly quitted it. The contents—or rather the non-contents—of the vehicles in this dilemma afforded amusement to those who had fallen in at once with the regulations, and, as the former were seen returning a good deal farther back than the place they came from, it was clear that the occupants of each carriage were throwing, sometimes upon each other, but more often on the unfortunate driver, the blame of their failure. Nevertheless, the arrangements were so excellent, and every foot of ground was so well apportioned, that scarcely any one had room for complaint, except, perhaps, when a passing coal-waggon made every one wish the Wall's-end at the World's End, or when the carts of a suburban milk company, returning from the morning supply of their customers, intruded with their "pure milk" among many who thought themselves for the moment the cream of elegance, and turned somewhat sour at the contact.

The doors were at length reached, and the crowd waiting the arrival of Her Majesty, furnished an exhibition of various kinds of industry not represented within the doors of the Crystal Palace. Every available place for catching a sight of the procession had been taken possession of in every available manner. Our friends, the Bedouins, who, according to the Astleian views of their habits, run about piled on each others' shoulders in pyramids, four or five human stories high, were equalled, if not surpassed, by our native acrobats. Looking at the doubtful security of those forming the capitals of these strangely constructed pillars, we could not help philosophising inwardly on the danger of a high position, even when resting on the shoulders of the people. The trees opposite the principal door seemed to have burst out suddenly into a crop of eager boys, who, in spite of the warnings of the police against the forbidden fruits of juvenile industry, seemed to think every tree a legitimate tree of knowledge, if anything could be learned or seen by climbing it.

In vain did the constable look up at the trees and threaten the juvenile branches, who felt there was little fear of their being taken up, as long as their being got down was impracticable. Here and there an adventurous policeman would climb after the contumacious urchin; but the latter, with provoking levity, would scramble on to some bough too slender to bear the weight of the civil authority, who, however, on this occasion, seldom lost his temper, though sometimes losing his balance.

We now enter the building, and our first care is to find for the beloved *Judy* one of those seats said to have been reserved for ladies.

With our usual good fortune, we secured a front place; and, indeed, where should *Punch* be, but in the foremost ranks of those desirous of showing loyalty and affection to the Sovereign? Having taken up our quarters, we had leisure, for the first time, to admire the wondrous magnificence—the grandeur enhanced by the simplicity—of Mr. Paxton's building. We will not enlarge upon its merits; for *Punch* disdains to echo the general voice; which, in this instance, is, in fact, the echo of the approval *Punch* himself was pleased to bestow on the first design of the architect. Where were the croakers and detractors who knew the building was unsafe, though it was strong enough to bear the weight of their stupidity and malignity combined?—and where, oh where, were the formidable sparrows which we had been told had got irremedially into the building; but which, if they inhabit any nest at all, must occupy some mare's nest or other, of which, happily, no trace is visible?

At length a cheer without, and a flourish of trumpets within, announce the arrival of the Queen—and the Prince, who, by the idea of this Exhibition, has given to Royal Consortship a new glory, or, rather, has rendered for ever illustrious, in his own case, a position too often vibrating between the mischievous and the insignificant. Prince Albert has done a grand service to humanity, and earned imperishable fame for himself by an idea, the greatness of which, instead of becoming less, will appear still greater as it recedes from us. We are as yet too completely face to face with the object to see at once all its grandeur; but it will be more perceptible as we advance, just as the height and extent of the mountain are but partially developed to the traveller who has not yet quitted it.

During the ceremonial, which was of a solemn and imposing nature—and for which we refer to our merely matter-of-fact contemporaries,—it was not surprising that several eyes, including the Royal one, were slightly crystallised in graceful harmony with the Crystal Palace. While the procedings were going on, the attempt to keep the ladies off the seats was given up as hopeless, and it was a pardonable instance of the weakness of human nature, even in that stern piece of stuff, a metropolitan policeman, that the constable, gradually growing absorbed in the overwhelming interest of the scene, appeared to think that the country would excuse him for attending more to the throbbings of his heart than his ordinary beat, and that England would not be too rigorous in expecting every man—that is to say, every policeman—at such a moment to do his duty. Nevertheless, so admirable were the arrangements, that there was at the time specified really no duty to do.

At the conclusion of the ceremonial, a Chinese, carried away, or rather pushed forward, by his enthusiasm, performed suddenly, before Her Majesty, an elaborate salaam, consisting of a sudden act of prostration on his face, and when the individual rose up, the custom at once occurred to us as the cause of the general flatness of feature and particular squareness of nose of that flowery people, who, from their countenance, appear to have been sown broad-cast over a large tract of country.

Beyond comparison, the most gratifying incident of the day was the promenade of the Queen and Prince, holding by the hand their two eldest children, through the whole of the lower range of the building. It was a magnificent lesson for foreigners—and especially for the Prussian princes, who cannot stir abroad without an armed escort—to see how securely and confidently a young female Sovereign and her family could walk in the closest possible contact, near enough to be touched by almost everyone, with five-and-twenty thousand people, selected from no class, and requiring only the sum of forty-two shillings as a qualification for the nearest proximity with royalty. Here was a splendid example of that real freedom on the one hand, and perfect security on the other, which are the result of our constitutional monarchy, and which all the despotism and republicanism of the world cannot obtain elsewhere, let them go on as long as they may, executing each other in the name of order, or cutting each other's throats in the name of liberty. It was delightful to see the smiling confidence of the Queen, as—leaning on her husband's arm, the father and the mother each holding by the hand one of the royal children—she acknowledged the heartfelt cheerings of the enthusiastic but perfectly orderly multitude.

The only blot, as we thought, upon the whole proceedings, were the unnatural and crab-like movements of one of our wealthiest peers, the Marquess of Westminster, and his fellow-official, the Lord Chamberlain, whose part in the pageant consisted of the difficult, but not very dignified, feat of walking backwards, during the progress of the procession. We hope the time is not far distant when, among the other sensible arrangements of the present reign, a wealthy nobleman may be released from the humiliation of having to perform before the Sovereign and the public a series of awkward evolutions, which not all the skill of the posture-master can redeem from the absurdity attaching to the contortions of the mountebank.

Not the least interesting incident of the day was a little bit of by-play between the DUKE OF WELLINGTON and the MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY, who, when preparing to form the procession, engaged in a slight contest, or rather passage, of arms, one attempting to pass the arm of the other through his own as the privilege due to seniority. The Duke eventually succeeded in causing the Marquess to surrender his arm, which the latter never did before; and the two veterans, who had been often side by side on the field of battle, proceeded side by side among the triumphs of the peaceful contest of Industry.

A SKETCH MADE AT THE OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

We have left ourselves no space, had our emotions left us inclination, to notice all, or any, of the wonders of the Great Exhibition, to which we hope often to go, for the profit, not of ourselves alone, but of the public, whom we mean to make our constant companions in our numerous anticipated visits. We could not help, however, being struck by the glaring contrast between large pretension and little performance, as exemplified in the dreary and empty aspect of the large space claimed by and allotted to America. An enormous banner betokened the whole of the east end as devoted to the United States; but what was our astonishment, on arriving there, to find that their contribution to the world's industry consists as yet of a few wine-glasses, a square or two of soap, and a pair of salt-cellars! For a calculating people, our friends the Americans are thus far terribly out in their calculations.

THE ROTATION OF THE EARTH.

To the Editor of "Punch."

"SIR,—Allow me to call your serious and polite attention to the extraordinary phenomenon, demonstrating the rotation of the Earth, which I at this present moment experience, and you yourself or anybody else, I have not the slightest doubt, would be satisfied of, under similar circumstances. Some sceptical and obstinate individuals may doubt that the Earth's motion is visible, but I say from personal observation it 's a positive fact.

"I don't care about latitude or longitude, or a vibratory pendulum revolving round the sine of a tangent on a spherical surface, nor axes, nor apsides, nor anything of the sort. That is all rubbish. All I know is, I see the ceiling of this coffee-room going round. I perceive this distinctly with the naked eye—only my sight has been sharpened by a slight stimulant. I write after my sixth go of brandy-and-water, whereof witness my hand, "SWIGGINS."

"*Goose and Gridiron, May 5th.*, 1851."

"P. S. Why do two waiters come when I only call one?"

*** We hope our correspondent did not conclude his evening in the station-house.—PUNCH.

THE INCOME-TAX.

A SCENE FROM *PUNCH'S* "FAUSTUS."

SCENE.—*The Interior of the* CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S *Office in Downing Street.* MEPHISTOPHELES *solus.*

Meph. The sturdy Moralist up yonder knew
Who the first Whig was. Anyhow, we 're stanch!
'Twere mean and shabby to desert one's own
In time of need. My friend that sleeps within
In me has one, at least, to take his part.
They are at hand.
[*Disguises himself as the* CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.
What he would do without me
The Deuce knows—or he *should* know—for *I* don't.
So! [*Enter Deputation of Sufferers to complain of the Income-Tax.*
Now, your pleasure, worthy gentlemen?
1*st Suff.* Right honourable Sir, we come to crave
A due adjustment of the Income-Tax,
Whose most unequal pressure galls us sore,
And cripples our small means.
Meph. Thy calling, friend?
1*st Suff.* Sir, a poor Author.
Meph. Poor! What say'st thou? Poor?
Thank Luck thou hast an Income-Tax to pay!
And thine?
2*nd Suff.* A Tailor, Sir.
Meph. Poor sufferer!
Yet, 'tis not hard for thee to clip and pare.
Come, cut thy coat according to thy cloth.
Of what complain ye?
1*st Suff.* Sir, that our hard earnings
No less a tax than rent or interest pay;
Which, pinching Income, spares fat Property.
Meph. What property hast thou?
1*st Suff.* Just half-a-crown,
Within this pocket: the rest my brain must earn.
Meph. Well; then thy Income is thy Property,
And it is Property in those that pays.
2*nd Suff.* But ours is ready cash more than Stock or Land.
Meph. What then?
3*rd Suff.* We 're cozened, cheated, swindled, robbed.
Meph. Sweet Sir, fair words. Pray do we rob the lamb
Because we don't—or you don't—shear the pig?
Dost e'er eat mutton?
3*rd Suff.* Ay, when I can get it.
Which is not always—thank your Schedule D.
Meph. Then eatest mutton—and thou hast the face
To grumble for that thou art victimised!
Victimisation is a law of Nature:
Victims there must be—hares, and deer, and doves,
As well as hawks and eagles, hounds and squires.
1*st Suff.* The stronger back should bear the heavier burden.
Meph. Ay—but the greater strength will throw it off.
You 'd have the tax on Income justly shared
By Property that laid it on; a boon
Which I can only wish that you may get.
1*st Suff.* Evasion, therefore, is our sole resource;
Cheated, to cheat; encounter fraud by fraud,
Extortion meet by lies; and as we 're done——
Meph. To do. [*Bows them out.*

"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."

THERE has recently been a cattle-show in Dublin, and we congratulate the sister country on being able to produce a supply, however small, of fat stock of any kind. We must, however, object to the personality shown in the following *bonâ fide* extracts from the printed catalogue:—

"26. R. MOORE O'FARRELL, Esq., M.P.—[A foreign Ass, from Malta.]
"636. JAMES FAGAN, Esq., M.P., Malahide.—[A Fat Pig.]
"678. ALDERMAN GRESHAM.—[One of the largest Hog Pigs in Ireland.]"

Surely there must be something more than mere coincidence in these remarkable *items*. We could get over "MOORE O'FARRELL, Esq., M.P., a foreign ass from Malta," as a possibility; but when we come to the alderman, "one of the largest hog-pigs in Ireland," we fear there is a little playful malignity in the case that is scarcely excusable.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

THE Protectionists at Drury Lane in the morning—*The Robbers* at Drury Lane at night! Why give us the same performance, MR. ANDERSON, twice on one day? Or is this but the Drury Lane revival of *The Rivals*.

THE NOSE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS PUT OUT OF JOINT BY THE YOUNG ELEPHANT.

MAY-DAY IN LONDON, ACCORDING TO JONATHAN.

[*Expressly Made for the "New York Herald."*]

OUR worst hopes are verified; the Glass Palace has opened and shut. The contributions obtained—pillaged is the word—by the selfishness of the Britisher from all the ends of the confiding earth, are scattered amongst the great social family of man, collected in London—(as has already been trumpeted through the eternal columns of the *Herald*)—for that express and determined purpose. But I hasten, with my coat off and my shirt-sleeves tucked up for the glorifying occasion, to chronicle and arrange the scattered reports brought to me by my faithful liners. I did not myself descend to the pavement until late on the night of the 1st, but remained in my back drawing-room, No. —, —— Street, with three revolvers on the table and two pokers in the fire, receiving copy, brought from every artery of the metropolis, where the immortal struggle was going on. That copy I have rolled out into the columns before you.

THE MORNING, THE WEATHER, AND THE PEOPLE.

The morning of the 1st of May broke gloomily. There was muttering thunder about 6 A.M., with heavy rain at 9; but about a quarter-past 10 the sun just smiled enough to disarm the aristocracy of their top-coats and umbrellas; and the crowd poured from Spital-fields and Bethnal Green, mixing with the tide of human life that rolled and gurgled from St. James's, Piccadilly, and May Fair, finally emptying itself in multitudinous waves that surged and beat against the doors of the Crystal Palace. But the aristocrats, like water, found their level, and after awhile flowed into the building. Up to half-past 10 A.M., the arrogant Britishers had it all their own way; but at 12, wasn't '*Rule Britannia*' rather changed to '*Yankee Doodle's come to town?*'

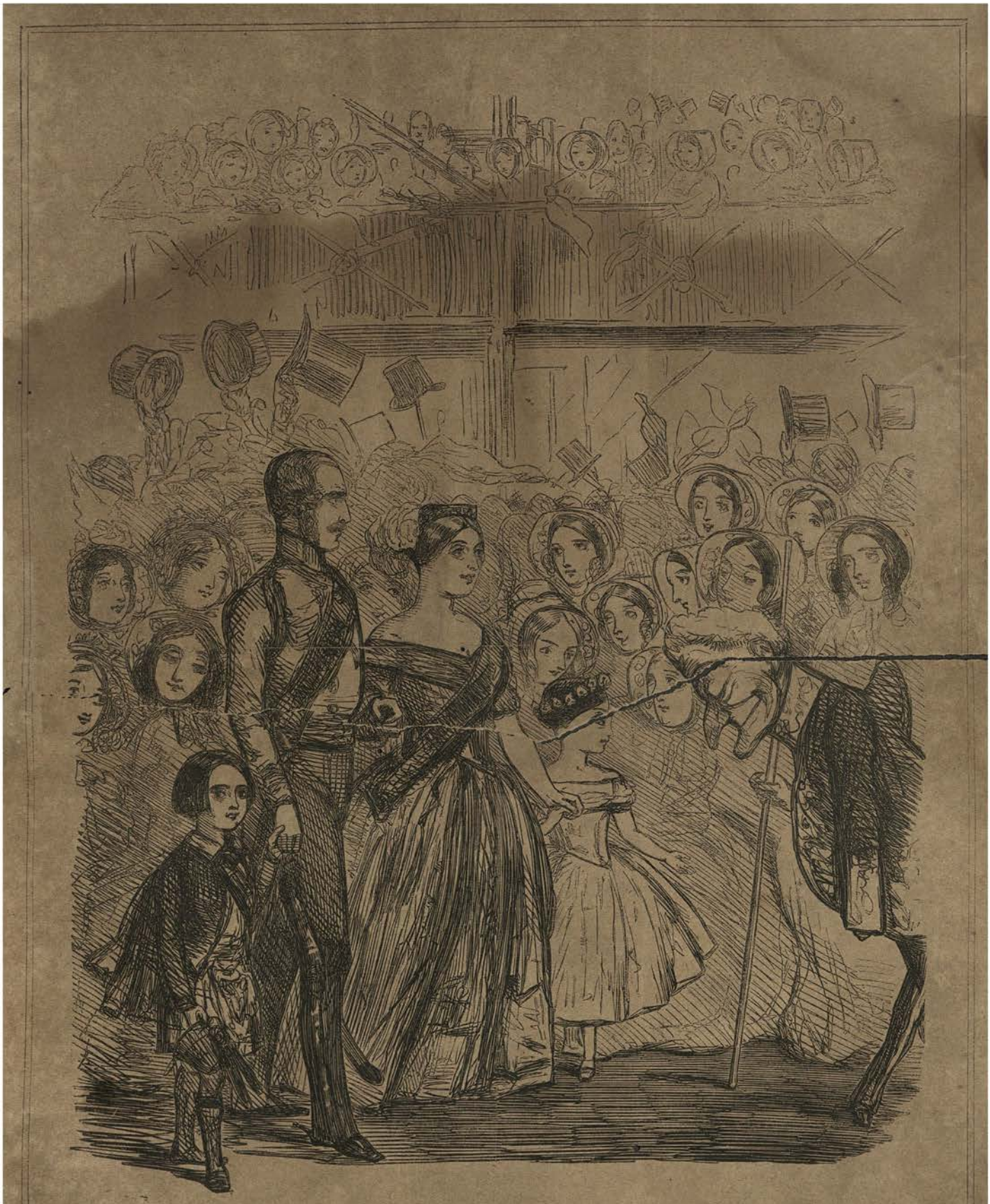
ST. JAMES'S PARK AND THE PALACE.

In St. James's Park, where is situated the Palace in which the QUEEN, the PRINCE, and the children spend three millions per annum—the upper out-door servants of the Royal Family—I mean them who board and sleep out, such as the Mistress of the Robes, the Keeper of the Silver Walking-stick—(silver, when I guess good hiccory will serve now!)—these out-door servants showed about eleven. There was the Mistress of the Silver Warming-pan as fresh as a rose, and the Maids of Honour—(I will say that for 'em)—like bunches of carnations. Well, they went into the Palace, and after looking at themselves in their glasses, they came out again, and—as the court word goes, or rather, went, for it 's gone, indeed, now—and "formed"—

THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

There were eight carriages filled with the upper servants, when came the ninth with the QUEEN, the PRINCE, and little WALES and PRINCESS ROYAL. This carriage was drawn by the cream-coloured horses that are descended from HENGIST and HORSA, said to be of Denmark or Norway, but which is not material. However, it will not take me much out of my story here to say, that before the day was over, those very cream-colours were drawing two Brixton 'busses, filled to brimming with fraternal democrats.

The Royal coach with the cream-colours was received by the people with quite a funeral silence. Not a hat was moved, not a shout was uttered. Indeed, there was such a profound pause, that nothing was heard but the creaking of the Royal carriage-springs, as the vehicle toiled its heavy way up Constitution Hill. I need scarcely add



HER MAJESTY, as She Appeared on the FIRST of MAY,

Surrounded by "Horrible Conspirators and Assassins."

that HER MAJESTY, the PRINCE, and children looked at the silence about 'em, as if to ask where all of it was going to end?

HYDE PARK CORNER.

As the Royal Coach went through the arch, there were loud cries of "*Vive la République Sociale!*" from a venerable man with a black plaster over his nose, and the order of the Climbing Monkey on his breast. Three dastardly policemen dashed forward to seize the patriot, when ten thousand hands—at least, so it seemed to our informant—snatched the veteran from the menial grasp; and as for the policemen themselves, up to a late hour of the night not a fragment had been heard of them. There was nothing but this brief incident to break the profoundly significant silence that attended the Royal Procession to the very door of the Crystal Palace; where the sounds of the hireling silver trumpets proclaimed the arrival of HER MAJESTY.

THE TREES AND THE SERPENTINE.

Never since they first showed green buds had the Park Trees borne such a crop of promise! for, on every bough, on every twig, might be seen by the knowing eye, an enthusiastic member of the great social family, quietly biding his time; ready, at the second and the word, to drop to the earth, and carry out that great human triumph for which—(as has before been shown in your everlasting columns)—so many thousand foreigners, with beating hearts, had fraternised with their suffering, down-trodden brethren in London! Oh, it was a lovely sight for the true socialist, whose lively creed it is to think all property made, like the stars and airs of heaven, for the common enjoyment of all men—it was an entrancing spectacle to behold his brethren, clustering thick as cocoa-nuts in British oak and elm! Nor was the Serpentine without its lesson. There, around its banks, close as the beads of a necklace, were tens of thousands of socialists, contemplating the stream; and—with a terrible calmness—awaiting the hour!

ARRIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

At mid-day precisely, the QUEEN and PRINCE, and children arrived at the door of the Glass House, when the trumpets sounded, and the slavish musicians played—but for the last time in this liberated country—"*God Save the Queen.*" At the same moment, a fog—a truly national fog—gathered over the building, and filled every part of it. The vapour was so dense, that for a time it was impossible even to make out a single beef-eater. Taking advantage of this auspicious event, the thousands—(it is, at the present time, impossible to calculate anything approaching the number)—the thousands of devoted foreign socialists, sworn to the regeneration of the race, by some means formed themselves into an ubiquitous body, and—all acting in concert—when the fog cleared itself away, every policeman found himself a prisoner! Every soldier considered himself disarmed and incapable, and without the loss of a single life, or the sacrifice of the meanest number, the monarchy of England fell to the ground; and in its place rose, like an exhalation, the magic fabric of the new social edifice! Property was at the moment annihilated; and everybody became in a twinkling the owner of everything!

LATE SOCIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

HER late MAJESTY, the late PRINCE, and the late royal children returned to Buckingham House in an omnibus. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, the MARQUESS OF ANGLESEA, and other late military noblemen, gave their *parole* to return to their homes to await further orders: the late LORD CHANCELLOR emptied the purse, sharing the contents among whatever brethren held their hands to receive them; and all ranks, and all dignities, being there and then abolished, the great family of man (of all nations) entered the Crystal Store without tickets; every brother and sister taking to themselves whatever suited their taste and their strength to choose and to carry. Turkish shawls and slippers found ready customers; whilst the silks from Lyons were, by four in the afternoon, gleaming and glittering in Bethnal Green and Shoreditch. It was feared, at one time, that the great Mountain-of-Light diamond—the Koh-i-noor—would be the sudden means of overturning the social republic before it was well set up, there being so many claimants for its glory. It was, however, subsequently arranged, that the Mountain-of-Light should be broken up into little Molehills-of-Lustre, and divided—as far as they would go—among the brothers and sisters of the human family, to be worn in rotation on Sundays and holidays.

The Glass Store being entirely cleared of its contents, by an early hour in the evening, it was resolved by the new government that JOSEPH PAXTON be empowered to procure a banyan tree with the least possible delay; that the tree might be solemnly planted! as a type of universal bread (and meat, and drink, and clothing,) to universal man!

I could write much more, but end, that I may save the packet.

Your own Correspondent and Brother,

JONATHAN BOWIE.

P.S.—The brass band of the 2nd Dragoons are just beginning to tune under my window "*Star of Columbia.*"

VICTORIA FELIX.

HEAVEN'S duteous sunshine waits upon her going,
And with it blends a sunshine brighter still—
The loyal love of a great people, knowing
That building up is better than o'erthrowing;
That Freedom lies in taming of self-will.

And with these lights about her and above her,
She has that household joy, more rich and rare,
Which palace-roofs, like cottage ones, may cover—
A courteous and manly heart to love her,
And, for her love, a line of children fair.

With the shrill trumpets their wild war-notes flinging,
I saw her flush under the May-day sun,
That smote the crystal arch, above her springing,
And ran along ten thousand faces, bringing
Their loyal tribute to her, every one.

And, all around, of Art and Nature's wonders—
Those light arcades, so stretching into space—
That faint and mellow come the organ's thunders
To his stretched ear, whom half the long aisle sunders
From where the Throne holdeth a central place—

These jewels rare, in their still rarer setting,
These trophies of a world together brought—
All of Earth's giving, or of man's begetting,
By help of toiling hands, and brains a-fretting,
Whate'er is hewn, or forged, or spun, or wrought—

All this, she feels, is due, in no small measure,
To him whose place is now on her right hand—
Her husband;—and what wonder, if for pleasure
Her eyes are full, and her heart hath small leisure
To think of aught but him that there doth stand,

Pale, but with thoughtful triumph in him stirring,
That the great work with due success is crowned;
Guiding to harmony man's efforts erring,
Pointing the world to peace, from war deterring,
That love and joy may more and more abound?

"APROPOS DE BOTTES."

THE shops, amongst other novelties of the season, are displaying boots with *illuminated soles*. What the advantage may be of having brilliant flags, and gorgeous bouquets, and lobster salads depicted, in the mediæval style, on a part of our dress where they never can be seen, is a mystery which our understanding, or even both our understandings, cannot possibly get over. They may probably suit American gentlemen, who are fond of sitting with their heels on the mantel-piece—when, in consequence of the elegance of the position, the beauty of the design would be reflected, with the greatest effect, in the looking-glass—but to us poor Englishmen, who are content to walk and sit like civilised beings, these illuminated soles must be about as useful as a pair of embroidered braces would be to a Kaffir. Why, to hold them up properly to admiration, we should have to walk on our hands! Fancy a quadrille in Belgrave Square, in which all the young "Guards" danced, like monkeys, with their heels uppermost in the air—merely to show off the pretty pictures that were painted under their varnished boots. Besides, how would it be possible, with our dirty pavements, to walk with such very handsome *chaussure?*

We should be afraid to put our feet to the ground for fear of taking the colour out of the pictorial nosegay that was blooming underneath. We should have to be carried by the flunkey out of the carriage into the servants' hall, and there deposited on a chair. Besides, every little boy who cleaned the shoes, would have to learn the use of colours—every Boots would have to be an artist. No! we take upon ourselves to pronounce these illuminated soles the flattest absurdity. As for the illumination, the public will be as much in the dark about it, considering the great deal they will see, as if it were a regular case of Solar Eclipse. By the bye, this title of "Solar Eclipse" would not be a bad one for the boots in question; which, we imagine, must originally have been invented for some very dashing rope-dancer, who, in his particular walk was anxious to be looked up to as above everyone else; for it is decidedly only on the feet of a rope-dancer that these illuminated soles would run the smallest chance of being seen.

CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

THE French Politicians are looking forward with anxiety to what they call a Ministry "*de fusion.*" Well! any thing for a change; for France must be heartily tired of having nothing but Ministries "*de confusion.*"

SCOURING A SOVEREIGN.

Dun-visaged Town hath scoured his sooty fronts—house and shop—to put on a good face against the arrival of his expected guests from the four winds; and it may be said with some truth, that the Metropolis presents a scrubby appearance. A partial attempt was made to divest those wonderful works of art, our public statues, of their dingy incrustation; and had it been general and successful, so thickly are they covered with dirt, that the removal of their coat would probably have given all of them the influenza. The subjoined sketch represents a positive occurrence witnessed by our artist and ourself, in walking through Pall Mall East on the evening but one before the opening of the Great Exhibition.

Two men and a boy, mounted on ladders, were engaged in cleansing the equestrian statue of his sometime Majesty George the Third. One of the men was at work on the horse, the other on the Monarch; and the boy was helping them. The material of this sublime piece of sculpture being bronze, the liquid applied for the purpose of its ablution was dilute sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol; and with this bland emollient the valet of metallic Royalty was washing the face of his Majesty with a flannel cloth; but as tenderly as if the man had been a fond mother, and the good old King a beloved infant. On the pedestal, beneath the Sovereign's charger, was a variety of jugs and earthen vessels, no doubt containing a reserve of vitriolic and other cosmetics and Kalydors. By the help of the acid, the molten image of George the Third was rendered partially bright; thus evincing capabilities which were never displayed by the original.

Some may question why the rest of our statues should not have been furbished up as well. But the fact is, that they are conspicuous enough already, and the brighter they were made, the more glaring would be their absurdity. Besides, if the Finest Gentleman in Europe wanted polish, it would have been impossible to make George the Fourth look respectable: and no one in his senses would think of going to the expense of whitewashing the Duke of York.

Bulletin.

Colonel Sibthorp remains in the same state as when we last went to press. On the day of the opening of the Exhibition, the Colonel said in (or rather, out of) his place in Parliament:—

"He was not present at the Crystal Palace. He felt that his duty to God and his country demanded of him that he should not go there!"

As we said, the Colonel remains as before; his head not yet being shaved. We shall give the earliest notice of the operation when performed.

OH! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE WITH THE ROW?

By the Hon. Jessamie Leasowes.

(*Dedicated to the Superior Classes.*)

Oh! what have they done with the Row,
That was once so delightfully gay,
When it bloomed as the apple-trees blow,
And the hawthorns and chestnuts in May?
With the flowers of the sunniest bank
Its blossoms of loveliness vied;
But the daughters of Fashion and Rank
Have deserted that elegant Ride.

I remember the dainty kid glove
Which the delicate riding-whip held;
I remember the exquisite Love
That the nice little pony impell'd;
I remember the graceful salute;
I remember the dignified bow;
But where are the beaux of repute
And the beauties of quality now?

The young dragoon officers prance
Up and down in their glory no more,
With the nobles—revealed at a glance—
Whom horses as thorough-bred bore;
No longer the plain sturdy cob
With the bishop upon him I see,
Nor the groom riding after the nob,
Neat and trim as a horseman could be.

Alas, they have ruined the Row!
'Tis o'errun by the crowds that repair
To behold the Industrial Show,
Which is commonly styled the World's Fair.
Very splendid that sight you may call;
I'll never pretend it is not;
But, oh! far the fairest of all,
The World's Fair have abandoned the spot.

They have torn down the dear old wood fence,
So rural, and pleasant, and light,
And have set up a lot of immense
Iron posts, like great guns, on its site.
'Twas needful that they should provide
These fortifications, I know,
'Gainst the throng that will press on each side,
And be crossing all parts of the Row.

And, ah, what a throng it will be,
To the concourse that charmed me of old!
What are beards—what are blouses to me,
And jackets of crimson and gold?
The turban—the fez—what are they—
What is any costume—to compare
With the tasteful and quiet display
In the Season, that used to be there?

In the triumph of Commerce and Trade
I know there is something that 's grand;
And the fabric of crystal has made
Its Inventor's a name for the land.
Of course, I am fully aware
Of the fact that all these things are so;
But I 'm ready to cry for despair
When I think what they 've done with the Row!

THE HEBREWS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Mr. Goulburn, in the debate on the Jews Oath of Abjuration Bill, is reported to have said

"They had now before them not merely a question about admitting the Jews to the House of Commons, but to the House of Lords also."

Undoubtedly. If the House of Commons is to tolerate the Jews, so must the House of Lords. What is sauce for goose, is sauce for gander—if *Punch* may say so without committing a double breach of privilege. Indeed, the House of Lords, of the two, ought to admit the children of Israel the more readily. Surely the long-descended Hebrew—whose name occurs in records long prior to the Roll of Battle Abbey, should be welcome to those who pique themselves on their pedigree. The difficulty would be to find a suitable title for a Solomons or a Levi. If we have strained a point in favour of the Israelites, we may as well alter a letter. As an appropriate Solomonic or Levitical title, *Mr. Punch* suggests Lord Discount.

BIVOUAC IN THE PARK THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EXHIBITION.

A HOSPITAL THAT BEATS BEDLAM.

MR. PUNCH is very happy to see that the "London Homœopathic Hospital" is largely advertised, under the patronage of that illustrious lady of science, the DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE, the LADY LINDSAY, SIR C. E. EARDLEY, BART., and numerous other philosophers of both sexes, including a gentleman named DOWNEY. *Punch* cannot too earnestly recommend this valuable institution to public patronage. When a fellow-being is seized with inflammation of the lungs, or some other organ essential to life, and but for prompt medical assistance would perhaps expire in a few hours, leaving a wife, possibly, and several children to lament his loss, what an advantage it is to him to be enabled to obtain that certain and instantaneous relief which is afforded by the billionth part of a grain of medicine!

It is a pity that the Board of Management of the London Homœopathic Hospital does not publish those numerous cases of fracture and dislocation which have been reduced by the administration of homœopathic globules, as also the reproduction of various amputated limbs, effected—as certainly as any disease whatever—by the same means. The Board, also, might as well have acknowledged those edicts of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons which require that the candidates for their respective diplomas shall have walked the Homœopathic Hospital; and, moreover, *Mr. Punch* misses the respected name of the EARL OF ALDBOROUGH in the list of subscribers to the institution.

A Richmond Trip.

"Is Protection dead?" After reading the following paragraph, we doubt if any sane man can, any longer, have a misgiving upon the subject.

"Gentlemen," shouted the DUKE OF RICHMOND at the Drury Lane meeting, "we not only must have Protection, but, what is more, by Heaven, WE WILL!" (*Immense cheering*).

Now, the will of a person is never publicly displayed until after his death. Accordingly, we may look upon the above Will—coming, too, from such good authority as the DUKE OF RICHMOND—as the most convincing proof that Protection is really dead; and we must say it is most generous of the Duke to come in at the last moment and assist at the execution.

A REALLY ALARMING SACRIFICE.

EVERY body knows there has not been much liberty in France since the glorious Revolution, which made nobody free, while making free with every thing and every body; but we were not aware, until our eye lighted on the following advertisement, that the system of selling railway shareholders had actually commenced in Paris. That the French themselves have been fearfully "sold" by their revolution, is an admitted fact; but the following notice seems to apply to others as well as their own countrymen.

TOURS AND NANTES RAILWAY COMPANY.—Shareholders who have NOT yet PAID the SIXTH CALL, due 20th June last, are requested to do so at once, to prevent them being sold in Paris agreeably to the Statute.
By order of the Board, &c.

The above actually appeared a few days ago in the *Times*, and the perusal of it is really enough to knock down, in one lot, all the English shareholders in French Railways. We trust some member of Parliament will get up in the House of Commons, and ask LORD PALMERSTON whether any leave has been given to dispose of shareholders, by sale, in Paris; for if it is only French leave that has been taken, we hope it will be resorted to in every legitimate measure.

A PUN FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

WE presented ourselves a few weeks ago at the Western door for British Exhibitors, to offer the following pun, as a light fancy article for the Great Exhibition. We were received with the utmost courtesy by the authorities, and the pun will be found as a companion to the Koh-i-noor diamond in the Crystal Palace. Passing the building a few days ago, we found at the outer gate a tremendous piece of granite in a cart, which some twenty horses were in vain attempting to draw within the Park railings. Hearing that the enormous stone had been brought many miles with comparatively little difficulty, we could not help exclaiming, "What a pity it is that the granite, having been brought thus far, should now experience so much difficulty in being taken into the Palace, when the stone is within a stone's throw of it!" The assembled multitude burst out into such an *éclat de rire*, that the workmen were sufficiently invigorated to make another effort, which enabled them to accomplish their task amidst deafening plaudits.

M. GOBEMOUCHE'S AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND EXHIBITION.

"In the good town of London, in the Squars, in the Coffees, in the Parks, in the society, at the billiards, there is but one conversation—it is of the Palace of Industry; it is of the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT; it is of the union of all nations. 'Have you been there, my friend?' everyone says to everyone.

"Yes, I have been there. Yes, I am one of the myriads who visited the Palace of Industry on the first of May, and witnessed the triumph of France.

"Early in the day, following in the track of the myriads who were rushing towards the romantic village of Kinsington, and through the Bridge of Chevaliers, I engaged a cabriolet of place, and bidding the driver conduct me to the Palace of all Nations at Kinsington, sate in profound reverie smoking my cigar, and thinking of France, until my driver paused, and the agglomeration of the multitude, and the appearance of the inevitable Poliseman of London, sufficiently informed us that we were at the entrance of the Industrial Palace.

"Polisemen flank the left pillar of the gate surmounted by a vase, emblem of plenty; policeman flank the right pillar decorated by a lion (this eternal Britannic lion, how his roars fatigue me; his tail does not frighten me! his eternal fanfaronnades regarding his courage make me puff of to laugh!)—and as nothing is to be seen in England without undoing purse, a man at a wicket stops the influx of the curious, and the tide cannot pass the barrier except through the filter of a schilling.

"O cursed schilling! He haunts me, that schilling. He pursues me everywhere. If a Frenchman has to produce his passport, there is no moment of the day when an Englishman must not produce his schilling. I paid that sum, and was with others admitted into the barrier, and to pass the outer wall of the Great Exhibition.

"When one enters, the sight that at first presents itself has nothing of remarkable—a court, two pavilions on either side, a château, to the door of which you approach by steps of no particular height or grandeur, these were the simple arrangements which it appears that the Britannic genius has invented for the reception of all people of the globe.

"I knock in the English fashion—the simple baronnet gives but one knock, the postman, officer of the government, many and rapid strokes, the LORD MAYOR knocks and rings. I am but the simple baronnet, and SIR GOBEMOUCHE wishes to be thought no more singular than SIR BROWN or SIR SMITH.

"Two pages—blond children of Albion—their little coats, it being spring-time, covered with a multiplicity of buds—fling open the two beatings of the door, and I enter the little ante-hall.

"I look up—above me is an azure dome like the vault ethereal, silver stars twinkle in its abysses, a left-hand lancing thunderbolt is above us—I read above, in characters resembling the lightning—'*Fille de l'orage*' in our own language, and 'Symbolium of all Nations in English.'

"Is the daughter of the tempest then the symbol of all nations? Is the day's quiet the lull after yesterday's storm? Profound moralist, yes—it is so—we enter into repose through the initiation of the hurricane—we pass over the breakers and are in the haven!

"This pretty moral conveyed in the French language, the world's language, as a prelude to the entertainment—this solemn antichamber to the palace of the world, struck me as appropriate as sublime. With a beating heart I ascend further steps—I am in the world's vestibule.

"What do I see around me? Another magnificent allegory. The cities of the world are giving each other the hand—the Tower of Pisa nods friendly to the Wall of China—the Pont Neuf and the Bridge of Sighs meet and mingle arches—Saint Paul, of London, is of accord with his brother Saint Peter, of Rome—and the Parthenon is united with the Luqsor Obelisk, joining its civilisation to the Egyptian mysteries, as the Greek philosophers travelled to Egypt of old;—a great idea this—greatly worked out, in an art purposely naïve, in a design expressly confused.

"From this vestibule I see a staircase ascending, emblazoned with the magic hieroglyphics, and strange allegoric images. In everything that the Briton does lurks a deep meaning—the vices of his nobility, the quarrels of his priests, the peculiarities of his authors, are here dramatised;—a Pope, a Cardinal appear among fantastic devils—the romancers of the day figure with their attributes—the statesmen of the three kingdoms with their various systems—fiends, dragons, monsters, curl and writhe through the multitudinous hieroglyphic, and typify the fate that perhaps menaces, the venomous enemies that empoison the country.

"The chambers of this marvellous palace are decorated in various styles, each dedicated to a nation. One room flames in crimson and yellow, surmounted by a vast golden sun, which you see, in regarding it, must be the chamber of the East. Another, decorated with stalactites and piled with looking-glass and eternal snow, at once suggests Kamschatka or the North Pole. In a third apartment, the Chinese dragons and lanterns display their fantastic blazons: while in a fourth, under a canopy of midnight stars, surrounded by waving palm-trees, we feel ourselves at once to be in a primeval forest of Brazil, or else in a scene of fairy—I know not which;—the eye is dazzled, the brain is feverous, in beholding so much of wonders.

"Faithful to their national economy, of what, think you, are the decorations of the Palace?—Of calico!—Calico in the emblematic halls, Calico in the Pompadour boudoirs, Calico in the Chamber of the Sun—Calico everywhere. Indeed, whither have not the English pushed their cottons? their commerce? Calico has been the baleful cause of their foreign wars, their interior commotions. Calico has been the source of their wealth, of their present triumphant condition, perhaps of their future downfall! Well and deeply the decorators of the Palace meditated when they decorated its walls with this British manufacture.

"Descending, as from a vessel's deck, we approach a fairy park, in which the works of art bud and bloom beside the lovely trees of Spring. What green pelouses are here! what waving poplars! what alleys shaded by the buds and blossoms of Spring! Here are *parterres* blooming with polyanthuses and coloured lamps; a fountain there where NUMA might have wooed EGERIA. Statues rise gleaming from the meadow; APOLLO bends his bow; DOROTHEA washes her fair feet; ESMERALDA sports with her kid. What know I? How select a beauty where all are beautiful? how specify a wonder where all is miracle?

"In yon long and unadorned arbour, it has been arranged by the English (who never do anything without rosbif and half-ai-half) that the nations of the world are to feast. And that vast building situated on the eastern side of the pelouse, with battlemented walls, and transparent roof, is the much-vaunted Palace of Crystal! Yes; the roof is of crystal, the dimensions are vast—only the articles to be exhibited have not been unpacked yet; the walls of the Palace of Crystal are bare.

"'That is the Baronial Hall of all Nations,' says a gentleman to me—a gentleman in a flowing robe and a singular cap, whom I had mistaken for a Chinese or an enchanter. 'The hall is not open yet, but it will be inaugurated by the grand Sanitary dinner. There will be half-crown dinners for the commonalty, five shilling dinners for those of mediocre fortune, ten shilling dinners for gentlemen of fashion like Monsieur. Monsieur, I have the honour to salute you.'—And he passes on to greet another group.

"I muse, I pause, I meditate. Where have I seen that face? where noted that mien, that cap? Ah, I have it!—in the books devoted to gastronomic regeneration, on the flasks of sauce called Relish. This is not the Crystal Palace that I see—this is the rival wonder—yes, this is the Symposium of all Nations, and yonder man is ALEXIS SOYER!

"GOBEMOUCHE."

THE CATASTROPHE OF 1851.

"SIR,

"I HAVE great pleasure in being resuscitated for the purpose of informing the public and the Government, through the medium of your valuable columns, of a horrible plot and conspiracy, in connexion with the Great Exhibition, which is in course of being hatched by American, French, and German Socialists, not only against the Constitution and the Church, but also against the British people at large, and particularly against that portion of them vulgarly termed Cockneys.

"The first atrocity which these wretches contemplate is an attack on the Bank—an unmanly outrage on the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—whom they mean to despoil of her reticule, without any consideration for her years, and in spite of her umbrella and pattens.

"They then intend to make a descent upon the Docks, and, of course without a tasting order, to drink all the wine in them; at least as much as they can. Infuriated by the maddening juice of the logwood, they propose then to scuttle the Thames Tunnel; after which their design is to burn the Tower; and this done, to blow up St. Paul's, for which operation a large quantity of fulminating silver has been manufactured at Geneva, out of old watch-cases. They will next raze Buckingham and St. James's Palaces to their foundations, as likewise the Houses of Parliament, and every other public building of any note, except the National Gallery, which, as it is a disgrace to the nation, they will leave alone.

"They are going to break into the Zoological Gardens, and let out the wild beasts, snakes and all; and will fire the magazine in Hyde Park; and then set up a guillotine in every square, to chop off the heads of the aristocracy continually. Forewarned is forearmed, *Mr. Punch;* and I have only to add, that I am

"Your humble servant,

"TITUS OATES."

A Whisper to Prince Albert.

MR. PUNCH, with extreme deference, begs to whisper one little question to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

How beautiful is the Palace Crystal! Would not a public dinner, given in Hyde Park to the builders of the aforesaid Palace—the workers in iron and glass—be a dainty sight to set before his Majesty the Sovereign People?

BINKS'S SYMPOSIUM.

IT is rumoured that active arrangements are in progress for the opening, on an extensive scale, of a grand Baked Potato Can of all Nations, or Eel Pie and Kidney Pudding Symposium, under the immediate direction of BINKS, the renowned *chêf* of cosmopolitan cookshopery. The Can has been fitted up, regardless of expense, from an original design furnished by the famous RUSTI KHAN, and dug up on the banks of the Thames, by one of the Coolies or Coalies of the neighbourhood.

Each department of this elegant moveable Symposium will be got up in a style appropriate to its particular object. The salt will occupy a space arranged as a salt mine; the butter will be floated in boats of peculiar construction; and the potatoes will appear in the celebrated jackets supplied by the masterly hand of nature. On the right, the eye will rest upon the grand *Avenue des Anguilles*, being an attempt to realise a fanciful picture of the Eel Pie Islands, leading to the Grotto of the Oyster Shells, under which the fishy patty will be found in all its perfection. On the left-hand will be seen the *Boudoir des Boudins*, or *Salle* of Kidney Puddings, embracing BINKS's offering to the British appetite.

It is in contemplation *to give*, in the course of the season, a series of Monster Luncheons *al fresco*, or Baked Potato *Matinées;* for which purpose a table-cloth is in preparation, which, by the active spinning of a very long yarn, has been carried to such a length, that it is expected to cover the whole of the Seven Dials, where the first *Matinée* will probably take place. Arrangements are already in progress for the washing of this wonderful fabric of rare

fabrication; and one of the large Railway Companies has offered the use of its line; so that the table-cloth may be dried upon the line, and thoroughly mangled at the same time.

A Boat Race in a Sewer.

THE match for the Championship of the Thames between ROBERT COOMBES and THOMAS M'KINNEY, of whom the former was the winner, was rowed on Wednesday, last week, upon that portion of the Great Tidal Drain which extends between Putney Bridge and Mortlake.

GROSS LIBEL UPON THE ENGLISH LADIES.

WE extract from the *Musée des Familles* the following libellous passage, which has been contributed by a MONSIEUR DE WEY, whose name should be spelt WHEY, as the milk of human kindness seems in his nature to have all curdled. Speaking of English costume, he audaciously says:—

"Ladies may be met with who are well dressed, although, generally speaking, a sort of audacity is displayed in wearing the most irreconcileable colours. What gives English women a somewhat *bizarre* appearance, is the custom they have of swelling out their petticoats, by means of circles of whalebone or iron: this causes them to resemble large bells in movement."

Now we ask of any of our readers, who are in the least acquainted with the mysteries of female attire, if the above account be true? Do English ladies make use of any of the articles above mentioned? Is "whalebone or iron" ever used in any part of an English lady's dress? Are such hideous artifices ever exposed for sale in any of our shop-windows? No—it is a gross libel! We never recollect seeing anything of the sort in Regent Street, or Ludgate Hill, or the old Cranbourn Alley, or anywhere else, where bonnets, corsets, horse-hair petticoats, and all the accompanying charms of costume that make Lovely Woman so irresistible, are laid bare in their perplexing variety to the profane gaze of Man. We mean to say, that the window which had the hardihood to disclose such abominations, would be instantly smashed to pieces.

If our Ladies are "great swells," at all events it is not produced by the insidious means of pipes and air-tubes, which MONSIEUR WEY has endeavoured to insinuate, in such a roundabout manner, habitually hang round the graceful forms of our native beauties. In the name of the fair sex of our country, we declare that they are incapable of such hollow artifices. MONSIEUR WEY cannot rank amongst the polite ways of France, upon which his country generally prides itself, or else he would never have thrown out so base a calumny. If we had not so much to do, at this particular season of the year, we would run over to Paris, and ask him what he meant by it.

WANTED: A BEADLE.

Two fine models—not to say dummies—of the British soldier, are exhibited by MESSRS. HAWKES & CO., in the Great Exposition. In the North Gallery are effigies of that loyal ecclesiastic, THOMAS À BECKETT, called Saint, by those who pretend to judge of sanctity, and CARDINAL BORROMEO (likewise sainted by the same parties) in full canonical fig.; together with a similar likeness of the late ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS: all presenting an imposing display of what the Puseyite mind, perhaps, might wish to be Anglican Church Fashions for 1851. There are not, however, so many figures *à la* TUSSAUD in the Exhibition as there might be; and, contemplating those of the popish prelates in their finery, *Mr. Punch* was seized with regret that nobody has thought of exhibiting, in all the magnificence of his parochial costume, a British beadle, just to show that we have one functionary, at least, connected with the Church, whose attire, for gorgeousness and rationality, may vie with the most extraordinary fancy-dress in the wardrobe of Rome.

The Court Crab-Step.

SURELY, HER MAJESTY will command her attendants to discontinue walking backwards in her presence, as if they were crabs. Being the QUEEN of a progressive people, she must disapprove of a movement which is simply retrograde.

A Gentleman from the Country mistakes the Crystal sent by the Duke of Devonshire for the Koh-i-Noor Diamond.

FESTIVITIES AT THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

On Saturday last, and pursuant to the notice given by his Lordship at the Lord Mayor's dinner on the previous evening, the Lord Chief Justice of England conferred with the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and the Attorney General, who are members of the Middle Temple, and with the Benchers of that Honourable Society, with respect to the *fête* to be given, in Middle Temple Hall, to the Bars of all Nations and their ladies.

It was arranged that the entertainment shall take place on the 31st of next June, in order to give the foreign Benchers (and their ladies) time to reach England.

The announcement of the intended festival has, already, created the most delightful excitement in the Inn and its neighbourhood.

Twenty-four dancing-masters, from Vauxhall and the Casino, have been engaged by the Benchers for the Members of the Senior Bar, and they practise, incessantly, in the Middle Temple Hall, from 10 A.M. till 4. Mr. Serjeant Polkinhorn, after three lessons in the Schottisch with Miss Flicker (of the *corps de ballet*), is said to dance it very elegantly. Mr. Heavyside, Q.C., Mr. Bumpus, Q.C., Mr. Bellosis, of the Western Circuit, and Mr. Serjeant Bandynal, are nearly perfect in the *Deux Temps* Waltz; and, in compliment to the Spanish Judges (and their ladies), the two most active Barons of Her Majesty's Exchequer are practising the *Bolero*.

Besides the official instructors provided by the Benchers, fiddles and kits are heard all over the Temple. The staircases creak with the incessant practice; learned gentlemen are seen dancing down Middle Temple Lane to the water-side—polking parties take place in Temple Gardens—and we hear that Mr. Squaretoes, the eminent special pleader, to whom young Mr. Tiptoff had just paid his entrance fee of one hundred guineas, has turned his Pupils' Room into a dancing academy, and has returned Mr. Tiptoff his fee, having received from that gentleman instructions in the Polka and the Two and Three-timed Waltz.

Mrs. Squaretoes (who labours under the mistaken idea that Mr. S. practises in chambers with gentlemen only) is on her side arduous in taking lessons at her private mansion in B-k-r Street, with the six young ladies, her daughters. And four dancing parties a-week are given by her, to which the whole of Mr. S.'s Pupils' Room are liberally invited.

Though there is a precedent for a Lord Chancellor dancing, yet, as Sir Christopher Hatton was not a professional lawyer, it has been ruled that the present Chancellor cannot professionally perform. His Lordship will therefore look on while the Lord Chief Justice of England, who suggested the ball, gracefully opens it with the lady of an eminent Judge of the Scotch Bench (we believe we break no confidence in mentioning the name of Lord Tullochgorum), and will dance a Scotch reel.

Mr. Attorney and Mr. Solicitor General will perform in the Anglo-German Quadrilles, with Graefinn Springbock and Baroness Hornpfeifen, the ladies of the Prussian and Austrian Chief Justices. Lady Minos, wife of Sir Thomas Minos, of the Queen's Bench, and Lady Mary Puny, will dance in the same quadrille with the eminent Wurtemburg Jurisconsult, Von Stern, and the President of the Bavarian High Court, Von Rohr.

Some of the heads of the Italian and Turkish Courts, being Ecclesiastics, will not dance; but we hear that the Vice-Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls will have a rubber at whist with the Grand Cadi of Constantinople, and the Chief Justice of the Roman Inquisition.

The Police Magistrates of the Metropolis and suburbs will attend with their Clerks at the various entrances into the Temple, receive tickets, maintain order, and keep out the Swell Mob.

The celebrated Pump in Pump Court, the Fig-tree in Fig-Tree ditto, will be brilliantly illuminated; and the Fountain in Fountain Court will run during the whole evening the most delicious Sherry negus. It is requested that gentlemen in Crown-Office Row, Paper Buildings, King's Bench Walk, and indeed wherever else they choose in the Temple, will put their reading-lamps, bedroom candles, &c., along the lines of their windows, and thus effect a cheap but brilliant illumination, little costly to themselves, and not the least to the Inn.

If Members of the Bar and Students will provide their laundresses with new ribbons, the Benchers will be much gratified: and, as it is impossible that the Inn should feed the multitudes which will be present on this festive occasion, it is suggested that gentlemen should leave their teas and a little wine out in their chambers, for their attendants' refection.

Students of the Inn will be accommodated in the Temple Gardens with seats and benches—they will be at liberty to inspect the fireworks at Vauxhall, and will be supplied with cigars, from their own cases, if they choose to purchase them, as usual.

Before the great Hall is open, the Silk-gowns and their ladies will assemble in the Library. The Students' Washing-room, on the left of the entrance to the Hall, will be set apart for the Stuffs and their families: where, for this night, the basins will be silver, instead of pewter; the soap Windsor, in lieu of the yellow commonly in use; and the jack-towels of damask, richly embroidered with the arms of the Inn.

Supper will be served at twelve, in the usual style of antique splendor and old English comfort. The High table will be provided by Messrs. Gunter, and the Bar and their ladies will have separate tables of four, with a leg of mutton (cold), a pat of butter, and four pieces of cheese, and a bottle of port or sherry, for each mess. The excellent beer of the Inn will be served in unlimited profusion; but families requiring porter will have to pay extra for that refreshment.

Among the dances in rehearsal, we hear of the "King's Bench Polka," the "Nisi Prius Quadrilles," and a brilliant "Pas" by the Old Bailey Bar.

Illiberal insinuations having been thrown out against Barristers, members of this Inn, and it having been stated that Mr. D—n—p has agreed to introduce the wife and daughter of his tailor (to whom Mr. D. owes a small account) to the Middle Temple Ball, in the character of his own mother and sister, we are authorised to repel this charge as a foul calumny. The company, though promiscuous, will be truly select; and a great, a touching, and a beautiful sight it will be, to see ladies of every rank in the country, and from every quarter in the town, sororising with each other upon this festive evening, mingling in the sprightly dance, and sharing in the sumptuous hospitalities of the Inn.

The nobility will set down and take up in Essex Street. As the Lord Mayor's carriage will block up Middle Temple Lane, his Lordship will come by water; and we hear of a large importation of lovely ladies from the Sister Isle, mostly descendants of Milesian blood-royal, and relatives of the Irish Members of the Inn, who have engaged steamers to Liverpool, and will bring the bright eyes and the elegant tabinets of the Irish Vice-regal Court to figure in the ancient Hall where a Hatton danced before an Elizabeth.

Sights in Crystal.

The papers tell us that Miss Talbot has been seen in the Crystal Palace. Will Doctor Hendren—the fine puss-priest, foiled of his mouse—submit himself to the like exhibition? By the way, when all is so pure and above-board in such retreats as the Lodge at Taunton, we see no reason why Nunneries should not, like certain bee-hives, be made of glass. If bees in glass, why not nuns (and their priests) in crystal?

THINKS I TO MYSELF.

When will the Government arrive at what may be termed its years of discretion? for at present it should be only in its infancy, as we have such frequent proofs of its being in its minority!

Does Lord John Russell imagine that the Ministers on the floor of the House are, like an old carpet, all the better for being beaten?

PRINCE ALBERT AND THE CRITICS.

ACCORDING to VOLTAIRE, "Honest criticism is the tenth muse." But this saying is only another venomous falsehood of the philosopher; only one of the huge sheaf of poisoned arrows still flying downward. We are much grieved to find PRINCE ALBERT inclined to a fallacy—happily not very popular—that the claims of literature and art should be considered with good temper, and even with delicacy. This is a weakness. Mere common ink, good enough to make an entry in a ledger, or even to chronicle a dreadful accident, a daring robbery, or an ingenious act of swindling, is not the sort of fluid to drop upon a book, or to spatter on a picture. Treat the author as something only a little above a begging letter-writer; consider the artist as merely bent upon obtaining money under false pretences, and—nineteen times out of twenty—writers and painters are fitly entertained. This is an axiom of certain fast critics; an axiom valorously carried out upon the opening of the Royal Academy. For instance, a day or two since, how gallantly was MACLISE bespattered—how nobly was he bullied before all the faces of the seven hundred subscribers of the *Morning Chronicle!* And if we suppose that every *Chronicle* is read by three persons, why here is an R.A. made to look very small and very dirty indeed, in the eyes of one thousand one hundred of the population and visitors of Great Britain! Is this nothing?

However, come we to the opinions of PRINCE ALBERT, delivered a few days since at the Royal Academy Dinner. The speeches of the Prince have ever been distinguished by such fine sense, such delicacy of appreciation, and such deep, unostentatious humanity—wide away from the tinkling philanthropy, the brassy benevolence of many platforms—that we the more especially regret the short-coming of His Royal Highness when addressing the R.A.s. He said:—

"Gentlemen, the production of all works in art or poetry requires, in their conception or execution, not only an exercise of the intellect, skill, and patience, but particularly a concurrent warmth of feeling, and a free flow of imagination."

Now, if these opinions of the Prince become widely acknowledged, what will be the fate of "fast" criticism? Your fast critic should look upon a picture as he would look upon an iron pothook—a thing hammered out to order, and to be done by the hundred by the mere hand of man; his heart and brain having just as much, and no more, to do with the picture, than has the farrier, who whistles while he rounds a horse-shoe. Again, for literature: a book is to be considered as an attempt to beguile the good-will of the reader, and to be treated, nine times out of ten, as the petition of an impostor. Nevertheless, hear what the good-hearted, but mistaken, Prince says of the claims of art and letters. They are produced by feeling and imagination, and—

"This renders them most tender plants, which will thrive only in an atmosphere calculated to maintain that warmth; and that atmosphere is one of kindness—kindness towards the artist personally, as well *as towards his production.* An unkind word of criticism passes like a cold blast over their tender shoots, and shrinks them up, checking the flow of the sap which was rising to produce, perhaps, multitudes of flowers and fruit."

What mistaken benevolence is this! Art, like a foot-ball, bounds the higher the more you kick it: and for the effect of "cold blasts" on "tender shoots," why, the colder and more cutting the wind, the more luxuriant the blossoms. We believe that artists and authors are persons of a peculiar organisation, with a good deal of walnut-sap in their frames; the more you thrash them, the better they flourish. And we think it the especial duty of the critic, in order to test the vital strength of flowers in the bud, and fruit in the blossom, to drench them well with a solution of vitriol; or, what may be readier at hand, a copious flow of Day and Martin. It is also an excellent custom—as geese are sometimes turned in to bite down vegetation that promises to become rank—to put a "fast" critic on a young painter's picture, or young author's book, to bite the thing to the heart. We have also read it to be the custom in certain vineyards to send in an ass or two to feed off the too luxuriant shoots. And thus they were pruned; or rather criticised—"fast" criticised. Happy we are to find, for the true interests of art, that the *Chronicle* keeps a donkey!

In conclusion, we trust that PRINCE ALBERT will reconsider his opinions: in their mistaken benevolence, they may tend to an effeminate consideration of the claims of art and letters. No, no; let us still dab mud on the palette of the painter; let us still mix dirt in the ink of the writer.

Wild and rank indeed would be the vineyards of art and letters, but for the judicious asses—both fast and slow—that prune the shoots!

THE "ALARMING FAILURE" GOVERNMENT.

THE present Ministry puts us much in mind of those commercial concerns which seem to exist upon "alarming failures," "awful sacrifices," and "extensive bankruptcies." Every week brings forth a fresh intimation of something new in the "enormous depreciation" line; and yet the Government goes on as usual. Among the novelties of the season, the Budget has been continually ticketed, first, as simply "a failure;" then, "a terrific failure;" but it is, nevertheless, brought forward again, with the energetic words, "must have cash" attached to it. Scarcely ten days are allowed to elapse without our attention being called to a significant "Look here! Down again! Must go!" as appropriate to something or other offered to the public by the firm of RUSSELL AND COMPANY. We believe there are some houses in the haberdashery trade that exist for ever on their failures; and the same fate or fortune seems to support the firm or infirm which deals in hashery and balder-dashery as its chief commodities. Being really anxious for the credit and character of the Ministerial concern, we wish we could see it lay in a stock of useful articles for national wear, instead of endeavouring to keep afloat, by displaying now and then some bits of patch-work, or some old remnants of stuff that nobody cares about. The Ministerial Mart is getting as indifferent a character for its measures, as some of the cheap tailoring establishments: and instead of going on trying to cut their coats according to their cloth, the Government will be, eventually, obliged to cut it altogether. Though the opposition that has been started has, hitherto, been rather weak, the proprietors have commenced showing patterns of something better, and designs decidedly newer, than those of the Government shop, which—unless there is more spirit and activity—will have to be, ultimately, vacated by its present occupants.

A day or two ago, as we were passing along Trafalgar Square, straining our eyes for some object that would keep them off the Fountains, our notice was attracted to our poor friend of the "glass ship," who, accosting us with, "The very same ship, your honour, that was smashed on Ludgate Hill," solicited our pence and our sympathy. Not having a heart of steel, but being burdened with a pocket full of coppers, we indulged the feelings of the one, by lightening the burdens of the other. As we passed on, we immediately thought of LORD JOHN, who seems to take up his position by the side of the vessel of the State, and ask our commiseration for the smashes and collisions it is continually encountering. There is, however, one important distinction to be drawn; for while the ship of glass was damaged by no fault of its proprietor, the state vessel gets knocked about for want of bold and skilful seamanship. As LORD JOHN seems to be inevitably at the helm, he should keep a good look-out, go a-head a little, and steer the vessel in its right course; but he is not justified in asking our sympathy for disasters which, with a little spirit and tact, he might very easily guard against.

REFORM YOUR INCOME-TAX.

TAX, tax, Income and Property;
Why the deuce don't ye tax both in fair order?
Tax, tax, Genius and Industry—
Aye; but not so as on plunder to border!
Many, by hand or head
Earning precarious bread,
Suddenly ruin'd 's an often-told story.
Do, JOHNNY RUSSELL, then,
Justice to working men;
If you refuse, we must call in a Tory!

Sibthorp's Himself Again.

COLONEL SIBTHORP'S objection to great organs is becoming every day more decided; and it is rumoured that he intends asking the Home Secretary, "Whether the police have had orders to put down that great organ of public opinion, the *Times* newspaper?" The gallant Colonel's crusade against advertising carts, has been unfairly alluded to as an impeachment of his military courage; for it is hinted that nothing but an attachment to the rear, can account for a soldier's decided objection to the van.

A NEW TITLE FOR MR. ROEBUCK.—*Le Moniteur Officiel.*

THE LADIES AND THE POLICE.—THE BATTLE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Nobody doubts the courage of the Police; but the gallantry of the body is being every day severely tested at the Great Exhibition. Though they would never hesitate to "clear the kitchen"—including sometimes the safe—they find it almost impossible to clear the Crystal Palace, when resisted by the powerful band of ladies who oppose the civil power at the point of the parasol. In vain do the constables attempt to forget the susceptibility of the man in the firmness of the officer; in vain does the Committee issue orders which blue cloth and oilskin might possibly execute, but which flesh and blood cannot carry out. Who could stand against a battery from the fire of the flashing eyes of angry ladies; and what policeman would be bold enough to meet the charge of a light female brigade by a counter-charge at the station-house?

If the regulations are really to be carried out for closing the Crystal Palace at a given hour, the only course will be to swear in a number of ladies as special constables, and throw upon them the execution of the duty, which no man—with such irresistible force opposed to him—can possibly perform.

PICTURES OF THE PEERS PAINTED BY THEMSELVES.

The picture of the Peerage painted by Earl Stanhope, at the recent supplemental meeting in Long Acre, made up of the Agricultural overflow from Drury Lane, is not very flattering. The noble Earl is reported to have said that, "out of 211 peers who voted for the repeal of the Corn Laws, only seven had done so conscientiously." This off-hand sketch of the House of Lords was greeted with "hisses, groans, and cries of shame." As, whatever little strength the Protectionists may possibly have, is suffered to reside in the Upper House, the prospect must be rather gloomy when one of the chiefs of the party denounces the Peerage as deficient in conscience, or courage, to stand by their Protectionist principles. We confess we have a higher opinion of the Peerage than Earl Stanhope would have us entertain, and we refuse, therefore, to join in the unfavourable judgment which has been passed upon them by a member of their own body.

Professional Name.

Should there be among the readers of *Punch* a sausage-maker—should that sausage-maker be blest with an infant son, and design to bring him up to his father's business, and should the child be yet unchristened, *Punch* will propose a name for him:—Polonius.

A (printer's) devil's whisper.

We have heard it whispered in political and literary circles, that the speeches, jokes, and opinions of Colonel Sibthorp are about to be collected, and published under the appropriately mysterious title of Sibi-line leaves.

ICI ON NE DINE PAS.

Lord Palmerston has given public warning that, since the salary of the English Ambassador at Paris has been reduced £2000, —

"Englishmen, who go to Paris, must not expect to receive from the Marquis of Normanby that large extent of hospitality, which they had formerly received, almost as a *matter of right* on their part, and *of duty* upon his."

Now, we beg to say that we have been several times to Paris, and that we never expected anything of the sort. At all events, whatever we may have expected, we never received a single dinner as long as we were in Paris, and that, accordingly, the Marquis of Normanby failed in his "duty" towards us. We wonder if we have any redress! Can we send in to the Marquis a bill for all the dinners which we were obliged to pay for, and which, it appears, we had a "right" to have for nothing at the English Ambassador's Hotel? It is lucky for the Marquis that this fact was not better known before, or else his house would have been a regular "Ordinary at 6" for all the Englishmen in Paris. But we do not see how our Ambassador's influence was heightened abroad by making him keep a *table d'hôte* for the benefit of all his countrymen. However, we make formal complaint, that longer notice was never given of this new branch of an Ambassador's duties. Invitations should have been sent out to all fresh arrivals—advertisements should have been inserted regularly in all the papers, and a *carte* of the dinner, when possible, also given. Why was not the outside of his *Palais* inscribed with some large-lettered intimation of the cheering fact, with some inscription like "Cheap Dining-House for Englishmen?" There has clearly been great neglect somewhere. If the Marquis of Normanby was given £10,000 a year to give dinners, how is it that we never knew, until this moment, that a knife and fork were laid for us every day at his table?

THE INQUISITION IN ENGLAND.

Grand Inquisitor (Lord John). "OH, HE'S GOT PLENTY OF MONEY!—AWAY WITH HIM!—AND PUT THE SCREW ON FOR ANOTHER YEAR!"

FINE CLAIMS FOR CONVENTS.

To the LADY TERESA ARUNDELL.

MY DEAR LADY,

YOU wrote a letter to the *Times* last week, very pathetically deprecating something extremely dreadful, which, you appear to have imagined, was meditated by Parliament, or certain persons therein, against the inmates of nunneries. Your ladyship spoke of them as in danger of "the grossest insults," and alluded to certain "most unmanly attempts now being made to deprive them of a security which even the meanest women slaves have secured to them:" to persons who "cruelly insult and calumniate them:" to "members" who "treat with insult" your "sisters and daughters:" and altogether your language almost indicates an apprehension that English nuns are about to be treated like the nuns of Minsk.

Let me, my dear Lady, assure you that nothing is farther from our intention—the intention of a Protestant Parliament, and people, and *Punch*—than to offer any the slightest insult or indignity to those whose imaginary cause you plead so eloquently. Nay, rather, it is to protect them from indignity and insult, and worse, that we intend and desire. Think you that we regard them with contempt or derision? What! when one of the most famous lines of our greatest modern poet is

"The holy time is quiet as a nun."

Earnest religious enthusiasm—even though we may believe it erroneous—is no laughing matter with us, good lady—albeit there is a mere mania of mediævalism, which *Punch* does laugh at, he must confess. We do not deride—though we may pity—the Hindoo widow whose "heroic" devotion renders her the heroine of Suttee.

You talk of sisters and daughters. My lady, we have sisters and daughters as well as you. It is precisely on their account that we would legislate on the subject of nunneries. Some of them, it is possible—we are not fearful on behalf of our boys—may be wrested from us by those legions of your ecclesiastics who are compassing sea and land to make one proselyte. We should like to know what becomes of them in the event of their being induced—may I venture to say inveigled?—to "take the veil." Do you, my dear lady, expect us to be satisfied with the assurance that they are in the hands of a "Lady Superior," subject, perhaps, to the supervision of a so-called "Bishop" of Clifton?

If you do, it is, I was going to say, neither more nor less than expecting us to believe in your Church. But it is *more* than that. It is expecting us to believe in all and sundry Ladies Superior, and all Bishops of Clifton or anywhere else—holding their mitres of the POPE. Was there never a bad Abbess—never an Episcopal rogue? I do not wish to use vulgar phraseology in addressing any lady—especially one of birth and title; but really I must ask your ladyship—is not this coming it a little *too* strong?

And then, I am not inclined to dispute that the majority of nuns are, as your ladyship calls them, "angelic;" that is, in their lives and affections. But have there never been any disorderly convents? Are all societies of religious Roman Catholic females impeccable? Even if I believed the Church of Rome to be infallible, would it follow that I should be forced to put my trust in all and every one of its friars, nuns, priests and prelates?

Not so, my dear lady. Among them, doubtless, there are many, very many, good men and women. They include, also, opposite characters. And we have a right to be on our guard against those ominous-eyed, shaven-faced, lantern-jawed, lean gentlemen, or gentlemen with protuberant stomachs and large calves, looking equally ominous, who perambulate our streets, in black long-clothes, scowling to the right and left. And we are justified in endeavouring to guard our families against the encroachments of monasticism; and to provide against possible tyranny, cruelty, and immorality in establishments, which, however "angelic" for the most part, have been, in some instances, known to be the reverse. I hope your ladyship will take kindly—as it is meant—and ponder discreetly, this humble remonstrance from your ladyship's obedient servant,

PUNCH.

No Accounting for Tastes.

OUR eye was caught by an advertisement in the *Times* of Wednesday last, recommending a middle-aged person, "willing to superintend the domestic concerns, where no cooking is required." We gave an involuntary shudder, at the bare idea of any family in which cooking is dispensed with; for there is something revolting in the notion of a domestic circle feeding upon raw meat, or other specimens of the raw material. The middle-aged person who wishes to find a home where there is no cooking, had better apply to the family of the Showman, we have sometimes been disgusted at in continental fairs, where the lady of the establishment dines upon a live fowl, feathers and all, or makes a luncheon from some disgusting material hanging uncooked at the doorpost.

CHARACTER OF AN HABITUAL SOT.—He was a man of no determination—except to the head.

OUR ASYLUM FOR HOUSELESS JOKES.

THE Great Exhibition has turned loose on the town so many unfortunate puns, jokes, riddles, epigrams, and other members of the same family, that immense numbers of them are now in the greatest state of destitution, unable to find a reception in any of the periodicals, which are in the habit of generously opening their columns to this vast and increasing family of outcasts, about this time. Always a large and wretched class, they were never so numerous and so wretched as this year.

They may be found wandering about the Park, in the neighbourhood of the Crystal Palace, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather; and it is impossible to visit the Exposition without running the gauntlet through troops of them; callous to shame, and attempting to excite mirth by the most barefaced—we had almost said, indecent—perversions of the QUEEN'S English.

Under these circumstances, feeling anxious that these unhappy disgraces of English society should be withdrawn from the observation of foreigners, we have opened a "Central Asylum for Destitute Jokes," at which puns and other plays-upon-words, however threadbare and miserable, are taken in at all hours. It is impossible to describe the wretched cases that have already applied for the shelter of our columns.

We take the liberty (in the hope of inducing their cruel parents to reflect on the fate of the hapless offspring they are thus flinging recklessly on the world) of subjoining a few of the most melancholy cases which have availed themselves of the benefits of our Institution.

Case 1. (Called itself a Conundrum, and bore its abject poverty with a sort of jauntiness that was peculiarly saddening.)

"Why is a dandy riding in Rotten Row, like a gallant admiral?
"Because he's a *Hyde Park-er*."

(This poor thing had tried every access to public compassion, and did not apply at our asylum till it had been brutally turned away everywhere—even from the office of the *Morning Herald*.)

Case 2. (Belonging to the same family as the former.)

"Why is the Crystal Palace like a dog-fight?
"Because it ought to be put down, as a *paneful* and disgusting Exhibition."

(This misguided riddle, which was picked up by a policeman on the steps of the *Morning Post* Office, brought a letter of introduction from COLONEL SIBTHORP, in which the gallant Colonel stated his intention of bringing it before the House of Commons, as a case of unmerited ill-treatment.)

Case 3. (Called itself an Epigram.)

"BULWER *to* BULL.
"If BULL were BULWER, native industry he 'd protect.
"BULL *to* BULWER.
"If BULWER BULL were, Protection he 'd reject."

(Surely wretchedness like this needs no comment.)

Case 4. (Applied for shelter under the obviously false name of "A Witty Answer.")

LORD JOHN, breakfasting the other day at BROOKES', was asked if he would take some reindeer's tongue. "No, thank you," was the ready rejoinder; "I find ROEBUCK'S tongue quite as much as I can manage."

(We were obliged, at the unanimous request of the other inmates of this same ward, to turn this miserable example of misdirected levity into the streets immediately.)

Case 5. (This impostor presented itself for admission under the disguise of a friendly letter):—

"My dear *Punch*,
"Who is the biggest rogue in London?—Give it up?
"The *Nave* in the Crystal Palace."

(We refrain, out of a feeling for the family, from giving the name of the parent of this.)

We will not sadden our readers, or shame the parents of these abortions, by proceeding further with our catalogue; but, if this meets the eye of any thoughtless person, who has at times felt the temptation to make a pun, we trust that this list may act, anyhow, as a warning *not* to go and do likewise.

Cake and Ice Market.

CRYSTAL PALACE, May 8.—To-day there was a lively demand for ices and cakes. Ices (*vanilla*) to unsuspicious persons went off, without a word, at a shilling each; of the more knowing, for the same articles, no more than sixpence was demanded. Some young ladies bought slices of cake readily at 3*d*.; whilst cautious dowagers had the like slices at precisely one penny under. The sellers (young women with most innocent eyes) looked up, naturally enough, as the market rose.

THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS DODGE.

Beggar. "DID YOU GET THE LAMB'S FRY?"
His Child. "ALL RIGHT."
Beggar. "WELL, NOW, RUN HOME AND TELL YER MOTHER NOT TO BOIL THE SPARRERGRASS TILL I COME."

"MY HON. FRIEND."

THE Income-Tax makes strange acquaintance. A night or two since COLONEL SIBTHORP—advancing upon the ground of the impost—called MR. HUME "his hon. friend." But it all comes of the Crystal Palace; though we do not expect that the Colonel can concede as much. The streets abound with touching instances of fraternal love. A day or two since we witnessed an affecting example. There is a negro, black as night, and woolly as worsted, with a leopard skin upon his shoulders, an ostrich plumed cap upon his head, and bills of the Lion-hunter and Antelope-slaughterer, GORDON CUMMING, in his hand. This negro stands near Hyde Park; and this negro we saw affectionately embraced—yes, tenderly clipped—by the arms of an old Jew clothesman. We moralised upon this affecting incident, as is our wont in our daily walks in moral-abounding London; and we set down that Hebraic *accolade* to the sweet influence of the time! We were touched, we hope a little ennobled, by our contemplation: but it was as nothing to the thrill we felt next morning, when, in the columns of the *Times*, we saw the chivalrous COLONEL SIBTHORP call the sagacious JOSEPH HUME "his honourable friend." Verily, the millennium approaches, for the fox lies down with the goose!

FAMILY PHYSIC FOR 1851.

THERE is not much—although there has been some—doubt that the tendency of the Great Exhibition will be wholesome. In particular it may be expected to have a highly salutary influence upon young ladies, married or single. The wives and daughters of England are unfortunately very averse to using their legs, except for the purpose of executing Schottisches, Polkas, and so forth; hence doctors' bills of stupendous amount. But as natural curiosity will take ladies all round the Exhibition, and as they will not be able to ride in flies or cabs, they will be forced to walk the whole distance. The reward of this exertion will be bloom in the cheek, brilliancy in the glance, warmth in the extremities, appetite for dinner, and domestic happiness, by reason of a saving of many fees, effected by an economical investment in a few tickets.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1851.—The Revolution in connection with the Exhibition of Industry, anticipated by certain Yankees and others, has been entirely confined to the wheels of the steam-engines and clock-work that are revolving in the Crystal Palace.

THE CANDLE OF ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

AMONG other wonders of science and art, the Great Exhibition contains various inventions for the production of intense artificial light. But neither the oxyhydrogen light, nor the electric light, nor any source of illumination under the sun—if, indeed, even that exception can be justly made—is comparable for brilliancy to a luminous body which has been recently exhibited in connection with Rochester Cathedral. This truly burning and shining light is a Candle, formed by the Dean and Chapter of the establishment in question.* It is, at the present moment, the most magnificent Church Candle in England. Unlike other ecclesiastical candles, which are Moulds, this one is a Dip. It has been made by a gradual process of accretion, and is now some fourteen times as fat as it was in the time of HENRY THE EIGHTH. From that time to this the manufacturers have been continually dipping their Candle into certain funds of unctuosity, originally intended to feed, not it, but some twenty poor scholars, on the foundation of the Cathedral Grammar School.

For a very considerable time this Candle had been wasting its radiance—burning unseen, as, perhaps, the sepulchral lamp of some monkish wizard may be, even now, under the Crypts of Rochester Cathedral. But, a year or two ago, the REV. ROBERT WHISTON, late Head Master of the Grammar School, raised it out of its obscurity, and set it upon an eminence in the shape of a work on *Cathedral Trusts, and their Fulfilment;* and, thanks to MR. WHISTON, it is now conspicuously resplendent.

For this act of officious attention, the Dean and Chapter, whose modesty, it seems, would have preferred still to hide their Candle, rewarded MR. WHISTON by relieving him of the labours of his situation. MR. WHISTON, declining to profit by—though fully appreciating—the magnanimity, generosity, and Christian charity of the venerable and reverend gentlemen, obtained a *mandamus*, commanding them to reinstate him. To this they pleaded that his appeal lay to the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER; and so it was decided by the Court of Queen's Bench. To the BISHOP, accordingly, MR. WHISTON will appeal, unless he adopt the more promising course of applying to the winds, or engage in the more hopeful occupation of whistling jigs to a milestone.

The bulk to which the Rochester Candle has been worked up may in some measure be estimated from the circumstance that the fat of one of the canonries that go to its composition, the original value of which was but £20 a year, is now worth £680 annually.

This enormous Candle was displayed in Court on the last day of April. It is fortunate that its exhibition did not take place on the day following, since so prodigious a monstrosity might have seriously interfered with the attraction of the Royal opening of the World's Fair. And certainly there is nothing in the Great Exposition to compare with this stupendous production of clerical industry. The famous Derby Ram itself could not have supplied sufficient tallow for the Rochester Candle.

Viewed by their Candle, the Dean and Chapter of Rochester appear in a pretty light, especially as regards their conduct to MR. WHISTON, which shines quite like "a good deed in a naughty world"—contemplated over the sinister shoulder. In what glorious refulgence we behold their disinterestedness, unselfishness, forbearance, and freedom from vindictiveness! What a fine lustre they reflect on the Church, and how particularly seasonable is the illumination just at this time!

* The particulars of its exhibition—in the Court of Queen's Bench—will be found in the *Times*.

Important to Rogues.

THE famous thief-catcher, the DANIEL FORESTER of Vienna, by name FELZENTHAL, has arrived in London to have a paternal eye upon the doings of the naughty ones from Austria, at present, or to be, in London. It is proposed, by certain inspectors, to invite HERR FELZENTHAL to a banquet in the police-van, and to present him with an honorary pair of silver hand-cuffs.

LORD JOHN "GOING OUT."

After HORACE, Car. iii. 5.

REGULUS *Exul.*

FERTUR pudicæ conjugis osculum
Parvosque natos, ut capitis minor,
Ab se removisse, et virilem
Torvus *Humi* posuisse vultum;

Donec labantes consilio Patres
Firmaret auctor nunquam alias dato,
Interque mœrentes amicos
Egregius properaret exul.

Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus
Tortor parabat; non aliter tamen
Dimovit obstantes propinquos,
Et populum reditus morantem;

Quam si clientum longa negotia,
Dijudicatâ lite, relinqueret,
Tendens Venafranos in agros,
Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum.

Exit A LITTLE LEADER.

Long wedded as he was to Place,
Though large the GREY'S and ELLIOT'S race,
He left them all; his look of gloom
Reproachful bent on MR. HUME.

Then to the Whigs—a shaky crew—
Boldly, for once, he bade adieu;
And out of office calmly stept,
While Tadpoles whined, and Tapers wept.

Though well he knew what he 'd to fear
From SIBTHORP'S scoff, and D'IZZY'S sneer,
He craving cousins put away,
And junior Lords, who begged he 'd stay,

As calm as if, for the Recess,
(The Session's work left in a mess,)
Fleeing from office, care, and cark,
To Woburn or to Richmond Park.

WHERE ARE THE FOREIGNERS?

THERE is a question we cannot help asking, "Where are the Foreigners?" We have looked for them everywhere—in the streets—in the theatres—even in the Exhibition—but we have not seen them yet. Leicester Square contains, of course, its usual complement, though we do not know what civilised country would take it as a compliment, exactly, to be given the birthplace of such dirty, uncouth creatures as take especial delight in herding in that continental neighbourhood. But beyond Leicester Square there is not much to be seen in the "foreigneering" department. It is true there are two or three Chinese in the Chinese Collection, but you must pay a shilling to see them. It is indisputable that we saw a Turk in a Hansom's Cab, but we recognised him as our old familiar friend the Rhubarb merchant of the Lowther Arcade. He, and HERR VON JOEL, and a Lascar at a crossing, are the only foreigners we have seen during the last week. We cannot refrain from asking, therefore, "Where are they?"

If it were not for a feeling of shame, we should confess that we are disappointed. We had expected to have seen foreigners everywhere—foreigners in thousands. We had expected to have seen them with their gold-embroidered legs hanging over the sides of omnibuses. We had made up our minds to have discovered rows of their turbaned heads in the pits of all our theatres—and to have admired their long, raven, greasy locks waltzing madly round and round at all our dancing-places. The innumerable prints of the Exhibition had cherished this fond expectation. They had represented groups of foreigners hob-nobbing, elbowing, all together, as at a Masquerade, only looking much happier. There were foreigners in sledges—foreigners on camels—and Chinese walking under parasols big enough to keep the sun off the largest apple-stall. These gorgeous visions have not yet been realised. We made sure of being knocked over by a Laplander, or of seeing the traffic of the City interrupted by an unwieldy elephant, who, from his enormous size, had stuck in the narrow aperture of Temple Bar, and could neither advance nor retreat.

We thought Regent Street would be made musical with the jingle of a million bells, and that Hyde Park would resound with the whips, and various jargons of bright-coloured postilions from every *Longjumeau* in the world. As it is, London is nearly the same as at any other season. There may be a beard or two more; there probably is an extra dozen pair of moustachios about Town, though the latter have scarcely any right to count, as we have noticed with pain, that the moustache is a foreign air, which Englishmen have lately been assuming a great deal—so that now it is nearly as much the type of the Blackguard, as formerly it was exclusively of the Guard.

With the above slight difference, the streets present about the same appearance as they did last year. We suppose the foreigners will come—and we hope they will; but if not, we have the consolation of knowing that our countrymen are making themselves up to look like foreigners more and more every day; so that we shall soon have the foreign and native gentleman both combined in one. Decidedly a great saving, only we are doubtful whether the Englishman gains anything by it!

LIBERTY OF THE PENCIL.—Taxation without representation is tyranny; therefore *Punch* considers himself as asserting the liberty of a Briton when he caricatures the PREMIER and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

THE GREATEST SCEPTRE IN THE WORLD.

NOT the least interesting of the products of native industry, now in course of astonishing mankind at large, in Hyde Park, are certain specimens of a peculiarly national weapon, exhibited, together with a variety of fire-arms, by MESSRS. PARKER, FIELD, AND SONS. The objects thus admiringly alluded to by *Mr. Punch*, are three magnificent constables' staves, splendidly emblazoned and illuminated. The sight of these truly English contributions figuring in the World's Fair, the reflection how much more potent are such simple truncheons to maintain tranquillity amongst us, than bayonets and artillery are to keep the peace in foreign lands, inspired *Punch* with thankfulness for the possession, by ourselves, of that "moral instinct of deference to a policeman" which DR. NEWMAN sneers at, in apologising for the political state of popish countries. As *Punch* gazed on these symbols of law and order, a glow of patriotic enthusiasm flushed his cheeks with such a colour, that they looked like red apples; and a paroxysm of the same sentiment, dilating his bosom, occasioned one of his waistcoat buttons to fly with a loud pop.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER'S CHIEF.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER is one of the most distinguished officers of the Church Militant. He has seen an immense deal of service—has been repeatedly in action—indeed, is almost continually signalising himself in some action against somebody or other. How strange it is, then, that this gallant Bishop should not know to what regiment he belongs! He has lately published a letter, which he styles "pastoral," addressed to the clergy of his diocese, in which he alludes to

"The Primate of all England, the second spiritual chief of Christendom—*alterius orbis Papa*."

So, according to Dr. PHILPOTTS, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is only second in command in the Militant Church—merely the Lieutenant-Colonel. The full Colonel is his HOLINESS PIO NONO. Now, the BISHOP OF EXETER ought to be informed that the Church of England does not recognise the Commanding Officer acknowledged by DR. PHILPOTTS. The valiant Bishop should be made to know under whose colours he is fighting—namely, the POPE'S—in order that he may look to the proper quarter for his pay; which, whilst manifestly in the Romish service, he is most unaccountably receiving from England.

SPEAK UP!

THE *Times* of last Tuesday week contained the following distressing paragraph:—

"COLONEL SIBTHORP said a few words, which were quite inaudible in the gallery."

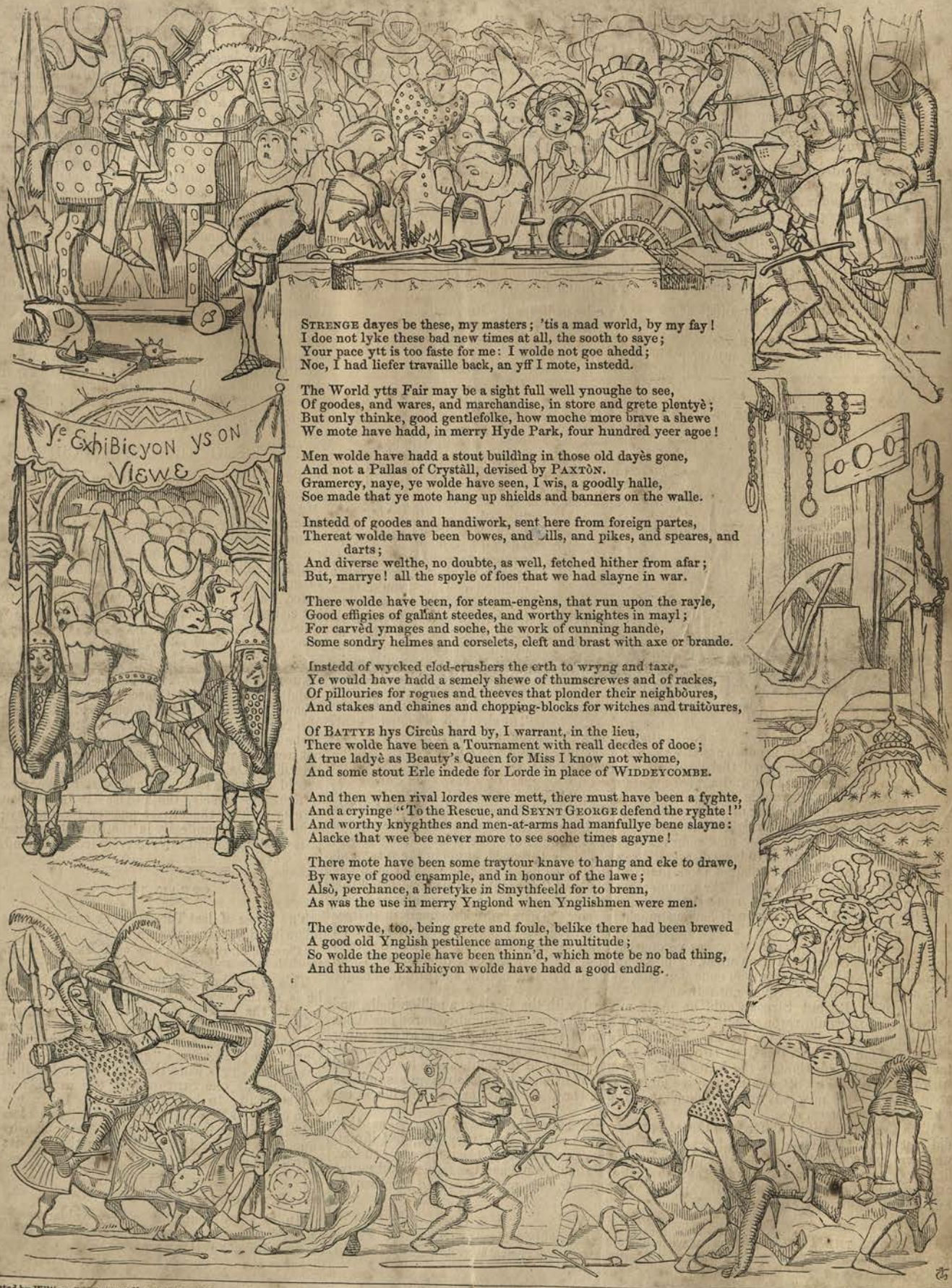
This is too bad of Our Colonel, especially as he is in the habit of speaking (as actors would say) to the gallery, considering the merriment which his remarks generally produce in the Westminster Ring. We hope, therefore, that Our Colonel will always "speak up." We would not miss a single word that falls from his lips. There is but one SIBTHORP in the world, and we should like to be his BOSWELL. Little has been done this Session; but the above gap makes a *hiatus* in our legislature which never can be supplied. We condole with the nation on its irreparable loss.

COBDEN ON COOKERY.

MR. COBDEN shares in a very vulgar error. He seeks to deprive our ambassadors of their cooks. Does he think, with the vulgar, that diplomacy has no bowels?

THE EXHIBITION AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IN THE DAYS OF YORE.

BY A DISCIPLE OF RETROGRESS.



STRENGE dayes be these, my masters; 'tis a mad world, by my fay!
I doe not lyke these bad new times at all, the sooth to saye;
Your pace ytt is too faste for me: I wolde not goe ahedd;
Noe, I had liefer travaille back, an yff I mote, instedd.

The World ytts Fair may be a sight full well ynoughe to see,
Of goodes, and wares, and marchandise, in store and grete plentyè;
But only thinke, good gentlefolke, how moche more brave a shewe
We mote have hadd, in merry Hyde Park, four hundred yeer agoe!

Men wolde have hadd a stout buildìng in those old dayès gone,
And not a Pallas of Crystàll, devised by PAXTÒN.
Gramercy, naye, ye wolde have seen, I wis, a goodly halle,
Soe made that ye mote hang up shields and banners on the walle.

Instedd of goodes and handiwork, sent here from foreign partes,
Thereat wolde have been bowes, and bills, and pikes, and speares, and darts;
And diverse welthe, no doubte, as well, fetched hither from afar;
But, marrye! all the spoyle of foes that we had slayne in war.

There wolde have been, for steam-engèns, that run upon the rayle,
Good effigies of galliant steedes, and worthy knightes in mayl;
For carvèd ymages and soche, the work of cunning hande,
Some sondry helmes and corselets, cleft and brast with axe or brande.

Instedd of wycked clod-crushers the erth to wryng and taxe,
Ye would have hadd a semely shewe of thumscrewes and of rackes,
Of pillouries for rogues and theeves that plonder their neighbòures,
And stakes and chaines and chopping-blocks for witches and traitòures,

Of BATTYE hys Circùs hard by, I warrant, in the lieu,
There wolde have been a Tournament with reall deedes of dooe;
A true ladyè as Beauty's Queen for Miss I know not whome,
And some stout Erle indede for Lorde in place of WIDDEYCOMBE.

And then when rival lordes were mett, there must have been a fyghte,
And a cryinge "To the Rescue, and SEYNT GEORGE defend the ryghte!"
And worthy knyghthes and men-at-arms had manfullye bene slayne:
Alacke that wee bee never more to see soche times agayne!

There mote have been some traytour knave to hang and eke to drawe,
By waye of good ensample, and in honour of the lawe;
Alsò, perchance, a heretyke in Smythfeeld for to brenn,
As was the use in merry Ynglond when Ynglishmen were men.

The crowde, too, being grete and foule, belike there had been brewed
A good old Ynglish pestilence among the multitude;
So wolde the people have been thinn'd, which mote be no bad thing,
And thus the Exhibicyon wolde have hadd a good ending.

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NEWDEGATE ON NUNNERIES.

To the Editor of the "Tablet."

VER RATIONAL SIR,—Is not the ignorance of Protestants with respect to those holy institutions, nunneries, most lamentable? Take, for instance, the following passage (replete with ferocious hatred of the Catholic religion) in MR. NEWDEGATE'S speech on the debate of Wednesday week:—

"Let them quote an instance of a coroner's inquest in a convent. (*Hear, hear.*) Well, but would Hon. Members deny there were, or might be, sudden deaths in convents?"

My loyal, reasonable, constitutional Sir, here, you see, we have an English gentleman, a Member of Parliament, who actually believes that nuns die! Nay, he even conceives it possible that sudden death may sometimes occur in convents: as if death of any sort, sudden or lingering, ever took place in those abodes of sanctity. He talks as though he imagined that the austerities of discipline or penance could in some instances shorten human existence, and furnish ground for investigation. He evidently does not know that all nuns depart this life by translation; and that inquests do not take place in nunneries, simply because perverse Protestants are well aware that the verdict of every coroner's jury would attest the miracle.

The same gentleman exhibits a remarkable instance of Protestant hallucination. In allusion to an absurd rumour respecting a nun who, it was pretended, had escaped from her convent, he said, that—

"Whether the lady returned, or left the convent altogether, he could not say; but he knew that, within ten days from the escape, 15 cwt. of iron stanchions were placed round the windows of the building; and that convent was now as complete a prison as could be found in the kingdom."

How curious it is that the moral and spiritual restraints of conventual discipline should "inform" to the eyes of heresy as actual bars and bolts of iron! But we ought to pity poor Protestants for being possessed with these delusions, rather than denounce and abuse them; ought we not, moderate Sir? Greatly admiring the music of your Church organ, which is so contributory to universal harmony, believe me, gentle and pacific Sir, your occasional reader,

PUNCH.

ROCHEFOUCAULDIANA.

There is no sympathy in England so universally felt, so largely expressed, as for a person who is likely to catch cold.

When a person loses his reputation, the very last place where he goes to look for it is the place where he has lost it.

No gift so fatal as that of singing. The principal question asked, upon insuring a man's life, should be, "Do you sing a good song?"

Many of us are led by our vices, but a great many more of us follow them without any leading at all.

To show how deceptive are appearances, more gentlemen are mistaken for waiters, than waiters for gentlemen.

To a retired tradesman, there can be no greater convenience than that of having a "short sight." In truth, wealth rarely improves the vision. Poverty, on the contrary, strengthens it. A man, when he is poor, is able to discover objects at the greatest distance with the naked eye, which he could not see, though standing close to his elbow when he was rich.

If you wish to set a room-full of silent people off talking, get some one to sing a song.

The Bore is happy enough in boreing others, but is never so miserable as when left alone, when there is no one but himself to bore.

The contradictions of this Life are wonderful. Many a man, who hasn't the courage to say "no," never misses taking a shower-bath every morning of his life.

If you wish to borrow £5 ask for £10.

AMERICA IN CRYSTAL.

THE United States—in the Exhibition—are mainly represented by a very full-grown eagle. Its exact measurement, from wing to wing, we know not; but in stretch of pinion, it assuredly licks any live specimen the Britisher can produce. It is, however, unfortunate that the gigantic bird soars over next to nothing. No eagle, asking of itself where it should dine, and hovering in space without a visible mouthful, could represent the grandeur of contemplative solitude better than is shown by the United States' Eagle in the firmament of MR. PAXTON'S Crystal. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as a very little consideration might have given us the American Eagle, with the treasures of America gathered below its hovering wings. Why not have sent some choice specimens of slaves? We have the Greek Captive in dead stone—why not the Virginian slave in living ebony? We the more regret this shortcoming—since we read the *Travels in America* just done and printed by LADY WORTLEY. Her Ladyship should have been the chosen commissioner of the States; she makes of slavery such a very prettiness. Her Ladyship is invited to the slave estate—a sort of black Arcadia—the property of the late President's son. The dwellings were "very nice," many of them "ornamented with prints:" doubtless the Declaration of Independence, with portraits of the patriots among them. Her Ladyship was then shown the rising generation of slaves—from slavery at the breast to slavery just running alone.

"Such a congregation of little, smiling, good-natured raven rolypolies, I never saw collected together before. One *perfect duck* [why not blackbird?] of a child was only about three weeks old, but it comported itself quite in as orderly a manner as the rest, *as if it had been used to give parties and assemblies*, and receive any quantity of company from every nation on earth all its days, or rather hours. It was as black as a little image carved in polished ebony, and as *plump as a partridge* (*in mourning*)."

LADY EMMELINE'S ornithological experience is even greater than AUDUBON'S. We doubt whether he ever saw a partridge in mourning; though possibly such a phenomenon may take place throughout the preserves of England—that is, when MR. BRIGHT shall succeed in demolishing the Game Laws.

Here is a strange difference noted by her Ladyship; as different as white and black:

"These pitchy-coloured piccaninnies differed from white children in one essential particular, for they were all perfectly quiet and silent; all wide awake, but all still and smiling."

What says WORDSWORTH to placid infancy?

"Thou liest in ABRAHAM'S bosom all the year,
GOD being with thee when we know it not!"

It may be that MR. TAYLOR'S baby chattels—his little raven rolypolies and perfect little ducks—have in their babyhood sweet communings with their future destiny, under the beneficent rule of slavery—that rod, not of iron, but of blossoming almond—and thus, even whilst wide awake, they are all still and smiling. The angels that, unseen, walk the cotton grounds, may be whispering to the piccaninnies, pitchy-coloured; and piccaninnies smile at the celestial intelligence,—for what a life lies blooming before them!

"All the slaves were evidently taken the kindest care of on GENERAL TAYLOR'S plantation. Men, women, and children all appeared *to adore* MR. TAYLOR, who seemed extremely kind to them, and affable with them."

We must again deplore the omission that has failed to accredit LADY EMMELINE as commissioner for the Slave States of America. Her Ladyship describes the condition of the "inky imps" and "little darkies" with such animation—with such truly feminine enjoyment—that, under her superintendence, the American Eagle, that now flaps over much vacancy, would have extended its wings over the most choice assortment of American manufactures; displayed, too, with as much taste for the World's Gathering—the darling rolypolies, and perfect ducks, and partridges in mourning—as though the show was a stall at a Fancy Fair, held for the suppression of the Slave Trade.

However, let us make the most of the time remaining. As we cannot have a black baby show, let America hire a black or two to stand in manacles, as American manufacture, protected by the American Eagle.

SAMPLE OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURE.

THE WANDERER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Police of England have eyes, that, like the eyes of LYNCÆUS, could, upon occasion, see into the bowels of the earth, as if the earth were no other than the inverted Crystal Palace itself. Hence, it is in vain for your would-be mysterious man to present himself every day in a new dress, and putting, to the best of his means, a new face upon his novel wardrobe.

"Sir," said INSPECTOR GOSHAWK to our astonished selves within the Crystal Palace, the while pointing his sinister fore-finger towards a thin, gaunt man, dressed in an Armenian gown, with a beard of very venerable fall—"Sir," said GOSHAWK, "the gentleman thinks we don't know him. Bless you! we know him: but we respect his weakness—poor gentleman!—and wink."

"Weakness?" cried *Punch*. "Wink?"

"Weakness," repeated the Inspector, with, we thought, a humane affection for the word. "You see he'd almost made a vow—that is, the Armenian there—never to come to the Crystal Palace. He said his duty to his principles, his QUEEN, and his Income-Tax, wouldn't let him. Nevertheless, he's melted, Sir; he's melted."

We looked at GOSHAWK for an explanation.

"This is now the tenth day he's come—and every day in a new dress—to see what's to be seen, and never to be known. One day we catch him in Holland, like a burgomaster—the next in Turkey, like a three-tailed bashaw—the next in Greece, with a cap, and I think they call it a capote—the next among the QUEEN OF SPAIN'S jewels, with a Don's sombrero—the next in America, like a Pennsylvanian Quaker;—and so he's gone on, and I've no doubt, like the *Wandering Jew*, will continue to go on, from country to country, until he's gone all over the world of crystal, and always in another dress, playing another part, that people—for the laughter sake—shouldn't know him. Look at him, Sir! Doesn't he do it like life?" asked GOSHAWK, pointing to the Armenian, at the time gravely running his fingers through his venerable beard.

"Ten men in one—always acting a new part! Why"—we cried to the Inspector—"in the name of mystery, who—who—who can it be?"

"This way, if you please," and we followed GOSHAWK into the wastes of Russia; when, looking carefully about him, bending his head, and speaking in a whisper, GOSHAWK said—still looking at the Armenian—"why, it's the Colonel!"

"You don't mean——"

"I do. Colonel"—and then the Inspector spelt the potent name upon his fingers, thus: "S—I—B—T—H—O—R—P!"

A Deplorable Omission.

A NEW Divertissement called *Les Cosmopolites* has been produced at Her Majesty's Theatre. It is said to contain Dances of all Nations—but from beginning to end we looked most impatiently for the British Hornpipe; and will it be believed? no Hornpipe ever made its appearance. In fact, there was no national Dance of England at all! Now the Hornpipe—with the exception of *Sir Roger de Coverley*—is about the only national Dance we have; and in beauty, lightness, manly vigour, grace, and action, (how beautifully T. P. COOKE used to dance it, to be sure, some years ago!) will compete with the Dance of any other country. It is a deplorable omission at Her Majesty's Theatre, which HER MAJESTY, we are sure, would be the first to deplore. We hope the British Hornpipe will be restored to the proud position it is in every step qualified to occupy, and will be allowed on every other evening to take the lead of the Dances of all Nations.

THE HIPPODROME.—A LAY OF KENSINGTON.

Ho, Band! strike up a Polka—your very loudest play;
The Hippodrome, at Kensington, opens its doors to-day.
To-day the vast interior is hung with banners all,
And o'er the money-taker's box flags deck the outer wall.
The bell within the oval has tingled on the ears,
And at the further opening a gay *cortège* appears;
Forth comes a stalwart Herald—to lead the cavalcade;
His mouth contains a trumpet—for look—not music made.
His dress belongs to HARRY'S time—but we have seen before
Shoes of the same description on Thanet's sandy shore.
Yes—there is no mistaking them—I'll to the truth be sworn,
A pair of Margate slippers are by the Herald worn.
And now the Band approaches, led by the tuneful BLIGHT,
Who on the pleasant piccolo puffs morning, noon, and night.
Young EDWARDS of the ophycleide—who's never out of tune;
SNOOKS of the loud Trombone; SMITH of the mild bassoon;
Their costume speaks of many days—of Rome their tunics tell;
Their high-lows and their trousers of the street of Holy-Well;
Their collars of the Quadrant—or other parts of town;
Their jockey caps bring memories of Epsom's favoured Down.
But see what follows after them—a retinue, whose din
Bursts on the ear with tramp of hoofs and clattering of tin.
Their heads are cased in metal—such as the housewives use,
When in their saucepans they prepare their hashes and their stews.
The peaceful faces of the knights are martially disguised,
The saucepan metal making us think of calves' heads surprised.
Behold! a car advances—drawn by two prancing steeds—
How very much the vehicle springs to the body needs!
'Tis the EIGHTH HARRY holding on—with all his might and main,
To keep his equilibrium—but tries he now in vain.

Each rapid turning of the wheel seems sent to make him own
How much a revolution might shake him on his throne.
But now within the centre great deeds are to be wrought—
On far-famed Field of Cloth of Gold the tourney must be fought.
Imagination, it is true, must in its flight be bold,
To fancy gravel, tan, and mould, a Field of Cloth of Gold.

Now TOMKINS with his prancing steed an open passage clears,
And with a bladder lays about on BROWN'S astonished ears.
Plump lighted JONES'S wooden staff on SMITH'S tin-shelter'd head;
SMITH drops the lance, then drops the reins, then drops himself for dead.
A friendly squire, who, near at hand, the brave knight's danger sees,
Advances cunningly, and strikes the horse upon the knees.

The animal, who knows the sign, and feels too well its force,
Goes down, turns o'er, and lies for dead;—what a sagacious horse!

And then, to keep him in his place, as if of power bereft,
They pinch him with the right hand, and feed him with the left.
And now they bring a platform to bear away the steed,
Whose patience and sagacity are wonderful indeed;
They hold him by the nostrils, they clutch him by the tail,
For sad would be the consequence if in the task they fail.

They raise him on their shoulders, a mix'd and stalwart crew,
The tin-clad knights, the grooms, the squires, the stablemen in blue.
Adown the long arena their heavy load they bear;
The gallant steed, with feet up-raised, paws playfully the air.
When the children in the nursery, upon their nurse's knee,
Mix brandy-balls with bread and milk, and Albert rock with tea;
When the muffin-boy is journeying on his accustomed rounds;
When the air is full of cries of beer and other well-known sounds;
When the tired maid-of-all-work goes to the outer gate,
To shut and lock it for the night, because 'tis getting late,—
Then shall the doings of the day in pleasant talk be told,
Of the Hippodrome at Kensington, and BATTY'S Cloth of Gold.

THE WORLD NEARLY COME TO AN END.

THOUGH we have long ceased to feel any alarm at the possibility of the Thames being set on fire in these days, we were rendered rather nervous about a week ago, by the announcement, that the world was in danger of being consumed in one extensive conflagration. Fortunately an energetic individual at the World's end was ready with a few buckets of water to extinguish the flame that was nearly coming in contact with the surface of the globe, and uniting Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, with all the intervening oceans, in one tremendous bonfire. It appears that the man employed as night watchman to the World, had become rather mooney—a state of mind quite consistent with his occupation—and being a little way from the World, he kept up such a fire, as to make the place he sat in too hot to hold him. We are glad to hear that the World is heavily insured in the Sun, as well as in the Globe, and that MR. WYLD, the energetic proprietor of the World, will not suffer much from the recent accident.

Sunday Morning's Concerts.

A GREAT deal has been said of late about the "histrionic" practices prevalent in some of the Metropolitan Churches. There is one of these more objectionable than all the rest—than any bowings, duckings, genuflexions, candle-burnings, masquerading in mediæval vestments, or other clerical monkey's tricks. It is that very histrionic custom—as pursued at the Foundling Hospital Chapel—of taking money at the doors, as if the edifice were a theatre, and the juvenile choristers infant phenomena.

THE PAPAL BRIGADIERS AND AUXILIARIES.

MR. REYNOLDS, in his speech on Thursday night, seems, if correctly reported, rather to glory in the term "Irish Brigade," which has been applied to his political corps. Our Brigadier and his companions in arms will be delighted to hear that it is proposed to present them with a stand of colours emblazoned with the names of the various parliamentary battle-fields in which they have displayed their loyalty—to their peculiar sovereign. The glorious name of THURLES will also adorn the standard of these gallant fellows. As the most serviceable division of the papal troops, they are, moreover, to be distinguished by the title of the POPE'S OWN. It is likewise expected that a large number of crosses and beads will be distributed by his HOLINESS among the Puseyite Sappers and Miners, who have rendered their Hibernian allies such valuable assistance in fighting the battles of Rome.

Wiseman at the Academy.

ON his recent election, MR. SERJEANT MURPHY mildly spoke of Englishmen as "the brutal and excited populace of England." And nevertheless, up to the present time, the portrait of CARDINAL WISEMAN hangs in the Royal Academy, no English brute of all the millions having laid finger upon it: not because of its offence against the Protestant mind, but against Art. The POPE perpetrated a wrong when he sent the Cardinal here; but how much deeper the wrong when the painter sent the Cardinal to the Royal Academy! After all, the Cardinal—like another individual—cannot be so bad as he 's painted.

PROTECTION IN CRAYON.

EVERY one must regret that ALDERMAN WILSON has played the tyrant towards two poor patriotic men, named JAMES GRAY and JOHN ALLEN, charged with the misdemeanour—or, in true phrase, the noble endeavour—of attempting to save their country by means of whitewash. The gallant fellows were painting on the parapet of Blackfriars-Bridge, the Belshazzar words—"Free Trade and Starvation." As the National Debt crushes us with its score of chalk, why should we not be uplifted and made sweet and clean by the same material? And the wise and benevolent spirit of Protection thinking this, sends forth its missionaries—its midnight missionaries—to paint the awful syllables to sear men's eyeballs withal!

"A gent"—[says GRAY]—"a gent as meets me every Saturday pays me twopence for every painting [*laughter*]. I have been at it a month. I tell the gent every time how many I have painted, and where I have painted them."

And the gent—before or after verification of the number of "Free Trades" and "Starvations,"—pays the painter. And GRAY it appeared—and this is worthy of mark—paid his assistant, ALLEN, 2*s*. 6*d*. per night. Now speaks the Alderman:—

"ALDERMAN WILSON. What do you earn in your present profession?—GRAY. Sometimes 1*s*. 6*d*., sometimes 2*s*. per night; and occasionally none, as I do not always get paid.

"ALDERMAN WILSON. If you get only 2*s*., *how can you pay* 2*s*. 6*d*. *per night*?—GRAY. *I don't know, your worship, but I do pay it.* I am obliged to pay my assistants well [*laughter*]. We do it in the night, because the children smear it in the day [*laughter*.]"

GRAY made answer with the real logic of Protection. He did not know how he paid 2*s*. 6*d*. out of 2*s*. per night; but he *did* pay it. And Protection does not know how it lives upon loss; but it *does* live. How significant, too, the fact that compels the labour of Protectionist painters by night, lest babes and sucklings—full of bread-and-butter—should, in mockery of the fiction, smear it out! The offenders were thus sentenced:—

"'ALDERMAN WILSON. Well, you must go and clean the bridge, or I will send you to prison.'

"They were taken away accordingly by the constable to perform that duty, in return for obtaining their discharge."

Now, this is a little hard upon the humble workers in chalk, when the painters in words and ink are suffered to paint at their own will. What said MR. ALISON, at Edinburgh, in his late "Free Trade and Starvation" speech? Hear the historian:—

"The average importation of foreign grain before 1846 was 2,500,000 quarters; but attend to what has been the enormous, and unparalleled, and unforeseen, extension of the importation since 1846—why, gentlemen, the average of the last two years has been not less than 10,796,000 quarters. Now, so far from this danger and this evil diminishing, it is rapidly increasing."

There, miserable people! Since 1846 you have eaten more than eight millions of quarters increase of food; and, you are consequently starving!

"A gent"—says the Protectionist workman in whitewash—"a gent as meets me every Saturday pays me twopence for every painting." We are sorry that the force of evidence compels us to put the question—Is the "twopenny gent" MR. ALISON?

A Lady's Reason for liking the Great Exhibition.

"MY Dear, it is so very agreeable. You cannot tell how amusing it is! It is much better far than going a-shopping. The whole place is full of some of the prettiest things in the world—laces—silks—brocades—and such lovely jewels—and the beauty is, you may look at them ever so long, without being expected to buy a single thing!"

What's in the Wind?

THE free circulation of the Metropolis is greatly impeded by the blocking up of some of the best and most airy thoroughfares with the Monster Organs; and indeed if the organs should get as far as the Park gates, we shall be having the very lungs of London affected by the prevailing organic disease.

CATCH FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

TELL me, shepherds, tell me, have you seen
My SIBTHORP pass this way?

BALLAD FOR OLD-FASHIONED FARMERS.

ON THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

You may zay what you like to about the World's Fair,
But I've no inclination nor wish to goo there.
Your Palace of Crystial I don't care to zee;
What good unto the Varmer is it like for to be?

I hears a vast deal, and I s'pose I shall moor,
About that famous dimond the gurt Koh-i-Noor,
That 's wuth nigh a million, as folks do relate;
But what 's that with wheat down below thirty-eight?

There 's minerals, and physic, and chymical drugs,
There 's tapestry, and floor-cloth, and carpets, and rugs,
And there 's porcelain and crockery, so fine and so grand;
But all that wun't affoord no relief to the land.

There 's wonderful statues, and fountains, and gates,
Upholstery, cutlery, fenders, and grates,
Kitchen-ranges and stoves for to fry, roast, and broil;
But there 's nothun to make the poor Varmer's pot boil.

There 's gurt big steam-engines for fairings and toys,
Which I dare say amuses the Manchester boys;
But all the World's Fair no machine don't contain
As will sarve us to screw up the prices of grain.

Your silks and your satins, your trinkets and such,
French, Austrian, and Roossian, and Proossian, and Dutch,
Shows fine cultivaition of vorreners' taste,
When half of our soil here 's a-running to waste.

How much better off be we likely to be
For your coloured glass windows and gold filligree?
Which is all superstition and Popery of Rome,
And Free Trade, which is a-ruining your countrymen at home.

Oh! gie me the Fair which the World's Fair beat brown—
The Fair as was held nigh our own native town;
In the old turnpike-days afore railways was know'd,
Which have ruined every coachun-house by the zide of the rhooad.

Oh! there was the beastices which the keeper did show;
The Lion from Africa, and Lioness also,
And the Lion's Provider, the little Jackal,
Besides the Royal Tiger that come from Bengal.

And there was the Elephant, like a Christian, almost,
As well as the play with the murder and the ghost;
And the ram with six legs, and the learned pig to view,
And likewise the pig-faced lady, and the pretty cockatoo.

Then what wonderful hossmanship also was show'd!
I remember BILLY BUTTON, to Brentford as rode;
And the fine tight-rope dancing that also we zin,
And the Merriment a-balancun of ladders on his chin.

Then there was the cheese-fair, and hoss-fair as well,
Accordin as you wanted to buy or to zell;
Spades, bill-hooks, and rip-hooks, and all Varmer's tools,
When we was contented wi our vorevathers' rules.

Them wicked inventions for grindun the earth,
In the Great Exhibition, I'm sure be nought wurth;
Beyond the old plough no machine can avail,
Except and saving only a good slidun-scale.

At the World 's Fair, I'm told, there's a deal I should learn,
But that for my life I can't nohow discern;
Zo I wun't go anigh it—no, I'd rather bide here,
A-smokun of my pipe and a-drinkun of my beer.

Don't do it Again.

WHENEVER a particular measure of indisputable justice is asked for at the hands of Government, the demand is met by the simple answer, "It 's impracticable—it can't be done." Such has been the reply for the last three or four years, to the general request for an equitable adjustment of the Income Tax. We have been told it "can't be done," but unfortunately the public "can be done," and have been done, notwithstanding the impossibility of doing, that has been announced by the Ministers.

HA! HA! I AM NOT MAD.

POOR JOE HUME complains, that whenever he has an important motion on the books, he can never obtain a House, and that consequently he can't get on with his schemes *No—Hows.*

THE GREAT DERBY RACE FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE.

THE ANTIQUITY OF ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.

PEOPLE talk of Electro-Biology as if it were something new, as well as marvellous; but this branch of experimental philosophy is as old as the earliest twig of the tree of knowledge. The operation of the Electro-Biologist consists in making his patient gaze on a piece of coin held in the palm of the hand. For ages, the effects of gazing on coin have been well known to everybody at all conversant with human nature. It matters not in whose hand, nor indeed in what situation, the coin is placed—it may be laid on a table, or dangled in a purse—the result will be the same. The influence of this process on susceptible subjects, who are very numerous, is such, that they will not only believe, but swear, that black is white, or anything else the experimenter pleases. For instance, they will declare, with all the seriousness of a solemn vote, the most extraordinary individuals to be fit and proper persons to represent them in Parliament. Certain recent disclosures in relation to the St. Alban's election and Sovereign Alley, are singular examples of Electro-Biology, or Electro (or Elective) Bribery and Corruption.

M. VATOUT'S DAY AT THE DERBY.

[*We took these papers from the person of an unfortunate French Gentleman of literary pursuits, whom we picked up dead-drunk, on the Derby Day, and took home to his lodgings at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Leicester Street, Leicester Square. His French we have translated as literally as we could; his English, which we give in inverted commas, is untranslateable*].

"HAVING proposed to myself the mission of studying the islanders in their totality, in their streets, their 'public-ouse,' their 'combats of box,' in the aristocratic quarter of their St. James and Leicester Square, as in the sombre dens of their proletaries round the market of Newport, and in the port of Wapping, in the cold and sullen silence of their Sunday, their noisy acclamations over their tea at Greenwich, or the potations of their famous dinner of fish at Blackwall, you will understand with what eagerness (*empressement*) I embraced the offer of a young 'lord of my friends, to assist, under his auspices, at the celebrated Course of Derby.

"This Course of Derby is at once the Chantilly and the Bois de Boulogne, the Longchamps, and the Courtille of the English. It is there the fair young miss displays her choicest toilette—from the *atélier* of one of our Parisian milliners—there the young elegant of the squares and casino, exhibits his spirited thoroughbred (*pur-sang fringant*), and often himself puts on the rainbow jacket, and cap of velvet of the jockey, to compete for his 'Ascot Cup,' or his 'Grand Stand.' It is there, too, those colossal fortunes, wrung out of the sweat of the negro of Cuba, the agony of the Caffre, and the pillage of the Hindoo, on which the rich merchant of the city keeps up his 'snug box' at Brompton, and pays for his Oporto wine at 80 francs the bottle, and his turtle of the Docks—it is there that these fruits of the rapacity of English commerce, and the fraudulent dexterity of English diplomacy, are risked on the skill of a 'gentlemans riders,' or the vaticination of a 'Bell's Life Era' that Delphi of the turf of London, whose PYTHONESS seeks inspiration from the ale of the tavern, and the fume of the 'livery-stables.' The young lord who served as my obliging guide, was a desperate 'sportmans' ('*sportemans' acharné*).

"Our rendezvous was for nine o'clock at his apartment in Craven—one of the black and tortuous streets which conduct from the roar of the Strand to the silence and fog of the Thames. After the national breakfast, of which the 'naff-naff,' in its pot of silver, and the bleeding steak (*bifteck au naturel saignant*), formed part, we lighted our Panatelas, and at the Circus of Regent Street mounted our carriage, with its team (*attelage*) of four spirited horses, and its 'coachmen,' seated in his 'boxing coat' of many capes, stern, proud, and cold; a type of one of those 'coachman,' thoroughbred as his horses, who would perish sooner than conduct a proletary, and allow himself to be torn limb from limb, before his beloved 'stages-coach,' with its armorial escutcheon, should be built into a barricade, in the sacred cause of that democratic and social republic, which, though still far off on the distant horizon of insular history, is destined to be the Ark of Noah of all Nations. With the 'young lords,' and haughty 'gentlemans' by whom I found myself environed, and to whom my Mentor did not even present me—such is English politeness—I exchanged but few words. Their conversation turned on one named 'Walker,' some companion, without doubt, of their orgy, over a blazing punch, of the night before; and they greeted their acquaintance, as they passed other aristocratic equipages like our own, with that loud and semi-musical cry of the English hunter, 'Var—äi—é—ti! Var—äi—é—ti!' prolonged and vibrating, like the Jödel of the Swiss mountaineer.

"It must be avowed that the manners of these young aristocrats were more free from reserve (*retenue*) than those we have the habit of attributing to the insular character. But the Derby Course is a Saturnalia for the Englishman of the 'uppers class.' On that day it is not the Helot, but his Spartan Lord who gets drunk—and the Helot does not lose the lesson of the exhibition!

"The road is full of interest to the foreigner. The proletaries, pale, sad, and silent, line the footways (*trottoirs*), cursing, no doubt, in their Saxon hearts, the haughty Norman who rolls by in his magnificent 'carriage,' but restrained from violence by the stern presence and terrible *bâton* of the 'policemans.' The country is a garden, green and laughing, and to-day the sun shines always. The road is here and there lined with boarding-schools (*pensionnats*)—and graceful blonde heads (*blondes têtes gracieuses*) smile on the equipages as they roll by, and receive with submission the loud and insolent badinage of the young Lords—for these are but the daughters of the tradesmen (*bourgeoisie*). The pale and haughty sisters of these young men are not there. *They* are cloistered in the distant manor-house, under the rigid rule of a severe aunt, or the tutelage of a mercenary governess (*institutrice*), herself an enemy of the proud race to whom she sells her services, and whom, in her turn, she delights to pervert and sour.

"As we approach the course the equipages are more and more crowded—the splendid horses move more and more slowly—the dust rises in thicker clouds. We stop at every 'public-ouse' now—up to this time we stopped at one in two. The young lords are busy with their 'bet-sweeps,' and their lotteries of the horses. They offer me one. I have the 'outsides.' I am laughed at, and ironically complimented.

"We arrive after long hours of heated riding, and are greeted by the proletary again. Ragged, with naked feet, brown with the sun, breathless and haggard, he runs by our carriage, and vainly implores charity, offering his list of the race, his 'Dorlincorrécarde.' His misery is derided, and we pass him, without an emotion of pity, without a word of brotherhood; we are in our 'carriage,' he is in the dust—Bespatter him (*éclaboussez-le*) and pass on, young lords!

"And now we are on the course!

"What a scene!

"It is the green and smooth 'turf,' which gives its name to the sports of the course, and which has been adopted also among ourselves—us, who are so slow to adopt anything, save a great idea. Myriads of the proletaries are there, who have toiled hither on foot—panting—breathless—and dirty—to forget their wretchedness for a moment, in the maddening excitement of the race, and to enjoy a full meal, for once, out of the scraps which they will beg round the 'lunch' of the lord. And to-day they will not be spurned from his table. They will receive fragments of *pâté*—they will taste meat for once—chicken even—and perhaps wine! Happy proletaries!

"The crowd of aristocratic carriages like our own is dense. They cover 'the Hill.' With difficulty one penetrates the crowd. But misery, in its rags, with its wretched children on its back, in its hand, at its heels, drags itself through the press, and rears its menacing front and haggard eyes to the door of the coach, and struggles for the disdainful alms of the *blasé* 'gentlemans,' whose spleen is for a moment diverted by the sight of real hunger—of the languid 'Miss,' who would pity, if her stern Mamma, and her impassive 'Papa,' in his starched 'stocks,' were not there to chill the fraternity that ever struggles in the heart of woman—though born in a palace, and reared in all the luxury of the superfluous. But I diverge from my companions, from the race.

"Saddened by the utter forgetfulness around me of the tyranny under which this land of England is groaning, I have left my noisy companions and reached the outskirts of the crowd.

"Gare! I have received a thick baton between my legs! I see a crowd of Bohemians—fierce—wild—noisy (*criards*)—armed with formidable clubs—who shout and menace me! Do they seek my money?

"No—it is a game of the islanders. They are playing at their 'nockhemdown.' What is this man, with a small table, on which are placed three thimbles and a ball like a grain of lead? How rapid his discourse! how speaking his gestures! Yes, the man of the people is eloquent. He invites me to play at his game. An obliging bystander explains it to me, and slyly lifting one of the thimbles, gives me a glimpse of the ball. I bet. Pan—I am done (*enfoncé*). The ball is gone. It is an unworthy jugglery (*escarmotage*)—but I am a foreigner, a Frenchman—and there is no sympathy for me, in this crowd—this crowd of my brethren—for the people are my brothers.

"Hark! That cry! That movement of the crowd! It is the race. Let me regain my carriage. Impossible! I cannot recognise my companions. There are so many carriages—all with arms (*armorie*), all magnificent—so many young 'gentlemens'—like the 'lords' whom I have left.

"Hold! It is my Mentor, who has sought me out, and now invites me to the 'lunch' of 'nobs,' as he tells me. Nobs is also a young lord, and his friends are of the same class. But can these laughing, gay, and thoughtless beings, be the cold, calculating, and repulsive men

I am accustomed to see on the benches of the Chamber of Peers, or the footways (*trottoirs*) of Regent Street, in the *coulisse* of St. James?

"They have won and lost immense sums. Winners and losers are all equally gay—for to lose or to win, alike dispels the spleen under which they suffer.

"They press upon me iced champagne, the water of soda, and wine of dry Madeira. All is at my service; from the salad and *pâté* of pigeons, to the obsequious lacquey who offers me to drink. Why should I not fraternise with you also, young lords? You, too, are my brothers. I carry a toast to the Union of all Nations. It is received with loud acclamations—not the less because its import (*portée*) is unperceived.

"*Trinquons!* We drink a 'healths' to each other. The proletary at our carriage door, who is picking up the empty bottles, and eating the scraps which fall from our hands, he drinks, too. We are very joyous. Hark! another cry—another movement—another race. Ah! bah!

"What is the race to the overflowing of the heart (*épanchement de cœur*) which follows the encounter of kindred spirits, with d'Aï Mousseux to water (*arroser*) the shoots of sympathy, which intercourse with the stranger ever causes to spring up in the breast of the Frenchman?

Broken with emotion, I begin to trace these notes heavily and with indistinctness. Let me reflect. How the carriages increase in numbers! The toasts are carried more and more frequently.

* * * * *

I have improvised a discourse which has been vociferously applauded (*bruyamment reçu*). I have spoken, I think, of the future of the world. I will now regain my companions—

* * * * *

No. I will still record my emotions.

* * * * *

How beautiful, how sublime a spectacle does a people present in its few moments of social enjoyment—when rich and poor—the millionnaire and the proletary—the lord and the workman—meet on the common ground, as in this Course of Derby. I feel myself taken with a vertigo at the thought.

* * * * *

"Oh, noble et sublime peuple Anglais! Oh, ma patrie! Quand te reverrais-je?—ta verte pélouse—tes fleurs—tes lilas—

* * * * *

Liberté, 'Galité, Frernité—"

* * * * *

"WELL, CHARLEY, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE OLD HORSE?"—"O! BE-BE-BEAU-TI-FUL, E-E-EA-SY AS A CHA-A-AIR."

SOYER'S OMELETTE À LA PRESSE.

SOYER has given a banquet to the foreign reporters. *Punch* has no doubt that the feast was worthy of the event. Indeed, the *Morning Chronicle* assures its patient subscribers that, after the roast beef was placed upon the table, "description became hopeless! Imagination might do something; but experience alone could convey an idea adequate to the occasion!" M. SOYER made a speech, very fully reported by the *Chronicle*. Nevertheless, the cook's best thing was omitted. It was this:—"Why," asked M. SOYER, "why is this dinner the reverse of an *omelette soufflée?*"

Everybody gave it up.

"Because," said the cook, "an *omelette soufflée* is puffed to be eaten: now the dinner is eaten to be puffed."

HANDLES FOR JOKES.

IT really seems very surprising that the Home Secretary should find any difficulty in obtaining from Parliament, a perfect Water Supply for the Metropolis, when we consider that both Houses abound in pumps.

AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

ALL the American Contributions have not yet arrived. This delay accounts for the empty space, which is so painfully noticed, at the end of the Exhibition. The following rare goods, however, are on their way from the United States, and may partially make up for the lamentable American deficiency:—

The Leg of a Multiplication Table.
The pair of Ship's Stays found drying on the Equinoctial Line.
The Bonnet generally worn with the Veil of Nature.
The Paletôt of the Heavy Swell of the Atlantic.
The Key of LOCKE'S Music.
A Tooth-brush for the Mouth of the Thames.
A Hat-stand made out of the Horns of a Dilemma.
A Tumbler for the Jug of the Nightingale.
A Mattrass for the Falls of Niagara.
A Dressing-case for the Mirror of Nature.
The Whip with which America flogs all creation—especially the coloured portion of it. And, lastly,
The tremendous Wooden Style that separates the American from the English Fields of Literature.

PUNCH AMONG THE PAINTERS.

A STUDY OF THE HEAD OF AN OLD WOMAN.

BEARING in mind PRINCE ALBERT'S admonition to critics, and feeling that genius draws itself up like a sensitive plant, at the harsh touch of satire, we are determined, this year, to water our artistic May-flowers, which blossom on the walls of the Academy, with the milk of human kindness, and not the bitter water from the well of Truth. Delightful task, to find beauty everywhere — even where common observers can only find ugliness — all the more complete, from being represented with the most scrupulous exactitude.

Our dear and promising young friends, the Pre-Raphaelites, deserve especial commendation for the courage with which they have dared to tell some most disagreeable truths on their canvasses of this year. MR. RUSKIN was quite right in taking up the cudgels against the *Times* on this matter. The pictures of the P. R. B. *are* true, and that 's the worst of them. Nothing can be more wonderful than the truth of COLLINS's representation of the "*Alisma Plantago*," except the unattractiveness of the demure lady, whose botanical pursuits he has recorded under the name of

CONVENT THOUGHTS.

Whether by the passion-flower he has put into her hand, he meant to symbolise the passion with which MESSRS. LACEY, DRUMMOND, and SPOONER are inspired against the conventual life, or the passion the young lady is in with herself, at having shut up a heart and life capable of love and charity, and good works, and wifely and motherly affections and duties, within that brick wall at her back—whether the flower regarded, and the book turned aside from, are meant to imply that the life of nature is a better study than the legend of a saint, and that, therefore, the nun makes a mistake when she shuts herself up in her cloister, we are not sufficiently acquainted with MR. COLLINS's ways of thinking to say. By the size of the lady's head he no doubt meant to imply her vast capacity of brains—while by the utter absence of form and limb under the robe, he subtilely conveys that she has given up all thoughts of making a figure in the world.

MR. MILLAIS' "*Mariana* in the moated Grange," is obviously meant to insinuate a delicate excuse for the gentleman who wouldn't come—and to show the world the full import of TENNYSON's description:

"Then, said she, I am very dreary."

Anything drearier than the lady, or brighter than her blue velvet robe, it is impossible to conceive.

It is clear that that bit of crochet is too much for her. Her weary stretch and the yawn that is so finely foreshadowed in her face, say plainly, "Oh, dear, how tired I am!" which is the vulgar English of TENNYSON's world-famous *refrain*.

What a fine sense of humour there is in the painter, who, under the title "Head of an old Woman," has presented us with a portrait of our dear COLONEL SIBTHORP!

We are glad to see that our portrait painters are making a vigorous attempt to show up to merited contempt the nameless "ladies" and "gentlemen," who will insist on thrusting their faces into the Exhibition, without a single plea either of beauty, fashion, reputation, or greatness, to justify the intrusion.

A MILITARY GENTLEMAN

will, probably, think twice before he again puts himself into a painter's chair. We trust that the very severe lesson read him in this finely imagined satirical work will not be thrown away.

The Colour of the Mediterranean.

SOME say it is a Prussian Blue; others, an Hibernian Green. As for ourselves, we do not know what colour it may be, but we hope it will never be a French Lake.

MORE PROTESTANT PREJUDICE.

ANDID AND DEAR SIR,

"That deluded statesman, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, has, I perceive, been betraying the most extraordinary hallucinations respecting the state of the Church in Italy. In the debate on that barbarous measure of sanguinary persecution, the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, his Lordship is reported to have given utterance to the frantic and outrageous language subjoined:—

"For my own part, I have no wish to exchange the religious liberty that we shall all enjoy, and that the Roman Catholics will enjoy after the passing of this bill, for any of that kind of religious liberty which is enjoyed at Rome. (*Much cheering.*) It was but the other day we were informed by one of our Ministers in Italy, that there was a person now lying in prison for the offence—of what? Of circulating an Italian version of the Holy Scriptures (*loud cries of 'hear, hear'*)—a violation of the laws of that Italian State."

"The unfortunate PREMIER, of course, believes this statement—for making which, the only punishment I can wish him is a course of medical treatment, including cupping at the temples and blisters at the nape of the neck. Why, Sir, all the most distinguished ecclesiastics of Italy are members of a Bible Society, over which the POPE himself presides, and which reckons among its members ministers of all denominations, who are invited indiscriminately to those interesting tea-meetings which his HOLINESS so frequently holds at the Vatican. The kind of religious liberty enjoyed at Rome, which LORD JOHN sneers at, is the freedom of Liberty Hall itself: the most unlimited latitude of theological discussion prevails; only it is not considered good taste to moot controversial topics before children under ten years of age.

"His Lordship is also represented as having said—

"I am very glad that if I wish to learn the art of reasoning, I am not debarred from WHATELEY'S *Logic*."

"I can only tell LORD JOHN RUSSELL that at Rome he would be at perfect liberty to confine his intellect, and enslave his soul with the trammels of WHATELEY'S, or anybody else's Logic. The sale of the book is as unrestricted as that of arsenic was here, up to the other day. The *Index Expurgatorius* is merely a good-humoured review, the object of which is to oppose heresy by the harmless weapons of humour and raillery. Believe me to be, my very dear Sir, most truly yours,

"VERAX."

A FEW DESPAIRING QUESTIONS.

PUNCH has received various communications relative to the failure of the Great Exhibition everywhere except in the Exhibition itself.

THEATRICAL MANAGERS ask—Where are the Audiences?
PANORAMA ARTISTS—Where are our Spectators?
HOUSE-AGENTS—Where our Tenants?
HOUSE-KEEPERS—Where our Lodgers?
TAVERN-KEEPERS—Where our Guests?
GENERAL TRADESMEN—Where our Customers?
BOOKSELLERS—Where our Readers?

Punch—with his best endeavour to look and speak his best wisdom—says, he will give the earliest intelligence of their whereabout, when he finds them.

Matrimonial Poison.

LATELY in New Orleans—see American papers—a man and wife resolved to die by poison. Tumblers of arsenic and water for two. The husband—ingenuous, confiding wretch!—drinks and dies. And then the wife sets down *her* tumbler, and thinks better of it.

IRISH MORAL. Husbands who would have their wives die with them, should take care that they drain *their* tumblers first.—N.B. No heel-taps.

Punch lives in lively expectation of seeing the above beat out into a melo-drama for the English stage; always provided it be done in Paris first.

A DINNER TO FERRAND.

A FEW eccentric folks at Aylesbury are about to give MR. FERRAND a dinner. It is to be hoped, for the sake of clean diet, that they will ask the Hon. Gentleman to eat anything but his own words.

NAKED UNTRUTH.

"COVER your statues!" shouts CLARKE, the hermit, of Spring Garden Terrace. The great ascetic would have VENUS rising from a sea of calico; and would endue DIANA with the longest riding-habit. The too pure CLARKE is shocked by what he sees at the Exhibition. There was a philosopher—a little more in earnest than CLARKE—who put out his eyes that he might not look upon temptations that way-laid his soul. Has not CLARKE the same heroic alternative? CLARKE—(it is the same ROCHFORT CLARKE who manfully smote the reputation of DOCTOR WISEMAN'S mother; and all, as CLARKE no doubt thought, in vindication of his own Christian charity,)—CLARKE says:—

"Things are preserved because they are old or strange, or well executed, which are only fit for the fire or to be broken in pieces. Let us, therefore, entreat others to speak out plainly, decidedly, and promptly; and then, whether we succeed or fail in driving the indecent and superstitious images out of the public thoroughfares of the Great Exhibition, we shall at least make it plain that the Church of this kingdom does not sanction the evil, but abhors it, protests against it, and actively resists it."

CLARKE himself has purged his own portfolio of the nude mythology of Paganism. More; he once upon a time gave two guineas for the engraving of the "Murillo" in the National Gallery, and "tore it up at a full meeting of 'the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.'" It was only the more energetic spirit of former CLARKES that "tore up" the bodies and limbs of offenders themselves. CLARKE of 1851 can only give prints to "the devouring flame." The happier CLARKES of earlier times might snuff the sacrifice of burning flesh, sweet-smelling in the nostrils of the faithful and the pure.

We, of course, respect the motives of MR. CLARKE; we believe him to be truly in earnest; and, so believing, recommend his opinions to the serious attention of Scotland-Yard; that CLARKE himself, and persons of the like moral cast of countenance, may be known to the policemen on duty at the Exhibition, at our National and other picture-galleries. We hope that the authorities will be vigilant upon the motions of all and sundry people of bilious, yellow-ochre complexions, with sunk and sullen eyes, and wide mouths smirking at the corners, in worship of their own excelling goodness. Such persons are to be very narrowly watched when near such abominations as MURILLO'S *Holy Family*, and CORREGGIO'S *Venus and Mercury*. For after all, CLARKE is more a human matter of police than of moral argument. As soon turn PAN into APOLLO, as deprive a certain sort of delicate saint of his moral horns and hooves, his hircine nose and pricked-up ears. For these moralities are of the satyr, and not of the god, within us.

There was one SCHILLER, who writing on Art, wrote—"All in man that is not humanity, is contingent. The Grecian artist, who has to represent a *Laocoon*, a *Niobe*, a *Philoctetes*, knows of no princess, no king, and no king's son; he busies himself only with men. For this reason, the wise sculptor throws aside the vestment, and shows us only naked figures, although he knows very well that this does not occur in actual life. He esteems clothing as something contingent, to which the necessary need never be postponed; and the laws of propriety or need, are not the laws of art. The sculptor should, and will, show us *men*, and garments only conceal them; he is right in throwing them aside."

Do we quote this for the benefit of the *genus* CLARKE? No; for we know it incurable; and would as soon borrow APOLLO'S lyre—if we could—to "call the cows home." No: CLARKE and such dismal enthusiasts are, we repeat it, a matter of police. We therefore pray A. 1 to keep his eye on our national "Correggios," and exhort B. 2 warily to watch our "Poussins" and "Murillos." Can we be too vigilant against the rampant decency of a sect that, in its abhorrence of naked purity, no doubt prefers as more outwardly respectable, an ADAM thrust from Eden, to the mere ADAM as he walked in Paradise?

A Select Circus.

IT is a great pity that by cutting out a ride in Kensington Gardens, the recreations of nursemaids and children should be interfered with, when, by another arrangement, the fashionable equestrians could be accommodated, and the young women and their interesting charges amused, at the same time. Could not MR. BATTY be induced to open his Hippodrome for a certain time every afternoon to our young cavaliers and their fair companions; admitting mere spectators, on the usual terms, to witness the performances of the select circle into which the Ring would be converted?

A Rejected Conundrum.

(*After* SIBTHORP.)

WHY would a manufacturer of locomotives be a first-rate Cook amongst Cannibals?

Because he would be sure to make the "Injians" (engine's) tender!

A "BLOOMER."—A MRS. BLOOMER, editress of the *Lily*, as an advance from the weakness of her sex, has—according to the *New York Post*—adopted "the short dress and trousers." So far so good. When does the lady begin to shave?

THE CHARLES THE SECOND BALL.

SINCE the announcement of the Costume Ball a good deal of excitement has been prevalent about the Court regarding it. It is known that CHARLES THE SECOND used to feed ducks in St. James's Park, and it is thought that this amusement of the Merry Monarch is harmless, and may be repeated on the present festive occasion. Rewards have been offered at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, for a means of keeping the ducks awake till twelve o'clock at night.

We hear that some Duchesses decline altogether to assume the characters of their namesakes in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND; and that the Dukes, their husbands, perfectly agree in this spirited decision.

For the same reason as their Graces', the parts of Maids of Honour are not in much request. But for the character of CATHERINE HYDE, who married the heir to the throne, there are numberless proposals among the young ladies of the polite world.

For the character of the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (of CHARLES THE SECOND'S time), who kicked down a grand fortune without being able to account for it, we hear a great number of noblemen named; among others, LORD ADDLESTONE, LORD MUDDEHEAD, and the LORD VISCOUNT WILDGOOSE.

The young gentlemen about Downing Street are reading the *Biographie Universelle*, and acquiring a surprising fund of historical knowledge. Young TAPELY, old TAPELY'S son, who is eighteen, and has just entered the Foreign Office, proposes to appear as COLBERT: whom GUTTLETON admires, not as a minister, but as inventor of Colbert-soles. VANDER SOUGHEY, of the Dutch Legation, announced at the Club that he would go as the PENSIONARY DE WITT. "Behold de miracle instead of de witt," said FLICFLAC; and added, that COUNT NARCISSI (the envoy from Pumpernickel) had best assume this character, because the women are always tearing him to pieces.

GENERAL THE EARL OF SLOWGO (who does his best to be an F.M.) has just been credibly informed that a work exists—a remarkable work—although a light work he may almost say a biographical work—relative to the times of CHARLES THE SECOND, called PEPYS' *Diary*, and purporting to be edited by a member of their Lordships' House, the LORD VISCOUNT BRAYBROOK.

GENERAL SLOWGO has, therefore, presented his compliments to LORD VISCOUNT BRAYBROOK, and requests to know if the Viscount has edited the work in question? Should his lordship's reply be in the affirmative, GENERAL LORD SLOWGO will write to the Librarian of the British Museum, to know: 1st. Whether the work, entitled, PEPYS' *Memoirs* be in the Library of the British Museum? 2nd. Whether that work contains an authentic account of the reign of his late Majesty, King CHARLES THE SECOND? 3rd. Whether the Librarian of the British Museum can bring the volume, if a rare one, to Slowgo House? and, 4th, If not, whether, and at what time, GENERAL THE EARL OF SLOWGO can consult the work in question at the British Museum?

The two little Miss BUDDS (who go about with LADY CRABB) have had another contemporary work lent to them by their cousin ROWLEY, and are busy reading GRAMMONT'S *Memoirs*. When LADY CRABB heard that her wards were reading history, she was highly pleased, and observed that she has no doubt the volume is instructive, as the family of GRAMMONT is one of the highest in France. The Miss BUDDS say the book is—very instructive.

Miss GRIGG, who is exceedingly curious in books and antiquarianism, has come upon some surprising illustrative passages in her Papa's library, in the works of WYCHERLEY and SIR C. SEDLEY, and in SUCKLING'S poems.

COLONEL SIR NIGEL M'ASSER, who has the largest and blackest whiskers not only in the Horse Guards Green, but (with the exception of one sapper, now at the Cape of Good Hope) in the British army, when he heard that whiskers were not worn in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, and that gentlemen would be expected to shave, instantly applied for leave of absence; and, if that is refused, he will send in his papers.

LADY ROSA TWENTYSTONE and her daughters have been to Hampton Court, and taken careful note of the LELYS there. But when they came down to dinner in the dresses which they had prepared, and rehearsed the part before MR. TWENTYSTONE, he ordered the whole family up to their rooms, and the dinner to be covered, until they were.

"LADY ROSA is so delightful," VARGES says, that he thinks "one can't see too much of her."

LORD VISCOUNT METHUSELAH has put himself into the hands of new artists, and will appear with the cheeks, hair, and teeth of twenty. He has selected the character of LORD ROCHESTER, and has sent a request to the Lord Chamberlain that he may be allowed to make his *entrée* into the ball through a window and up a rope-ladder.

LORD HULKINGTON hopes to be able to get into a page's dress, which he wore once in private theatricals, at the PRINCESS OF WALES'S Court at Naples in 1814; and the ladies of his family are busy (for his lordship, since he came into his fortune, is become very economical) in trying to enlarge it.

LADY HOWLBURY expects to make a great sensation, and not at a large expense; having attired herself and daughters, each in a curtain of the state bed at Ivybush, under which CHARLES THE SECOND passed three days after the battle of Worcester.

If the LORD MAYOR is invited with his suite, the City Marshal, of course, will go as MARSHAL TUREEN.

LORD TOM NODDINGTON was much surprised when he heard that CHARLES THE SECOND had been up a tree; and always thought that he ran for the Oaks. His opinion was that CHARLES THE SECOND had had his head cut off, just before his son, JAMES THE FIRST, came into this country, from Scotland,—where LORD TOM goes shooting every year. MR. BLAND VARGES, who is the most notorious wag at SPRATT'S, said, that as TOM NODDINGTON had no head himself, he had better go as the MARQUIS OF MONTROSE—after his decapitation. TOM NODDINGTON said he would be hanged if he went as MONTROSE, which VARGES said was more and more in character. LORD TOM said he didn't know. He knew that he had shot the DUKE'S country, and hoped to shoot there again; and he thought "it was devilish dangerous, begad, in those confounded levelling times, by JOVE, for fellas to go about, saying that other fellas had their heads cut off; and that sort of thing, begad, might put bad ideas into other fellas' heads, and radical fellas, and dam republican fellas." MR. VARGES said that LORD TOM needn't be afraid about *his* head, and that if he lost it he wouldn't miss it; on which TOM NODDY said that VARGES was always chaffing him.

LORD ADDLESTONE—when his librarian informed him he had heard that LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH as a young man wore a periwig powdered with gold-dust—has hit upon a brilliant thought of his own, and ordered that his wig shall not only be powdered with gold, but that he will have a papillote of bank-notes.

If these are scarce, as his steward informs him, his Lordship's man is directed to use promissory notes bearing his Lordship's valuable signature.

The young officers of the Eclectic Regiments, horse and foot, Cornets and Lieutenant-Captains with ten shillings per diem of pay, are greatly gratified at the idea of having to pay £40 a piece for their wigs at the Ball.

It is said that a venerable Prelate of a Western Diocese is going to represent all the seven recusant Bishops of JAMES'S time at once; and CARDINAL DE RETZ, who had a genius for conspiracies, fights, rows, and hot water in general, has a representative in Golden Square, with a hat and costume ready bought and paid for.

ENSIGN AND LIEUTENANT TIPTON, of the Coolstreams, says that he intends to take MARLBOROUGH'S part as a young man, for he is very good-looking, is as poor as a rat, and ready to borrow money of any woman who will lend it.

"List! Oh, List!"

THE Police-Commissioners issued a list of London Cab-fares, which have since been recalled, as they were full of errors. It is very curious, but a cab-fare seems to be a question which cannot be handled without committing some mistake. The poor Public is doomed, apparently, to be deceived on every side. As if the Cabmen were not enough in all conscience to impose upon them, the Police must also lend their aid to mystification and extortion. Between the Cabmen and the Policemen, a person will no sooner enter a cab, than he will think himself extremely well out of it upon payment of double fare. However, some little indulgence should be shown to the poor Cabmen, supposing they are proved to have committed any slight overcharge, when the very persons who are appointed their judges commit themselves. We see clearly that a cab-fare is eternally destined to be one of those disagreeable subjects upon which no two persons will ever be found to approach within a mile—or more, if there is a back-fare in question—of the same opinion.

AMERICAN AMENDMENT.

THE Americans have improved upon the old English saying of "Base is the Slave who pays;" for their strongest expression of horror is, "Base is the Slave who doesn't pay."

THE CORRECT THING FOR THE EXHIBITION.

First Little Gent. "DASH MY BUTTONS, ARRY! THAT'S A NEAT SHIRT."
Second Little Gent. "WELL, I RATHER LIKE IT MYSELF. IT'S QUITE MY OWN IDEA!"

HOW WE HUNTED THE PRINCE.

MRS. FITZPUSS, *of Baker Street, to* MRS. MACTHISTLE, *of Klinkumpans, N.B.*

"MY DEAR JANET,

"THE deluge of shillings having burst upon the Crystal Palace, I now have a moment's breath to tell you all about it. For the first time—Sundays, of course, excepted—since the wonderful 1st of May, I am again in my own little room, that was once such a dear of a boudoir, but is now become as melancholy as a dungeon, and as cold as an ice-house. CHARLES says, it is all with my living so long among the carpets of Persia, the veils of Turkey, and the shawls and embroidery of Cachemire—and there may be something in it; for ever since the 1st of May, I've driven directly after early breakfast to the Palace of that great Jin, PAXTON, in Hyde Park, where for hours I've done nothing but think myself a great Princess of the Arabian Nights, with the Koh-i-noor my own property, whenever I liked to wear it.

"You may therefore judge, my own JANET, what it was to come home every evening to Baker Street; with CHARLES—I will say it—in the worst of tempers, and wickedly wishing the Crystal Palace given up to COL. SIBTHORP to blow into millions of shivers. However, knowing that the mob would be let in like a torrent on the 26th, I was resolved to have the last minute out of my season-ticket, which CHARLES, when he bought for me—as he has since had the ill-nature to say—little thought 'would have the effect of making me forget my own fireside, my own husband, and my own family.' As if, when the 24th was over, I shouldn't forget the Arabian Nights, the Persian carpets, the Turkish veils, and be as dull as ever. But even these sights—even these wonders, amongst which thousands of us ladies walked and sat, and sat and walked, like Queens on their coronation-day—all this was next to nothing to the delightful pleasure of attending PRINCE ALBERT wherever he went, swarming about him—as an old gentleman observed—like bees about a furze bush.

"You must know, my dear, that the QUEEN and the PRINCE are the earliest of risers; therefore, you may guess—no, you can't, living in the wild wilderness you live in—but you might, if you knew something more of London-life—you might, I say, guess what it was to be up and out and in the Glass Palace by a little past nine every morning, to be ready for the QUEEN and the PRINCE; that they mightn't stir a foot without your following 'em. Well, as luck would have it, one morning his Royal Highness came alone. I confess it; I have felt a little put back—somewhat abashed by the mild, reproving glances of the QUEEN; but for HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT—it was plain from the moment he entered, that he had not the heart to look coldly upon ladies; and so, my love, you may be sure we made the most of his condescension!

"In a word, my dear, we never left him. Living where you live, you have heard a good deal of the excitement—the wild pleasure—of hunting stags; of deer-stalking. Bless you, JANET, it can be nothing to the delight of hunting a Prince; and hunting him so close, that you may have, for the rest of your life, every look and line of the royal countenance for ever impressed upon your loyal and devoted heart. I am sure, for my part—never, never can I forget the expression of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, on the —— of May, in the Glass Exhibition. But how should I? when I was all but a hair's-breadth upon his royal toes, the crowd of ladies so pushing one another, that, upon my word, my love, I thought for a minute of the Christmas gallery of a playhouse—it was more like it than the *élite*—for there were many of our *locale* present—of Baker Street. But then the Prince was so affable—so kind! And though, perhaps—I say, perhaps—His Royal Highness would have liked to be left a little to himself, studying the commerce and things of all nations,—still he never so much as frowned; but, with the best of breeding, smiled; I say, with the best of breeding—for I am sure it must have taken the royal mind a little trouble to do so.

"You will laugh, my dear, when I tell you that we positively followed His Royal Highness from one end of the world to another. When he dropped in upon the East Indies, there we were at Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, and Singapore. When he made a move towards China, to China we followed him! When he made for Switzerland, with His Royal Highness we enjoyed the bracing air of that land of WILLIAM TELL. When he drew up before the Queen of Spain's jewels, didn't we all so cluster about that it nearly took three policemen to what they vulgarly called, 'break the ring!'

"But all pleasures—even the delight of Prince-hunting—must have an end!—Here I am at home again, in my own dull, dingy corner; and though, now and then, I lean back in my chair, and, shutting my eyes, do almost see those dashing carpets—those dear veils—those loves of shawls—still I cannot wholly dismiss the sad feeling—the shocking conviction—that I am again at home—again in Baker Street—again restored—as CHARLES said, this very day, with a grim, unearthly smile—restored to the circle of my family, with all its duties.

"I suppose, my love, that, after a time, I shall get reconciled to the change. In the meantime, bestow your dearest wishes, and best sympathy, upon your affectionate and melancholy friend,

"JULIA FITZPUSS.

"P.S.—On Monday the Glass Palace is thrown open to the mob. I shudder for the consequences. Is it not as if *Cinderella's* glass-slipper was to be tried by the horrid giant that wore seven-leagued boots? The Saturdays still remain for US; but, after the mob, will they—can they—be endurable? Of course the QUEEN and PRINCE—they are gone to Osborne—will never visit the Crystal Temple more!

"*Baker Street, May 24th, 10 p.m.*"

THE BRITISH BROOM GIRLS.

DOUBTLESS it is not generally known that there is a large class of useful servants of the public, the "Street Orderlies," whose services are not only not remunerated, but are even rendered at a considerable expense to themselves: as the apparatus which they use for sweeping the streets is not supplied either by the parish, or the Commissioners of Sewers, or any public association for promoting the office of scavenger. Indeed, their utility had been altogether unacknowledged till MR. PAXTON, the other day, speaking, at the banquet given to the foreign Commissioners at Richmond, of the unexpected cleanliness of the Crystal Palace floor, said that

"As a policeman had remarked to him, the building had been kept completely clean by the rich silk dresses of the ladies."

MR. PAXTON had devised some contrivances expressly for sweeping out his Palace; but these have been rendered superfluous by the ladies' trains; which, in fact, are everywhere superseding besoms. Of course, it is in consequence of the length of her garments that the fair pedestrian, in perambulating our thoroughfares, interferes with the operations of the regular dustman. He, indeed, may complain that long dresses, in gathering up the dust, take the bread out of his mouth; but the public is the gainer by this admirable fashion, so well calculated

to make the pavement look tidy, and hide a *chaussure* of which the appearance would be different. Thus to veil from observation a very important point in beauty, indicates a considerate feeling on the part of our CINDERELLAS towards those of their sisters to whom Nature, with respect to foot and ancle, has been less bountiful in form, and more so in size, than to themselves. It must, however, be confessed that so studious a concealment does not so much evince *goût* as suggest goutiness; a state of lower extremity which might be imagined to be as frequent now among young ladies in the West, as it used to be among old gentlemen from the East. But then it is pleasing to contemplate the indifference to admiration, and the sacrifice of feelings of vanity to practical usefulness, exemplified in this truly sweeping reform of Fashion. *Punch*, nevertheless, would suggest a little economical improvement in the make of trailing gowns. Botanical decorations of various kinds are common embellishments of feminine costume. Let the hems of ladies' long dresses be trimmed with broom.

A DRAMATIC APPEAL AND SUGGESTION.

To MR. MITCHELL *(of the French Plays), favoured by* MR. PUNCH.

CERTAINLY, Sir, when I say that I am an English dramatist of an industrious turn of pen, you will readily understand that I have re-bottled a good deal of French wine into English vessels, flavouring with brandy, &c., to suit the English market. However, to drop metaphor, as vulgar and slow, I am a dramatist; and by at least a dozen enthusiastic worshippers, who meet at the *Dumas' Head*, am considered to be *the* man destined to redeem the English Theatre—with all its seediness and slowness—to the spiciness and vigour of the French stage. With this view, I have produced plays that have been in their turn 'A Tremendous Hit'—'An Unparalleled Blow'—'A Never-to-be-Equalled Sensation,' and so forth. Only two or three weeks ago I brought out *The Amiable Cannibal*—in which a Siberian spendthrift devours three of his creditors to hurried music—with an alarming effect, a tremendous blow, Sir, at the legitimate drama. The morning after, the statue of SHAKESPEARE over Drury Lane portico was found cracked through and through; and I am proud to believe will never be mended. But to my immediate purpose.

"You have read of the daw in peacock's feathers. In confidence, I am a repetition of the condition of that very bird; and for this, Sir, I may thank, or rather abuse, you. All my dramas have been put forth, with not a word of their origin: and my friends have thought me a man of wonderful fertility of invention. Yes, Sir, I have been considered and worshipped (as such happy beings are worshipped in England) as author—dramatic author.

"And now comes your deuced French company to play in their original French all my English productions. One by one my plays are taken from me. One by one my peacock plumes drop from my tail; and if your confounded company remain long with us, I shall soon not have a single feather to strut with. But this comes of your infamous Free Trade! This comes of admitting French plays free of duty, like French shoes—to the destruction of the English dramatist and the British shoemaker.

"However, quitting a consideration of my own wrongs, let me—at this genial season of universal philanthropy—suggest a mode by which the true English dramatist may yet benefit his species and put a trifle in his pocket. At St. James's you are now playing *Une Bataille de Dames*; and at the Olympic the same piece is turned inside out as *The Ladies' Battle*. Now, as our French visitors—ninety-nine out of a hundred—know scarcely a word of English, and as all Frenchmen know French plays as they appear, why not turn the English Theatre into an English school for the foreigner?

"For instance, let every line of *Une Bataille de Dames* be—line by line—uttered by a French prompter, bestowed in the middle of the stage, as at the Opera—each line being translated by the actor into sound, literal, English. Thus the Olympic Theatre would be a very useful school; and, for once, English actors would be really teachers. I do not expect that M. REGNIER himself can be translated—I mean his genius—but we might have all his words; and thus Frenchmen visit the play-house for instruction, getting as much amusement as—as they could. Any way, the reproduction of a modern French play ought to have a great attraction for the mind of the Gaul. He leaves it in the Palais Royal, and he finds it in Wych Street. This must excite in him endearing associations of his country; just as if inviting a Frenchman to the Clarendon to dinner, he was to have, warmed up, the very *vol-au-vent* he had left half-eaten at the *Trois Frères*. The dish would still smack of home, and that, too, very pungently. His patriotism would be flattered by that stale *vol-au-vent* at the English hotel, as it must be delighted at the English theatre.

"Sir, I have thrown out a suggestion that, if acted upon, may be some small compensation to one of the many victims of Free Trade, and am yours,

"*Dramatic Authors' Society.*" "AN ENGLISH DRAMATIST."

FERRAND AT AYLESBURY.

IN the time of the plague, SOLOMON EAGLE, naked and with a pot of burning coals upon his head, went through the city of London crying "Woe! Woe!" That EAGLE has renewed his youth in BOUSFIELD FERRAND; who last week visited Aylesbury, not naked, it is true, but clothed in yarn from the imaginary Wool-League—(the league of Protected Sheep against Free-Trade Wolves)—and carrying burning coals not on his *caput*, but *in* it. We give a few red-hot samples:

"BRIGHT would be hanged at Manchester—COBDEN at Leeds—and SIR JAMES GRAHAM at Carlisle!"

Thus Justice shall not only keep her sword and scales, but shall enjoy her triangle.

"Then, too, a new Reform Bill was talked of; but he warned the Government that the Reform Bill which swept away the Protectionists would sweep the DUKE OF BEDFORD out of Woburn Abbey; would, in all probability, sweep the crown from HER MAJESTY'S head; and would, if he were not cautious, sweep LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S head from his shoulders."

The DUKE OF BEDFORD "swept"—the QUEEN'S crown "swept"—LORD JOHN'S head "swept!" And such sweeping is only to be prevented, by Protectionists with bran-new brooms!

AN INGENIOUS FELLOW.

"LOOK HERE, MY BOY! THE BOX MAKES A CAPITAL TABLE, AND THE BOOT IS JUST THE THING FOR YOUR LEGS." [*Pocket-book disappears.*

Musicians Playing on Words.

THE two Italian Operas are running BEETHOVEN'S great work against each other with such perseverance, that they would be equally justified in Italianising into *Toujours Fidelio* the well-known motto of "*Toujours fidèle.*"

ROCHFORT CLARKE'S "SERMONS IN STONES."

MESSRS. SMOUCHEY, SLOUCHEY, AND COMPANY, of Holywell Street, anxious to aid in the great moral movement which has, with such true delicacy of feeling, just been set on foot in reference to works of Sculpture, are now prepared to substitute for the extremely unbecoming garb of Nature, a large assortment of left-off wearing apparel; which it is hoped will meet the requirements of good taste and decency combined. The stock contains every variety of costume to suit every variety of Statue, at the following moderate prices:—

	£	s.	d.
A Pair of Check Pants, for Apollo Belvedere . .	0	10	0
Stout Jersey Shirt, for Hercules	0	4	6
Superior ditto, warranted to wash	0	5	9
Boy's Suits for Cupids—complete . . .	1	15	0
Liveries for Mercury (from)	2	5	0
500,000 Straw Bonnets for Venuses at (each) .	0	1	4½
Classical Cothurni or Buckskins, for Diana . .	2	10	0
Doeskin Suit for Laocoon, and Eel-skin ditto for the Snakes	5	10	0
Tunic for Infant Hercules	0	12	6
Turkish Trousers for Greek Slave	0	15	0
Double-milled Overcoat for Dying Gladiator .	1	1	0

N. B. A Mourning Department for Marble Widows.

Statues supplied by contract with two or three suits per annum at moderate prices—The old ones to be returned.

THE ACHILLES WAITED UPON FOR ORDERS, IF REQUIRED.

NOTES AND QUERIES

Connected with a late Magisterial Decision.

CAPTAIN PAULETT SOMERSET has been receiving, during his imprisonment in the Coldbath Prison, numerous visits. In fact, he may be said to have held a *levee* every day. The *Observer* informs us, that at one time six carriages were waiting outside the prison-door. All these carriages, more or less coronetted, had brought sympathisers to the incarcerated Captain.

Upon the strength of the above note, which has not been contradicted, we beg leave to put the following queries:—

Whether the same indulgence would have been shown to any other prisoner—suppose we say, BILL SYKES?

Whether BILL SYKES would have been allowed to receive visitors in the same way as the Captain?

Whether the visitors of BILL SYKES, no matter whether they came in cabs, or in donkey carts, or on foot, would have been treated with the same courtesy, and admitted within the gates with the same sympathetic attention, as the titled visitors of the Captain?

Whether they would not have been sent away altogether, or else directed to call on some particular day at some particular hour?

By whose orders were these indulgences shown to CAPTAIN SOMERSET, which, it is perfectly fair to presume, would never have been granted to BILL SYKES—unless BILL SYKES had happened to have an Uncle or an Aunt connected with the aristocracy?

And lastly, by whom were the orders signed to admit the visitors?

Here our queries end. We are sure the orders were not signed by MR. HARDWICKE. He, whose conduct had been so justly impartial in the first instance, would never have been guilty of an act of such gross partiality in the second. We will at once acquit him of any such weakness. But the orders must have been signed by some magistrate. We must say, then, that the magistrate in question had no right to interfere with the sentence of another magistrate—and by the granting of certain favours to weaken the force of that sentence.

We think that BILL SYKES, and all the other inmates of the prison, have a just cause of complaint, and that he and they should be allowed to receive visitors and sympathisers in any numbers, and at all hours, until further orders.

Pre-Raffaellite Taste.

THE Pre-Raffaellite Brethren may be said to have come out at the Academy this year very strong—as a glass of grog is strong—that is, stiff. But these gentlemen really do paint hay and herbage wonderfully well. There is something quite remarkable, if not characteristic, in their taste for fodder and pasturage, and doubtless they would revel among goose-grass.

THE FLOWER FOR THE FARMER.

AMONG the multitude of fine things at the Exposition, MESSRS. BALLANTINE and ADAM exhibit the stained glass window, executed in the Elizabethan style, of the entrance-hall of Glenmoriston. In noticing this contribution to the industry of an industrious world, the *Times* remarks—

"This seat is held directly from the Crown, on the condition that the proprietor, when required, shall present the Sovereign with a Red Rose on the festival of ST. JOHN."

To the political economist and reflective poet, this equally advantageous and sentimental tenure of an estate naturally suggests emotions which find inadequate expression in the subjoined

SONG.

Oh! my rent is but the red red rose
That blooms on ST. JOHN'S day;
Would that each Farmer, all he owes,
As easily could pay!

Oh! then no more his manly brow
Contracted would you see;
His prospects, all so gloomy now,
Couleur de rose would be.

Yes, then Protection's bootless cry
He quickly would give o'er;
Grow his December rose, and try
The other plant no more.

E'en CHOWLER'S mind might be content,
For aught a body knows,
In case the British Farmer's rent
Were but the red red rose.

Liberality to Workmen.

As the poor Members have been so terribly overworked this session, we suggest that a holiday be given to them, to enable them, like all other workmen, to visit the Great Exhibition. The SPEAKER might take them out like a school, walking himself at the head of his boys, and, if they behaved well, treating each of them to a penny bun. We are sure it would do the Members a great deal of good; for what with the committees during the day, and the Irish speeches at night, they will be fagged to death, unless indulged with a little recreation. We think LORD JOHN himself would be all the better for some amusement; for we notice that he has been *put out* more than once this season. It is very evident, in his case, that "all work and no play makes JACK a dull boy."

THE PARADISE IN HYDE PARK.

The Lotus fruit was food so sweet,
We read, in ancient fable,
That none who once had tried the meat
Could ever leave the table,
Absorbed in blissful ecstacies
Of luscious deglutition;
So 'tis with us who feast our eyes
Upon the Exposition.

The loadstone mountain in the tale
A prodigy enacted:
From Sinbad's vessel every nail
It in a trice extracted.
This was, no doubt, a rather tight
Pull of Attraction's tether;
But our Grand Fair's magnetic might
Draws all mankind together.

Hysteric patients, mesmerised,
Through certain looks and passes
By modern warlocks, patronised
Among the higher classes,
Yield to the conjuror's control
With absolute submission;
But all the nation gives its soul
Up to the Exhibition.

Crystals, of late, have made some noise;
Their properties mirific
Have been explored by little boys,
And chemists scientific.
At Crystals, such as Doctor Dee's,
Or Reichenbach's, we wonder;
But, to the Crystal Palace, these
Must one and all knock under.

Around the Sun each planet whirls,
(By leave of Doctor Cullen,
And all the other saints of Thurles,
Astronomy so dull in);
But on an orbit wholly new
This world henceforth will enter,
And sages will in Hyde Park view
Our system's future centre.

Narcissus, imaged in a fount,
His own phiz did discover,
And of himself, as bards recount,
Forthwith became a lover.
John Bull, to quite as deep a pass,
Has with John Bull been smitten,
Beholding, in his pile of Glass,
The glory of Great Britain.

Like one absorbed by wine, or love,
The Palace of All Nations
Has elevated John above
All base considerations;
Rapt in an ecstacy sublime—
A lofty kind of dizziness—
He 'll bid you call another time,
Whate'er may be your business.

Now, Joinville, might invading France
Have come and ta'en possession;
Now, Pius, now had been your chance,
My Pontiff, for Aggression!
You had aroused as little storm,
Or outcry, had you waited,
As happens under chloroform,
When limbs are amputated.

Had Wood his budget kept till now,
That we 've the Exhibition,
There ne'er had been the slightest row
For any imposition.
Gorged with his feast of eye and mind,
John lies a heedless victim,
Like a full boa—disinclined
To stir, although you kicked him.

I'm glad to see you, good John Bull,
Grown so enthusiastic—
A lover of the Beautiful,
And Art and Genius plastic;
Yet admiration, gentle John,
Should not transcend *all* measure;
Just mind how politics go on,
Whilst you indulge in pleasure.

THE SUREST ABOLITION OF WAR.

We have a grand notion for the total abolition of war, which we freely make a present of to all Peace Societies. Let them propagate it far and wide, and act upon it, as much as they can. It is well known that a Freemason is forbidden by his oath to injure, much less to slay, a brother mason. Cases have been known of soldiers being saved on the field of battle from certain death, by their making, at the critical moment, the masonic sign. Our notion, therefore, is to send peaceful agitators amongst the army, to induce the soldiers to become Freemasons. Every soldier gained over to the good cause would be enlisted in the grand army of peace; and when every English soldier had sworn to obey the benevolent laws of Freemasonry, then let our peaceful agitators cross the Channel, and begin in France what they had already achieved so successfully in England. When the French army had been gained over in the same way, there would be for ever an end of war between the two countries. It would be the maddest folly—which no government, however Whig or Tory, could scarcely be guilty of—to send an army of Freemasons against an army of Freemasons. It would be curious to notice a regiment of English being ordered to fire on a regiment of French, and suddenly dropping their muskets as they saw the latter make the mysterious sign of Freemasonry. We prophecy that, with two armies, composed of such brotherly materials, not a limb would be hurt, not a single life would be lost.

The End of a Prime Minister.

One of the last horses at the Derby was *Prime Minister*. This was nothing very extraordinary, for what can be expected from a Prime Minister of the present day but *Finality?*

INTERESTING MEETING.

Monsieur Jules Janin was introduced, for the first time, last week, to an English copy of *Clarissa Harlowe*. The meeting was a most interesting one. The celebrated *Feuilletoniste* evidently did not know the fair stranger at first, and was about to cut her with the greatest indifference, with a paper knife, when his attention was directed by a friend to the name on the title-page. The shock was too much for the susceptibility of the French critic; and, colouring faintly, he surveyed the English form of *Clarissa Harlowe* with feelings of the most lively curiosity. He looked at it in every possible way, as though he were endeavouring to recollect its features, and played with it, as if it were a long-lost child, in the fondest manner. After a whole afternoon, passed in this wild ebullition of feeling, he lifted the book to his lips, and, kissing it with the tenderness of a father, deposited it carefully on the surface of a small volume which he had drawn out of his pocket. It was the French translation of *Clarissa Harlowe!* Clasping the two volumes passionately together, he said, in a voice of choking emotion: "*Embrassez-vous bien, mes enfans, et tachez à comprendre que vous êtes deux sœurs qui se voient pour la première et la dernière fois.*" He then tore one from the other, as though the humble *Clarissa* of Richardson were not worthy to associate with *la belle Clarisse* of Monsieur Jules Janin. Persons who were present say they shall never forget the meeting.

BRADSHAW OUT-BRADSHAWED.

Bradshaw has met with a powerful rival. We are afraid his claims to non-intelligibility are for ever extinguished. A book has been produced by the extraordinary ingenuity of man, which requires more skill to fathom, and greater time to comprehend, than Bradshaw's *Guide;* and, to increase the difficulties of reference, is about six times the size. Seek for what you will, it requires a whole day to find it. The very moment you have found it, a gong is sounded, as if to announce the discovery to the world, and you are hurried away, without being allowed a minute to examine the object of your search.

The great rival to *Bradshaw*, we allude to, is the *Official Catalogue of the Exhibition*. We have been told of the unfortunate instance of an elderly gentleman who was determined to go regularly through the Catalogue. He started with No. 1, and there he has remained ever since. He has been looking for No. 1 all through the building, but cannot possibly find it. Unless the Catalogue is taken away from him, we are afraid that this elderly gentleman will be the only individual in London, who, by the time the Exhibition closes, will not have seen it. This Catalogue is very cleverly contrived for increasing the receipts of the Crystal Palace, for we are positive that a person would be able to see the beauties contained in it in one-fourth the time without the Catalogue than with it.

A New Backer Stopper.

The only valuable account to which the Marquis of Westminster and the other official (whose name and office we equally forget) may, perhaps, turn their ignoble privilege of walking backwards, is to take the opportunity of asking the Queen to allow them to back out of it altogether.

Punch's Charter.—As many Points as possible.

MR. BULL FOOLISHLY IMAGINES, BECAUSE THE MARBLE ARCH HAS COST HIM ABOUT £150,000, THAT HE MAY RIDE UNDER IT.

LORD SEYMOUR AND THE "ARISTOCRACY OF BAYSWATER."

EVERYBODY is in arms—and the children especially are obliged to be in arms—on account of the gross invasion of Kensington Gardens by the afternoon equestrians. If there were no better plea for aristocracy than that set up by LORD SEYMOUR on behalf of the horseback aristocracy in Hyde Park, we should begin to tremble for the peerage. The flippancy of LORD SEYMOUR, at the expense of what he was pleased to call "the aristocracy of Bayswater," is not precisely suited to the present times; for these are not days when the wives, children, or even the nursemaids, of the Notting Hill patricians—the little Lord shall have his very little joke—are to be deprived of their play-ground or their walks, at the will of any other aristocracy who might find it convenient to run the risk of riding rough-shod over them. The idea of the Hyde Park Ride being a sight that any one cares about, except the snobs who go to see, and the nobs who go to be seen, is a remnant of effete flunkeydom. If there are some persons who cannot exist without the odour of aristocracy, and aristocratic horse-flesh, there is BATTY'S Hippodrome at the service of both parties. There may be a few poor creatures still remaining, who would be content to be smothered in dust kicked up by the horse of a Lord, and who would luxuriate in the chance of being run over by an aristocratic equipage; but the number is now, we think, so small, that the locality we have named would accommodate the whole of them. At all events we recommend LORD SEYMOUR, when he is again interrogated on any similar subject, to avoid his ill-bred sneers at suburban aristocracy, particularly when, as in this case, he is obliged to allege the "royal pleasure" as the only warrant for the step he has taken. It certainly would not be the wish of royalty to have its "pleasure" urged as a reason for interfering with the harmless recreation of the middle classes, more especially when those classes are, at the same time, held up to ridicule by an ill-mannered Lord—by courtesy—as the aristocracy of Bayswater. If LORD SEYMOUR wishes to make aristocracy ridiculous, he need not go out of his way to impute it to the untitled inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Kensington Gardens. There is quite enough matter for sneering and sarcasm among the "order" as it stands. There are among the Lords themselves abundant subjects for ridicule and contempt—if such is the game LORD SEYMOUR would commence—without making imaginary additions to the body from among the respectable middle-classes of society.

THE LAMENT OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

ALAS! for popularity—it is a fleeting flower,
That buds and blossoms, and decays almost within an hour;
'Tis scarce a year ago that I was brought across the brine,
To have a thousand worshippers bow daily at my shrine.

To catch an early sight of me how fast the crowd would run,
To see me sporting in my bath, or basking in the sun;
Or in the gentle arms of sleep beneath a summer sky!
No infant Hippopotamus was happier than I.

They used to give me pails of milk—all genuine and true,
But now among its tints I trace a skyish sort of blue:
They used to come in carriages, and cabs and omni*buses*,
To see the Hippopotamus of Hippopota*muses*.

No longer do the Visitors to my abode repair;
In vain I take a sportive bath, or snuff the evening air:
To meet each other at my home no longer they appoint—
The Hippopotamus is hipp'd—his nose is out of joint.

Oh, where are all my worshippers—why am I left alone?
'Tis that a baby Elephant now occupies my throne.
The Hippopotamus complaint, or mania, dies away;
Elephantiasis becomes the fever of the day.

But let the clumsy infant its triumph now enjoy;
The brute must quit its babyhood, and cease to be a toy.
Oh, then, farewell for ever, its glories and its charms!
It can't remain eternally an Elephant in arms.

'Tis then the Hippopotamus will reassume its sway,
Growing in popularity, as well as size, each day.
Glories will light upon our race—the public will allot 'em us;
Then, hip! hip! hip! hip! hip! hurrah! hip! hip! for the Hippopotamus!

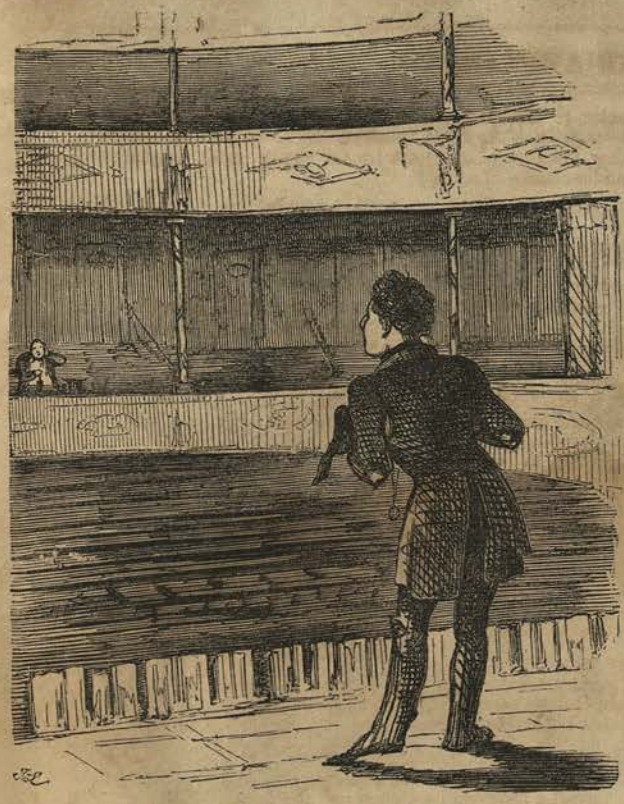
NOT A DIFFICULT THING TO FORETELL.

"LET THE POOR GIPSY TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN."

Jonathan's un-Brotherly Love.

THE *New York Herald* wrote some time ago an alarmist article on the subject of England; and the same respectable authority now tells us that we were so terrified at the picture of the state of our country, that London was at once convulsed. There is some truth in this, however; for London was convulsed in reality, on reading the predictions of the *New York Herald;* but it was with convulsions of laughter, from which we have as yet scarcely recovered.

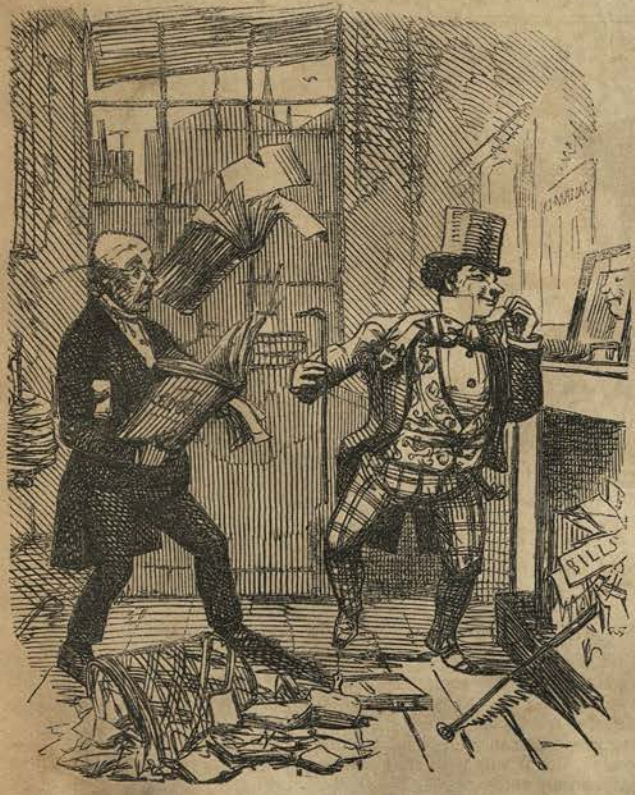
MONSTER AWAY!—A brute, for whose head, if he had any, we hereby offer a reward of £500,000—has written to us to inquire whether *Fidelio* is so called from the number of fiddles employed in playing it. MR. COMMISSIONER MAYNE, do your duty.



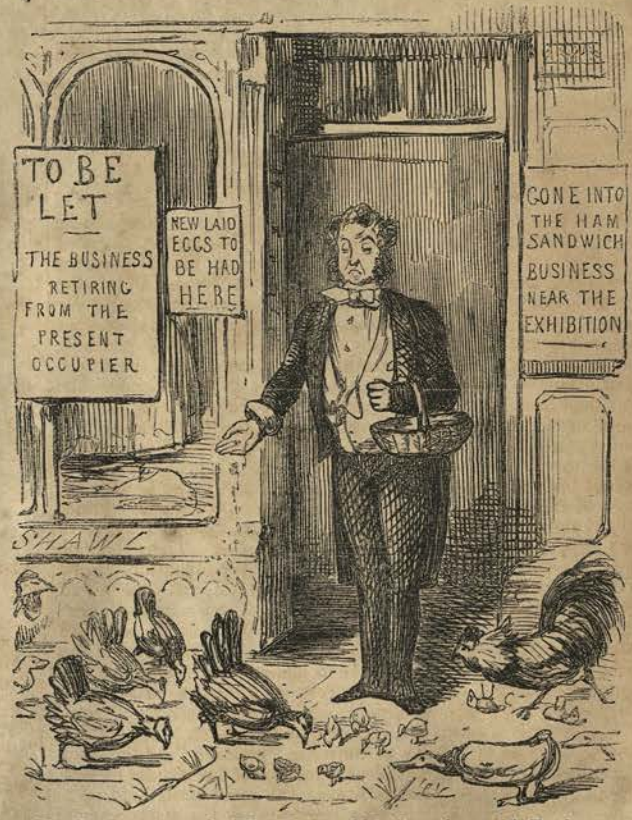
Manager. "Ladies and Gentlemen—a—I mean Respected Individual,—In consequence of the Great Attraction of the Exhibition, or Crystal Palace, I beg to announce to you, that this Ridiculous Farce of opening my Theatre, will not be repeated; and your Order will be returned to you, on application at the Box-Office.

AWFUL RESULT OF GIVING A SEASON TICKET TO YOUR WIFE.

Mary. "Please, Sir, Cook's gone hout for a Noliday; and Missus didn't say nothing about no Dinner, Sir. Missus went early to the Exhibition with some Lunch in a Basket, and said she shouldn't be home until Tea Time."



Here you have a Representation of that noble Character, the British Merchant, taking leave of his Senses—and his Business—to Lounge about the Crystal Palace.


TO BE LET
THE BUSINESS RETIRING FROM THE PRESENT OCCUPIER
NEW LAID EGGS TO BE HAD HERE
GONE INTO THE HAM SANDWICH BUSINESS NEAR THE EXHIBITION
SHAWL

The Tradesman at the West End is obliged to give up his Trade, and Breed Poultry.

WORKINGS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

"FARE IS FOUL," OR THE CABMAN'S LAMENT.

AIR.—"*Lucy Neal.*"

I took up in Piccadilly,
And put the party down,
At Ide Park Crystial Pallis Gate,
Expectin' arf-a-crown.
The sum of von-and-fopence
Is all I could hobtain,
Accordin' to the scale of fares
Laid down by RICHARD MAYNE.
Oh, cruel RICHARD MAYNE, shabby RICHARD MAYNE,
If I could drive you where I chose, you'd never ride again!

'Tis only two-and-eightpence
All from that blessed Bank;
Vy 'taint enough to pay a cove
For leavin' hof his rank!
And one-and-eight 's the Cabman's 'ire,
For witch we 're bound to go
From the Bazaar, in Baker Street,
Pangtheon, or So-oh.
Oh, cruel RICHARD MAYNE, &c.

The fare from the Mu-seum
Was a good six shillin' job;
But here they 've bin and cut it down,
And now it is two bob!
From the Thames Tunnel 'twas a ride
Of full nine bob, or more,
Witch MAYNE's New Tariff have redooced
As low as four-and-four.
Oh, cruel RICHARD MAYNE, &c.

For the Great Western Railway
Two shillin' is the touch,
Vilst five-and-six, I will maintain,
Is not a brown too much.
From Bow Street, Covin Garding, too,
Vich neighbourwood I 'ate,
The fare, as vos a crown afore,
Is lower'd to one-and-height.
Oh, cruel RICHARD MAYNE, &c.

Then, there 's a certain building,
Whereof I 'ave heer'd tell,
The House of whatsiname—the Jug—
Out there by Clerkenwell.
I can't quite say I knows the spot,
But surely 'tis a shame
That only two-and-eight should be
The ticket from the same.
Oh, cruel RICHARD MAYNE, &c.

It is two shillins only
From Cre-morne and Woxhall;
It used to be twice that, at least,—
And not too dear at all.
'Tis two-and-four from Dury Lane;
Three from the Surrey Zoo';
This is what that there MR. MAYNE
Has been and brought us to!
Oh, cruel RICHARD MAYNE, &c.

Suppose a party 'ails you,
Vilst you are on your stand,
You must obey his beck and call,
And come at his command;
The penalty is forty bob
In case you should refuse,
Vich you must pay, or go to quod,
Accordin' as you choose.
Oh, cruel RICHARD MAYNE, &c.

Your fare, when you are offered,
And axes what it 's for?
You may be let in for three pound,
Or else two months by lawr.
This here 's insultin' languidge;
So take care what you say;
And if you are a little fresh,
You 've got the same to pay.
Oh, cruel RICHARD MAYNE, &c.

The Crusher at your standing
Your umpire is to be,
With any party, as to terms,
If you should disagree.
'Twill be no use to try it on;
For my part, I,despair
Of screwing out one tanner more
Than is our legal fare.
Oh, cruel RICHARD MAYNE, &c.

This blessed Exposition
Has caused all this to-do;
I wish the PRINCE was I knows vere,
And MR. PAXTON too.
Likewise that wicked paper,
The *Times*, witch did explain
Our dodges, and did on us bring
Down cruel RICHARD MAYNE.
Oh, cruel RICHARD MAYNE, &c.

SKETCH OF A "LORD OF THE CREATION" ON HIS RETURN FROM THE DERBY.

LIBELS BY THE BUSHEL.

MR. HENRY (the Magistrate of Bow Street) has lately been advancing a new truth, so perfectly astounding that we doubt if he will get any one to believe it. He remarked, that

"The Medical Students of London were the most disorderly class with whom the Police and the Magistrates had to deal."

This cannot be the case; at least, not a police case. We always imagined that there was no better-conducted class of persons in the Metropolis than the Medical Students. We learn now, for the first time, with the greatest surprise, that they are ever taken before a Magistrate. In our simplicity, we thought that they were so quiet, so well-behaved at all public places, that a Police Office was the very last place where they were likely to figure in. MR. HENRY must be labouring under a mistake. He is probably confounding the Medical Students with the youthful visitors, in this merry month of May, to Exeter Hall—two very different classes of persons. However, we hope, that the Medical Students will not allow the above imputation to hang over them. We trust they will immediately hold a public meeting, and spare no amount of money, noise, and beer, in restoring their characters to the high standard of spotless, unsuspected purity popularly claimed for Cæsar's wife and London Milk. A Medical Student should be not only pure, but above suspicion.

THE FEAST OF THE HUMMING-BIRDS.

CERTAIN insects are coloured by their food; taking the various tints of the various seasons. Looking upon MR. GOULD's hundreds of Humming-Birds—but now flashed upon the public at the Zoological Gardens—we are almost made to believe that the winged wonders have fed upon emerald, sapphire, diamond, topaz; all the precious jewels of the earth. These birds are the most marvellous development of natural brilliancy, and natural beauty; the most wonderful embodiment of the things of fairy-land! We would as soon attempt to give the colours of a rainbow with japan ink, as hope to give the faintest notion of the feast of beauty that awaits the eyes—yes, and the hearts of the beholders of these wonderful creatures. So magnificent—so graceful—so strange, and yet so harmonious in their thousand gradations of form and colour.

The Hippopotamus—whose London life seems to have given it a more knowing look; a better sense of the influence of society than when we first saw it—the Hippopotamus is a marvel; the Baby Elephant—so grave in its infancy, showing a seriousness far in advance of its teeth—the suckling Elephant is a marvel;—but the marvels of marvels are MR. GOULD's Humming-Birds.

And with what a timely beneficence do they come to cheer, and—we should hope—to satisfy the lady world for the loss of the glories of the Crystal Palace! There is one Humming-Bird—the only known specimen caught on the top of Chimborazo—that we can confidently produce as a worthy rival to the Mountain-of-Light. ONE?—There are hundreds of Koh-i-noors in feathers.

VEXATA QUÆSTIO.—"Now, Cabbie, what's your fare?"

EVERY LADY HER OWN HOUSEMAID.

WE have it on the authority of MR. PAXTON—who obtained the fact direct from an observant policeman—that the Crystal Palace gets thoroughly swept every day by the long dresses of the ladies. MR. PAXTON had invented "a machine of a hundred housemaid power" to remove the dust from the Exhibition; but the instrument is not required, for the ladies are the great dust contractors, who may be said to remove all the dust and dirt from the building by special train. We dare say there is considerable elegance in a dress that sweeps the floor, but we always thought the fashion involved much folly and extravagance, and we now discover that it embraces a vast amount of dirt. The ladies may well hide their heels, when we recollect the state of their stockings. Perhaps there may be some economy, as far as the keep of servants is concerned; for it seems that every lady of the long robe is, to a certain extent, her own housemaid, and takes away upon her dress and her legs, all the dust and rubbish, wherever she goes.

A Regular Miller.

THE EARL OF GLENGALL presented a petition, the other day, to the House of Lords, praying for "Protection to Home-Made Flour." Under whatever disadvantage native industry may labour in competing with the foreigner, we always thought that a Briton could, at any rate, take care of himself in a mill.

A TRIAL OF PATIENCE.—Waiting for your change at the Refreshment Stall of the Exhibition.

THE PILGRIMS TO ROME.

(AFTER CHAUCER.)

WHANNE that ye firste of April breedeth jokès
On boys and girles and simple full-grown folkès,
To seken out what they mote never findè,
Legs from the lame, and eyesighte from the blindè—
Whan that conceit our clerkes eke and our cittès
Enspirèd hath, out of their shallow wittès;
And chaunting curates maken melodie,
Whereof nought understanden you or I—
So Oxford tractès prike them in their corages,—
Then longen folks to go on Pilgrimages;
And unwashed priestes from many a foreign lande
Men may beholden walkinge in the Strande;
And clerkes, and squiers, and youngè ladyes eke,
They wenden forth the Churche of Rome to seke.

Methought that in that seson, on a daie,
In Fleet Streete at mine office as I laye,
Of Pilgrimes I beheld a compagnie
That on their viage unto Rome wente bye;
And I wold tellen, as it seemèd me,
What sort they weren, and of what degree,
And eke in what arraie that they were inne,—
And at a Lord than will I firste beginne.

Ye Lord.—A Lord there was—and that a worthy man—
That, to the time his college life beganne,
Was wont to talken of the good olde times,
And thereof wrote he and eke publish'd rhymès.
Him seemèd it a sin that pourè elvès
Should thinken or should reden for themselvès.
He woldè that the people should be goode,
Nor troublen them neither for faithe nor foode;
For faithe, sith Holy Churche should stille their qualmès,
For foode, sith Lordès shoulden give them almès.
At Rome he was when Holy Week begonne;
After ST. JANUARIUS wolde he ronne
To see his bloode melt,—and it did him paine
That chemists wolde the miracle explaine.
At the POPE'S feet eke wolde he louten low
To kissen of the Holy Father's toe.
His Hall, I wot, was sely PUGIN'S glory,
For therein had he made an Oratorie,
With saintes the ugliest that mote be seene;
Poundès it coste two thousande and fifteene.
In briefe, his thought was by his life to prove
How that the worlde no businesse hath to move,
So to its motion he did shutte his eyes:
Yet was he worthy, though he was not wise,
And of his port as meke as is a maide;
He never yet no villainie y-sayde,
Save of the lettere that LORD JOHN did write.
He was a very perfect, gentle wighte.

Ye Squire.—With him there rode his friend—a batchelere,
An Exquisite, and a Young Englandere.
Within St. Stephen's had he showed his strengthe;
His speeches were much talked of—for their lengthe.
Of ballades he was author, two or three,
In Annuals, and eke in Manuscrit,
In Saintès praise; but his look seemèd meet
Lesse for ST. JAMES than for St. James his Street.
Sweet-scented were the lockès on his head;
His tie was full of floweres, white and red;
Lounging he was or flirting all the daie;
Unto the Derbie rode he every Maie.
Well could he talke of fasting and penaunce
To maides, between the figures of the daunce;
And from the hollow world within the cloistre
Threaten to shut himself, as in an oystre.
Whereat the gentle ladyes woldè flush,
And with a tender sighe wolde bid him hush:
Courteous he was—at parties serviceable;
And out of church spent much time in the stable.

Ye Maid.—A maiden was there, eke, of high degree,
After St. Bennet's rule, of Belgravie.
One that to be a nunne did much incline;
Full well she sangè the service divine;
Entonéd in her little nose, as sweete
As don ye Highland bagpipes in ye streete;
She coulde symbols work in Berlin wool,
And missals paint of sharp-toed saintès full;
And fain would she have fasted, but 'tis saide,
Fasting will maken maidens' noses red.
A favorite curate had she, that she wolde
Send jelly to, when he had taken colde,
And broider slippers for him eke, with rowes
Of crosses patiné upon ye toes;
And often, after Almacke's, down ye staires
Came she at nine next morn for early prayères,
And fain wolde have confessed her, as I guesse,
But that she knewe of no sinne to confesse.
She thought of saintes, so holy and unclean,
And pined for a hair-shirte in crinoline;

And at her glasse, betwixte black veile and white,
Wolde ponder which made her looke least a frighte;
And oft a nunnerie she thought aboute,
But firste resolved to see ye season oute.

Ye Olde Maide.—Another damosel I did beholde,
That was a maide—some eightè sesons olde—
That wolde the worlde renounce—nor did she err—
For that ye worlde hadde done ye same by her.

Ye Bishope.—A Bishope was there eke, a cholericke man,
To put down heresye with booke and ban;
And heresye full shorte definèd he,—
"Heresye is the differing from me."
Unto the texte he wolde not lend his eares,
That sayeth, "Blessed are ye peace-makeres,"
Or claimed himself that blessing, with increase,
"Because," quoth he, "I make knaves hold their peace."
Obedience unto Bishops he wolde preche,
But to resist Archbishops still did teache;
And, eke, he was a prosecutor tight,—
For if one of his parsons dared to write
Or preche against his will—for Churche's glory,
He clapped him straightway into Consistorie.
In quibbling, and in splitting of a hair,
Was all his luste—and costes he wolde not spare.

Ye Clerke of Oxenforde.—A Clerke there was of Oxenforde, also,
That shoulde have been at Rome long time ago;
Well coulde he logike choppe, and fairly make
The worstè cause the beste, for Churche's sake.
And he had gotten him a benefice,
And, though an Anglican, he was not nice,
To lead his flocke righte cunningly from home
Until he hadde them folded safe in Rome.
He recked more of bowed back and bended knee,
Than of an uprighte life and honestie;
Of altars sette with candles, and such showes,
Than of the light a pure ensample throwes.
And youngè menne that did with him scolaie
He thoughte it dutiful to lead astraie;
Sounding in hollow reasons was his speche,
And well coulde he pervert, and well misteche.

Ye Curate.—With him there rode a Curate, fresshe and faire,
In coate full long, and smoothe y-parted haire;
At the West End, there, in a faire chapelle,
From curates rounde aboute he bore the belle.
With ladies olde and younge he was the rage,
Both for his fastinge and his fayre language.
He was a stoute ecclesiologist,
And had his chancelle sette oute, as him list,
With altar, and sedilia, and cross,
Piscina, roode-lofte, awmrie, and rere-dos.
He sette much store by bowinges Weste and Easte,
And kneelinges of ye people and ye prieste;
For prieste he did him clepe, and held it taunte
To be styled Clergyman and Protestaunte.
Fine were his handes, and fayre white was his skin,
As was the surplice he wold prechen in;
Upon ye slie heard he confession
From yongè women, that wolde flop them downe,
And poure their little sinnes into his eare,
That the poore Curate mote not help but heare.
Though he saide nay, a sainte they made him still,
And canonized their Curate, 'gainst his wille.
So with a humble looke, and a proude hearte,
This sely Curate he did ride aparte,
Y-wrappèd in the gowne of selfe-conceite.

Ye Sergeaunt of ye Lawe.—A Sergeaunt of ye Lawe next mote you meet,
That on black-letter bookès long had fedde;
Councils and cases in his rustie heade
So jostled them, that plaine truthe had no roome
For canonists and casuists to come.
Well coulde he quote the rubricks through and through;
No ceremonie quaint, or practice newe,
But in ye auncient Church, he made it plaine,
Place it hadde once, *ergo* may have again.
And when ye Bishopes raged, then furnished he
Authorities againste authoritie;
Hollow-eyed was he, lene as is a rake,
And of a calfskin was his gowne y-make.

Ye Dowagere.—A daintie Dowagère was in ye route;
Moche in ye worlde had she been knocked aboute.
And, after trying pleasures every one,
Of late had taken to devocion;
And well it liked her—for that it was newe.
Plump was her face, and fayre, and red of hue;
Nice dinners made she for poor Curates meeke,
To whom she wont of bye-gone sinnes to speake;
Upon an ambling pad rode she to Rome,
For ye indulgence she ne founde at home.

Ye Limnere and ye Architecte.—They hadden with them eke a young Limnere,
An Architecte, besides, that was his frere,
To whom their arte advance did seeme to lacke;
For why? Because that it wolde not goe backe.
To be original, they did upholde,
Artistes mote do what artistes did of olde.
This one made churches, wherein that did painte
Many a stiff-necked nunne, and long-toed sainte,
So rude and harshe, men mote sweare they did see
Ye thirteenthe, in ye nineteenthe centurie;
And o'er such werkès each did praise ye other,
And Architecte o'er Limnere made much pother,
And Limnere in his turn o'er Architecte:
Humbuggès were they both, I sore suspecte.
To Rome they rode, so they informèd me,
For childe-like Faithe, and early Pietie.

Ye Cardinale.—Their leader was a stout carl, for the nones;
Full bigge he was of brawn and eke of bones;
A redde hatte had he, and redde were his hose;
A pastoral entuned he through his nose,
That from ye Vatican had lately come;
And therewithal he ledde this route to Rome.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN TOLERATION.

Illustrated by Punch in his own Parliament.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL having, for the fiftieth time, explained the provisions of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, for the satisfaction of Irish Members—

Mr. Punch rose and said, it was a lamentable spectacle to behold men belying the whole of their past political life (*Cheers from* MR. REYNOLDS). Religious Liberty was the birthright of every Englishman; and when he said Englishman, he meant Irishman (*Laughter and cheers from the Irish Members*). What epithet could he apply to that individual who, in this enlightened age, would exhibit himself before the world as the champion of intolerance—the promoter of persecution worthy of the blackest annals of the darkest ages? (*Hear, hear, and great cheering from the Irish Members*). No term in the vocabulary of invective could adequately express the contempt and detestation which all right-minded men must feel for such a disgrace to his species. The mildest epithet he could apply to such a man would be incompatible with his respect for the dignity of that House. (*Loud cheers from the Irish Members.*) Now, what would be thought of the intolerant bigotry which could have dictated such a passage in a document—now public property—(*Hear, hear, and laughter*)—as that which, with the permission of the House, he would proceed to read? The Hon. Member then, amid profound silence, read as follows:—

"HER MAJESTY and her Royal Government shall dispense her powerful protection and support the prelates when called upon, principally when it is necessary to oppose malignant men who attempt to pervert the minds of the faithful, and corrupt their manners; or when the publication, introduction, or circulation of bad and hurtful books is to be prevented."

This precious paragraph was neither more nor less than the production

of His Holiness the Pope. (*Tremendous Cheering*, not *from the Irish Members*). It was the third article of the Concordat which had been just arranged between Pio Nono and the Queen of Spain. ("*Oh, oh!*" *from the Irish Members*). What did they think of that for a specimen of intolerance? (*Several Irish Members*, "*No, no.*") No, no! What was the perversion of the minds of the faithful which the Queen of Spain and her Government were to oppose? What were the bad and hurtful books whose circulation was to be prevented? Did not the Pope engage the Court and Cabinet of Spain to put down Protestant teaching and Protestant literature by the strong arm of the law? (*Cheers from the Majority of the House*). There was no bigotry in that stipulation. Oh! no, there was no intolerance there—at least in the view of certain Hon. Members. This was your liberal Pontiff! This was the working of your mild, maligned, misrepresented, calumniated Church! And it was mere fanatical prejudice that would deny that Church the glorification of British titles of honour! He, *Mr. Punch*, could certainly not think so; and he must say he did think that Popery, progressing in France, domineering in Italy, triumphant in Austria, rampant in Spain, (*Hear, hear*) and now aggressive in England, might, without the slightest violation of freedom of conscience, be met, and ought to be met, with the rebuff—innocent as signal—with the solemn national repudiation of forbidding it to assume dignities, implying its recognition by the British people. And England's most valuable contribution to the Industry of all Nations would be a piece of legislation which should peaceably—bloodlessly—painlessly—crush the machinations of a priesthood conspiring, under the pretence of propagating religion, against the liberty of Europe. (*The Hon. Member sat down amid tremendous cheering, mingled with frantic shrieks and yells from the Irish Members.*)

CONVERSATIONS IN CHINESE.

We never knew the difficulty of talking in Chinese till the other day. We thought we were rather expert in reading the lids of tea-chests, and the inscriptions on Captain Pidding's five shilling packages; but when we came to converse with the Chinese lady, at the Chinese Collection, we found, to our mortification, that she could not understand a word we said. We have been deceived by Howqua, or sold by Pidding, or else our own vanity has made an April Fool of us; for when we paid Fi-Fi-O-You-Nau-Ti-Sing (that is the name her Chinese godfather and godmothers gave her) what we considered to be the prettiest compliment in Chinese, she only laughed, and showed us her foot. We did not speak another word of Chinese the whole day, except to observe "So-so" to some passing remark the Mandarin made.

This Mandarin speaks English; but as we could not understand him any more than the lady understood us, we infer that the English they teach in China is no more English than the Chinese which our tea-chests profess to teach here is Chinese. Having presented him with a specimen of our English tea-plant, we returned to Fi-Fi.

She smiled, and showing us her foot again, invited us to sit down by her side. We soon discovered that this act of showing her foot was the highest favour she could bestow upon any one. She is very proud of it, and, considering it a mighty treasure, only displays it to a favoured few. We think she is very right, for certainly there is not another foot like it in all England. Cinderella's slipper would be a policeman's boot for it. It is so small—so unlike the usual shape of a foot—that it comes like a kick to one's imagination when first told that that circular piece of wood and leather has a lady's foot inside. It is more like the foot belonging to the leg of an old table than anything else. It is positively not as long as a teaspoon—and we are speaking *au pied de la lettre*. How she balances herself upright upon such a mere tobacco-pipe of a pedestal, is a marvel of equilibration. As it is, she walks—or rather waddles—for about six yards, and then sits down. You follow her with fear, holding your hands out lest she should fall. Resting-places are dotted all over the Exhibition, to enable her to sit, after a tremendous journey of seven yards. She attempted to run; and really it was as ridiculous as a German *eilwagen* attempting a trot.

But she would sing. So, taking up a mandoline (which is very much like a banjo), she sang us a song, which seemed compounded of the noise that cats make, and the sound of the hurdy-gurdy. It was most mewsical, most melancholy. It was a love song. If ever we fall desperately in love with a Chinese lady, we only hope she will sing to us, for the very first note will be sufficient to cure us of our folly.

The lover who could still love after a Chinese love song must be an ardent lover indeed! All love songs are dreary enough; but those of China are certainly entitled to the first prize of dreariness. There is a fine, knife-grinding tone about them that cuts one to the quick.

Fi-Fi is attended by a Chinese waiting-maid, not dressed like our waiting-maids, in silks and ribbons, but all in black. She is not so pretty as her mistress—for what waiting-maid ever was? But then she has the great charm of not singing love songs.

Fi-Fi has also two little cousins, as brilliant as butterflies. They are both related to the Sun, or the Moon, or the Great Bear; and in proof of their celestial descent, one of them carries a group of flags on his back, similar to those carried by the Boulevard vendors of *orgeat* and *limonade*.

Fi-Fi was beginning to sing again. We turned quickly to the door, when the Chinese Beauty, to chain us to the spot, artfully displayed her little foot. Even this temptation did not succeed. We hurried precipitately out of the place, and, an Italian organ happening to be in full blow outside the entrance, we listened with calm delight, and thought it the finest music in the world.

TWO EXHIBITIONS IN ONE.

It is said that the Great Exhibition takes away all the attraction of Parliament, though we scarcely knew that Parliament, at any time, possessed much attraction. It is said that the public will not attend both to Parliament and to the Exhibition together, and the *Times* kindly recommends the former to shut up shop at once, and not take down its shutters again till 1852. We think there is no necessity for this, and we should be sorry to lose Parliament as long as Sibthorp, Drummond, Reynolds, and one or two others, are in it. We propose, therefore, that the two Exhibitions be combined in one. Let the sittings of Parliament be held for the future inside the Crystal Palace. It would add materially to the interest of that great glass case of curiosities, and would be in perfect keeping with the building, especially as the Irish Members are at present making such exhibitions of themselves. An appropriate space might be found for their deliberations amongst the department of Raw Materials. By this arrangement the one Exhibition will not clash with the other, and both will be benefited. The only question is, whether the Building is strong enough to stand the thunders of Mr. Grattan's eloquence?

Why, my Lords, Do ye not march Forward in Order?

We believe that the tune to which the Marquis of Westminster is in the habit of practising the celebrated crab step, is a March of Back. We never in our lives saw anything that gave us such a perfect idea of the very opposite to the March of Intellect.

THE MORALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

THE poet asks,

"Is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?"

and finds that there are so many, that, to fix on any one is to cramp the use of that which is used to point it. So it is with the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. All sorts of morals grow out of it, or are tacked on to it. You overhear them in the Crystal Palace; you pick them up in the Park; they obtrude themselves upon you in leading articles; they oust the weather in casual street-encounters; they beguile the pauses of a quadrille, and set conversation a-going in the railway-carriage. We present a sample to the readers of *Punch*, who will be good enough to select those they like best. All are genuine, and the only fault we have to find with them is, that they cut each other's throats.

The Protectionist's Moral.—Oh!—a pretty benefit to the country to flood us with foreign goods, ruin the home-market, and take all the gold out of the country! However, it will open people's eyes to the humbug of Free Trade.

The Free Trader's Moral.—A wonderful sight: Illustrates admirably the inter-dependence of nation and nation, and proves, to demonstration, that the principles of Free Trade are those of nature and common sense.

The British Manufacturer's Moral.—By JOVE, we must look sharp—or these foreigners will be cutting us out!

The Foreign ditto ditto:—
Sacré!
Potztausend!
Carajo!
Corpo di Bacco!
Mashallah! &c., &c.
} After all, these Englishmen have some notions of their own, beyond machinery and penknives!

SEASON TICKET AND FIVE SHILLING MORALS.

The Dandy's.—What a deyvilish pleasant lounge!

The Debutante's.—You know one meets everybody!

Mamma's.—Well-educated girls appear to such advantage; and my girls are so well educated!

The "Very Remarkable Man's."—By Jove! How deuced little one knows, after all!

Sir Charles Coldstream's.—A lot of things one doesn't understand, and a host of people one's tired to death of meeting.

MARITAL MORALS.

The Husband's.—Avoid the India Shawl and Lace Departments.

The Wife's.—Get the men to take you to see the stupid machinery, and you may get them among those sweet shawls, and those loves of laces!

SHILLING MORALS.

The Artisan's.—I wonder how they'd get on without us?—Or we without them, for that matter.

The Democrat's.—Well, there's something in that chap, PRINCE ALBERT, after all!

The Communist's.—What a grab, if it wasn't for the Policemen!

The Red Republican's.—Confound these English! They don't seem at all ripe for revolt!

The Observer's.—Upon my word, One Shilling seems to make a better use of his time than Five!

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL.

That the different nations of the world, and the different classes of society, might meet oftener, with much advantage to each other.

A BIT OF A TEASER.

WE have, for some seasons past, been accustomed to "dancing teas," and other fooleries, in what is called fashionable life; but we have just been introduced to something new under the title of an International *Thé*, which seems to us the climax of stupid absurdity. Why, unhappily for us, every *Thé*, or TEA—let 's use the plain English word—is international, being a mixture of the British sloe, the American broom, the rich metropolitan loamy dust, and a slight addition of the real leaf from China. This is the true international tea, that is being perpetually consumed by all classes in this country, and, therefore, the assumption of the name is a piece of superfluous nonsense, which it is our duty to demolish. The same individual announces a second international *Thé* for another evening. We trust in the mean time, she will find some more sensible name for her spread, and we would suggest that a "sloe affair" would not be inappropriate.

THE DEAD LION AND THE LIVE PROTECTIONISTS.

MESSRS. SPOONER, NEWDEGATE, G. F. YOUNG, and others of the species, went down last week to Tamworth with bran-new shoes upon their feet, to eat their thistles in contempt of free oats, and to lift up their voices—prick their ears, and "yerk their armed heels" at the memory of the dead lion, SIR ROBERT. The party were refused the hospitality of the King's Arms—it may be that the landlord foresaw the coming storm; it may be that he thought gratefully of the doings of SIR ROBERT—and so they betook themselves, says the *Daily News*, to "a small inn or spirit vaults." Any way the party dined in the town of Tamworth.

There was boldness in this; and boldness we must admire; for why, in the matter of protection—which is "high rents" in one word—why should we expect or desire in public men a delicacy that would be ridiculous with wheat at its present price; a sensibility only maudlin with oats and barley nowhere? Therefore, any way the party manifested proper public spirit in kicking the dead lion in his own lair. Had they been permitted to spread the table-cloth upon the church slabs that cover the lion's ashes, the banquet would, doubtless, have had a greater significance; but as this was not to be compassed, well, as near to the grave of the dead as could be, was the next best spot whereon to fleer and flout at the buried.

Having dined, MR. NEWDEGATE was about to give voice and kick, when—says the reporter—"an enormous paving-stone was thrown through the window into the middle of the hall!" MR. SPOONER, sagaciously reading the sermon in the stone aforesaid, requested NEWDEGATE forthwith to desist. And then, many a Protectionist, reflecting upon that stone did, like the contemplative animal enshrined in *Peter Bell*,

. . . . "with action dull,
Turn on the pivot of his skull
His long left ear!"

And then other stones—hard manna!—poured in; windows were smashed; and the fight began, and ended, as reporters have duly chronicled. With this history, however, we have nought to do, save to moralise upon the first granite shot fired into the middle of the hall.

Now, this stone is clearly the grave-stone of protection. Upon it is written the epitaph of what is called the Country Party. This stone is, moreover, a living, practical epigram. It says: "You ask for a dear loaf, and our answer is—'Cheap granite.'"

Re-impose the Corn Laws, and—oh, Protectionists—take this as an earnest, that the very stones would rise as rose the quartern-loaf.

To M. Soyer, on his "Symposium."

SOYER, the praise thy skill deserves
Is perfectly immense,
For nice discernment in the nerves
Of gustatory sense.

But now Gore House hath been by thee
So glaringly defaced,
However good thy palate be,
We must dispute thy taste.

ADVICE TO PRE-RAFFAELITES.

THE Pre-Raffaelite Brethren are right as to their prefix, but we object to the rest of the name by which they call themselves. It should not be Pre-Raffaelite, but Pre-posterous. As these gentlemen depict *rachitis*, *struma*, and other diseased conditions of system so admirably, why do they not give up oils, and paint in distemper?

THE EX-ACTORS OF DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

SOME surprise has been expressed, that, notwithstanding the total alienation of Covent Garden, and the partial alienation of Drury Lane, from the purposes of the English Drama, there is still "a fund for the poor actors" of both establishments. At the former there are no actors at all; and though there may be a few decidedly poor actors occasionally at the latter, we should think there will soon cease to be any claimant on the funds of either. MR. HARLEY, the worthy master of the Drury Lane fund, does annually his best—as it is his duty to do—for the purpose of exciting our sympathies on behalf of the concern over which he presides; but he has commenced talking in the singular number about "*The* Actor" whose path is cheered, whose children are educated, and whose widow is provided for, out of the resources of the charity.

There is every prospect that this will soon become a literal fact, and that there will be only one Drury Lane Actor left to claim the benefit of the fund; for we see no chance of any addition to the stock, particularly as it takes, we believe, three seasons during which there must be a continuous engagement to entitle any one to become even a subscriber.

The only way in which the fund can now be fed—except at the annual dinner—is by enlarging the sphere of its operation, admitting FRANCONI's stud and JULLIEN's French drummers, together with the Protectionists, who perform there occasionally, to subscribe to the fund, and come upon it in case of necessity. The Protectionists really have some right to be considered in the light of actors, for they do nearly all the "heavy business" of the country, with a good share of the broad farce, neglecting, however, altogether the line of general utility;—or, by the bye, what would be much better, suppose the General Theatrical Fund, with its many claimants, were allowed to participate in the good things of its brother of Drury. We throw out this merely as a hint.

A JEWEL OF A KING.

IN an article on the Great Exhibition in the *Times*, we are told that "the only King in India sent his crown, the coronet of his eldest son, and the turban of his prime minister." We trust the distinguished trio will not catch cold by sitting bare-headed until the crown, coronet, and turban are sent home again. The articles themselves are, vulgarly speaking, "not to be sneezed at;" but there is no knowing what amount of sneezing may be the result of their absence from the heads of the King, the Prince, and the Minister.

There seems something a little despotic, according to our free notions, in a King's having sent away his Prime Minister's turban to an exhibition in a foreign country. Nevertheless, humanity seems to be spreading; for Eastern tyrants were not in the habit of limiting their meddling propensities to the turbans, but extended their operations frequently to the heads, of their servants and subjects. For what we know, the Indian Prime Minister may now be congratulating himself that it is only his turban, and not his head, that has been sent by his royal master as a contribution to the Great Exhibition.

A PUN'S A PUN FOR A' THAT.—A Classical Shoemaker has advertised his stout adults' "right and left" highlows as strong *Men's conscia recti*.

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF H.M.S. "PRINCE OF WALES."

(*Flag Ship on the Serpentine Station.*)

OUR readers are probably not aware that H.M.S. "*Prince of Wales*," is commanded by one of our most distinguished naval officers,—the HONOURABLE BENBOW HAZY, Midshipman. As LOUIS PHILIPPE was called the NAPOLEON of Peace, MR. HAZY has been called the NELSON of ditto. We extract the following record of his services, given on the occasion of his hoisting his Flag, by the spirited editor of *Hoax's New Nautical Record*.

"MR. BENBOW HAZY entered the Navy in 1844, and was present at SIMPKIN's action with the Policeman (E. 40) near Portsmouth. He joined the '*Magnifico*' soon after, and headed a party belonging to that ship, who petitioned the Admiralty to allow them to have a milch cow on board. This daring action, it will be remembered, was not so successful as might have been hoped. MR. HAZY was repulsed with considerable loss. We next find him (where, by-the-by, it has been hinted, several people would like to find him,) on the Mediterranean Station. He made one of a body of volunteers who landed at Corfu at night, to endeavour to 'cut out' the Rifles, on the occasion of a ball, in which they succeeded entirely to their satisfaction. He was three times employed on an expedition on shore in Albania against the woodcocks, and twice wounded; once, while gallantly dragging a piece of fire-arms through a thick hedge, with its muzzle towards him; and once by a spent shot from MR. HIGSBY, who was in a distant portion of the field. MR. HAZY's exploits at Malta will long be remembered. He commanded the jolly-boat of the '*Sibthorp*,' 80, at the Regatta of 1846. When a celebrated attempt was made to capture the hostile cutter, '*Dun*,' MR. HAZY volunteered at once, and was seen soon afterwards leading the '*Dun*' in tow; thus saving HER MAJESTY'S Fleet from a great deal of annoyance. He headed the Forlorn Hope at the attack on the Pit during the civil war in the Malta Opera, &c., &c. MR. HAZY wears several decorations (at his parents' expense)."

How *Punch* became possessed of the official documents of the Flag Ship, is not to be explained here; and, until the gallant HAZY, Commander-in-Chief of the Serpentine Station, complains on the subject, we don't think anybody else has a right to. The pardonable exultation of a sudden acquisition of rank is perceptible in our first document,—a

GENERAL ORDER.

"*H.M.S.* '*Prince of Wales*,' *Serpentine*, 30*th April*, 1851.

"The Commander-in-Chief directs the attention of his crew, and of the crews of all gigs, cutters, punts, and dingeys, now or hereafter serving or to serve within these seas, to the necessity of maintaining a high standard of discipline. The Commander-in-Chief must remind the crew or crews of this ship, and of all gigs, cutters, punts, and dingeys, that this is absolutely necessary in the presence of the enemy!

"(Signed) BENBOW HAZY,
"Commander-in-Chief."

EXTRACTS FROM LOG.

"Wind, S.W. by W. Fresh breezes and Fine. Inhabitants of shore moving towards Crystal Palace. Cleared for action."

(We pause here to note the fine Nelsonian enthusiasm with which the Commander-in-Chief, bent on noble deeds, views the humbler shore population as foreigners, to be kept in awe of his guns!)

"—th instant. Weighed and stood towards Humane Society's shed. 11. 30. Trimmed sails. Shore population moving from Kensington. Tacked and stood over. 11. 45. Shortened sail and came to an anchor.

"—th instant. Crossed top-gallant yards and drank bitter ale. Crew picking oakum. Observed girl in white bonnet, bearing S.E. by S. Weighed to reconnoitre.

"—th instant. Mustered at general quarters to exercise guns. A Court of Inquiry held on board to try Boy TOMKINS for treasonable correspondence with ginger-beer man off the coast of Hyde Park. Boy severely reprimanded. P.M. Gale blowing from Brompton. Struck top-gallant masts, and made all snug—including self with mulled port.

"—th instant. Strange sail on the larboard bow. Hoisted the private signal. Vessel in distress: proved to be punt of Humane Society, water-logged. Sent crew to take her on shore."

A General Warranted to Lather Well.

AMONGST the Exhibition curiosities there is the portrait of a "Celebrated General" modelled in Soap. An ingenious young friend of ours says, "he doesn't know who the celebrated General may be, but he imagines it must be WASHINGTON." Well done, youngster!

SIR ROGER GUZZELDOWNE.

A Ballad of the Exhibycyon.

IT was SIR ROGER GUZZELDOWNE,
Owt of the South Countrè,
To lovely London he was bowne,
With a full grete menyè;
All stout yeomèn and squyars of lande,
To meet at Drury Lane,
Their strengthe together for to bande
To rayse the price of grayne.

Hys ladye was a glad womàn
Of hys imntent to heare;
Quoth she, "'Twill be a goodly plan,
In faith, SIR ROGER deare;
Swete London streets agayn to tread
Ytt wyll delyght me soe!"
"I doubt thee not," SIR ROGER said;
"Who tolde thee thou shold'st goe?"

"How nowe, SIR ROGER!" sayd his wyfe,
"I thinke thou hast a mind
To see a bitt of London lyfe,
And leave thy wyff behinde."
A wylfull woman wyll have her waye
Of any man alyve:
He toke her upp to Towne next daye,
Her and her daughters fyve.

To Drury Lane SIR ROGER went
With the squyars and yeomen bold,
They fyll'd the House, though ytt was meant
More folke, by half, to holde.

Then fayne wolde he have gone his wayes
Agayn to Swilford Hall:
"Gramercye! naye," his ladye sayes,
"That wyll not doe at all!

Unto the Crystal Palace wee,
In soothe, swete lorde, must wende."
"The Crystal Palace? Tush!" cryed hee;
"A fyddel-sticke hys end!"
Quoth shee, "Indede but wee must goe;
I'm bent upon the thing."
Sayde hee, "Byde, then, untyll the showe
Comes downe to one shilling."

SIR ROGER all for nought did stryve
To bate hys ladye down;
They went, and eke their daughters five:
For eche he payd a crowne.
"Here's thirty-fyve good shilling," he sayd,
"Whereby I 'm out of poke;
(A murrain on that foule Free Trade)
I wis ytt ys no joke."

"Thys syght in faith dothe lyke me wel,"
Hys ladye sayd, "to see."
"Pysh, dame!" he cried, "'tis all tinsèl,
Gew-gaw, and filligrè."
His daughters five did cry out "La!"
But he sighed "Wel-a-daye!"
Or answer'd "Stuffe!" and "Fudge!" and "Pshaw!"
To all that they colde say.

When they the statues did admire,
Or prayse the paynted glass,
SIR ROGER wolde break out like fyre,
And call JOHN BULL an asse.
He did miscall the Amazone,
At DANTE'S window swore,
And also laid his malison
Upon the Koh-i-Noor.

"Silks, satyns, velvetts, what 's the use
Of showing here?" sayd he:
"Such things that listeth, any goose,
In Regent Street may see;
Likewise your carpets, rugs, and mats,
And plate and jewels alsoe;
Nowe who, but simpletonnes and flattes,
Can care for soche a showe?"

The Popish sayntes, as fine and big
As life, when he did see,
Dressed out in all their robes fulle fig,
In the Northern Gallerye,
"Upon soche scarecrowes until nowe
I never yett sett eyes,"
Sayd he, "the lytel boyes, I trowe,
They well might serve for Guys."

The grete machines that spin and weave,
And doe the work of hand,
SIR ROGER vowed he dyd beleeve
Were ruining the land.
At soche as plough, and drill, and sowe,
No less he looked with scorne;
Quoth he, "How did our fathers doe
Before that we were borne?"

SIR ROGER voted all he sawe
No better than a boare;
A throng hee after hym did drawe,
So much he growled and swore.
To hear hym mayd a deal of mirthe,
I wot, among the crowd,
The industry of all the earth
He did cry downe so loud.

At last SIR ROGER hungry grewe,
Athirst alsoe waxed he;
His wyfe likewise would faine fall to,
And eke his familie.
To the refectyon-room they starte,
Thereat to make good cheere;
His folke hadd ices, bunnes, and tarte,
Hyself sandwiche and beere.

SIR ROGER payd for beer and tarte,
For sandwiche, ice, and bun;
And founde, unto his grievous smarte,
That he had been y-done.
The ice it came to twyce the cost
Than what the card dyd say;
SIR ROGER quite hys temper lost,
And hied in wrath away.

Thus dyd SIR ROGER GUZZELDOWNE
The Exhibicyon see;
And soe may many a country clowne,
Another soche as hee;
For wonders bootless 'tis to show,
And fayrest jewels may shine
To lytel purpose, an you throw
Your perles before your swyne.

The Pope's Brief Authority.

THE POPE has confirmed more than all the decrees of the Synod of Thurles. We have it now on the better authority of his Holiness, and are therefore prepared to believe in the following ennobling dogmata:—

That the earth does not move, and—under the present Pontiff—never shall.
That the Sun is sixty yards in diameter.
That the Moon *is* made of green cheese.
That the Stars are Roman candles.
That the North Pole is the shape of a Cardinal's crosier.
That the Equinoctial Line is the fishing line of ST. PETER.

THE VIRGINIAN SLAVE.

INTENDED AS A COMPANION TO POWER'S "GREEK SLAVE."

THE POSTMAN OF THE WAVES.

THE high rates of postage for the transmission of letters from the United Kingdom to foreign parts tend grievously to discourage international communication, and the reciprocation of kindly and affectionate sympathies between separated relatives and friends; thus to check the operation of some of our finest feelings, defer the reign of universal brotherhood, besides obstructing business. Various means, therefore, have been suggested for transporting epistolary intelligence over the briny deep by some cheaper conveyance than the mail-packets, the charge of which for carrying a letter from Boulogne to Folkestone—that is, 30 miles, or 2 hours—amounts to 6½*d.* and upwards; a demand savouring much less of the post than of the impost.

It has been proposed, for example, to send up balloons with a favourable wind, having mail-bags attached to them, contrived so as to be disengaged by means of a slow match, calculated to burn a given time, exploding a quantity of gunpowder, on the balloon reaching a certain point, say over Paris; so that the mail-bag, detached from the balloon, shall drop perpendicularly through the skylight of an attic into a box provided for its reception. To this plan a serious objection is the mutability of the wind, which, if it were not liable to chop right round and drive the balloon back again, could not be depended upon for blowing with such steadiness and uniformity as to bring the balloon precisely over the attic, and at the exact moment when the gunpowder would ignite; and thus there would be considerable danger of the mail-bag missing its destination, and falling into the Seine, or the hands of the authorities, or on somebody's head. Some ingenious individuals have also recommended the establishment of a means of communication between distant places, how far apart soever, whereby epistolary correspondence will be superseded altogether, and even the Electric Telegraph itself will be quite cut out. This truly marvellous time and space annihilator, is the Snail Telegraph of M. M. BENOIT and ALLIX. The term is no *antiphrasis*, applied to express velocity, as a negro, by the rule of contraries, may be called Snowdrop. The Snail Telegraph is literally a telegraph worked by means of snails—not, however, at a snail's gallop. It is mentioned in the "Letters on Animal Magnetism," just published by DR. GREGORY, professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. Snails, according to M. ALLIX, are creatures of so much magnetic fellow-feeling, that once having been in contact, they sympathise ever after at all distances. On this fact the Snail Telegraph is founded. The snails are caught, brought into contact, and marked—so many sets for each letter of the alphabet, in case of accident. The snail in France, belonging to each letter, will sympathise with his fellow, though the latter has been taken to America. When a word is to be spelled in either country, a snail is galvanised for every letter in succession; and the effects of the shock—through a test applied successively to all the snails on the other side of the Atlantic—are exhibited by his brother in the bonds of magnetism.

Now, the only difficulty as to belief in the Snail Telegraph lies, as DR. GREGORY justly observes, "in admitting the fact of the extraordinary sympathy of snails, which being once granted, all the rest is not only possible, but easy." But *Mr. Punch* took several snails, put them by pairs in contact for some time, marked them, then let them crawl about, poked them, and electrified them with a bit of excited sealing wax; nevertheless, though all those which he electrified and poked drew in their horns as quickly as our Cardinal, none of the others exhibited any symptom of the sort; and he is convinced that, if he had squelched every one of the former, not one of the latter would have been hurt in the least. As snails evince so little sympathy at six inches apart, *Mr. Punch* can hardly imagine that they can show any with the Atlantic intervening between them—or even with the Thames.

On the whole, therefore, *Mr. Punch* is disposed to conclude that the best and cheapest intercommunication with our friends and connexions across the billows, would be the "Ocean Penny Postage, recommended by MR. ELIHU BURRITT, who demonstrates the feasibility of the scheme in a pamphlet, whereunto *Punch* refers the Government. "An Ocean Penny Post" we shall have sooner or later. SHAKESPEARE, who prophesied under pretence of writing plays, has foretold it in the well-known lines of *Macbeth*:—

> "The Weird Sisters, hand in hand,
> Posters of the sea and land."

The Sisters, represented in such amicable conjunction, are clearly Fraternity, Affection, and Business; and their description as posters of both divisions of the globe, evidently has reference to their presiding over a Universal Penny Postage.

In conclusion, *Mr. Punch* begs to express his opinion that ROWLAND HILL, even when completely at sea, will never be out of his reckoning.

SIBTHORP OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.

HOW TO CAUSE A RIOT.—The Electric Telegraph, the other day, shocked us with the announcement of a riot at Tamworth, occasioned by a Protectionist dinner. We cannot approve of people's expressing their hostility to any politics, however odious, by punching heads and breaking windows; but, if such conduct could be palliated at all, it would be by the extreme provocation which must be given by a set of gentlemen conspiring—over a luxurious banquet—to deprive the humbler classes of their bread.

THE SHIPWRECKED MINISTERS SAVED BY THE GREAT EXHIBITION STEAMER.

THE GLORY OF GUNPOWDER.

THE *Times* Portsmouth reporter informs us, that, within eight-and-forty hours, were fired eight royal salutes from the ships and platform battery; at an expenditure—calculates the writer—"of gunpowder which would serve to maintain a well-contested action."

First Salute.—The royal children, crossing from Portsmouth to Cowes. As part of the royal education, it may be very necessary to harden the infants to the roar of arms. Gunpowder may be an element in high moral training. This may be considered a hard condition of royal life; hence, happy are the unsaluted who, escaped from the nurse, have for good and all escaped powder.

Second Salute.—The QUEEN and the Court. We cannot object to this. SIR JAMES CLARKE may have prescribed charcoal and saltpetre as a tonic for nerves; and forty-two pounders may have only acted as dispensing apothecaries.

Third Salute.—The DUCHESS OF KENT saluted by the whole fleet. This, perhaps, as an act of gallantry towards an amiable elderly lady, is not to be questioned. Powder—like rouge—may become a necessity.

Fourth Salute.—QUEEN and visitors go to Spithead to look at ships; and can hardly see them for smoke.

Fifth Salute.—QUEEN'S birth-day. Guns fire in remarkably good spirits, as being a salute they enjoy mightily.

Sixth Salute.—PRINCESS HELENA'S birth-day. Another one-and-twenty powder-puffs, as becomes a mighty baby.

Seventh Salute.—DUCHESS OF KENT honoured as before; not one of the one-and-twenty guns refusing to salute her.

Eighth Salute.—Return of the QUEEN and Court; and completion of 168 explosions in eight-and-forty hours; the cost of gunpowder being —(but we refer the curious reader to the *Notes and Queries* of the Board of Ordnance).

In connexion with this vital subject we give the subjoined letter. It bears the Portsmouth post-mark;—

"*H. M. S. Victory.*

"MR. PUNCH,—I am a forty-two pounder of this here ship. They say I'm on the peace establishment; but if I don't smell of powder as much as in the time of Trafalgar, I'm honey-combed old iron—and nothin' better.

"I'm always a firing and blustering, and nine times and more out of ten for nothin'. Now, I writes to give the Admiralty warnin'. I know what it will come to, and I can't help it: but this it is.

"I don't mind doin' the salutes as is proper; but if I'm to be fired and fired away for the smallest of outlandish princes whenever they come, and the smallest of babies—well, I know my temper—some o' these days I shall *bust*, Sir; I shall. Yes, *bust*'s the word: and so no more at present

"From yours,

"A GUN, AND A SON OF A GUN."

THE PAPAL ARMOURY IN 1851.

THE Parisian Ultramontane Papist organ, the *Univers*, states that the French authorities have caused 10,000 rations, and a large quantity of powder, to be taken into the Castle of St. Angelo. We had thought that the Popedom was antagonistic to everything rational; but we can no longer deny that its defence is based, in some measure, upon rationality, which, however, in its association with gunpowder, rather strongly exemplifies that *ultima ratio*, the arguments of which are bombs and bullets. This consideration reminds us of an omission in the Roman department of the Great Exhibition, which ought to be rectified as soon as possible. We want a few specimens there of the purely spiritual weapons by means of which the "Chief of the Catholic world," so called, is retained in the alleged see of ST. PETER. We suspect the spirit of which they consist would appear in a decidedly visible shape, and would present an extremely striking resemblance to lead, steel, and iron.

A Hint in Wax.

AS MADAME TUSSAUD has her *Chamber of Horrors* for certain notorieties, so ought she to have her *Chamber of Luck* for certain others? In which chamber LORD TORRINGTON might assuredly claim the first niche.

SCENE FROM A PUSEYITE HAMLET.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

Mother. I will not speak with her.
Uncle. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.
Mother. What would she have?
Uncle. She speaks much of old PIO; says she hears
There 's *Punch* i' the world, and hems, and pulls her doll;
Spurns enviously at toys; speaks things in doubt
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing;
Yet the unshaped use of it 's a bore
That somewhat frightens——
Mother. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Those things up-stairs about in a sad mess.
Let her come in. [*Exit* UNCLE.

Re-enter UNCLE, *with* MISS OPHELIA BIGGS.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of PIO?
Mother. How now, darling?
Oph. (*sings*). How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his triple hat and crook,
And his Papal shoon!

Mother. Alas, my OPHY! what imports this song?
Oph. Say you so? Nay, Ma, mark!
He is dead and gone, Mamma,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a Frenchman sits,—
MAZZINI 's on his throne!

Mother. Nay, OPHY, pet!——
Oph. Pray you, mark!
Red his socks as the poppy's flower!

Enter BIGGS, SENIOR.

Mother. Look here, CHARLES!
Oph. Lard his wig with oil of flowers——
Papa. How do you do, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, Heaven hold you! They say the LADY SUPERIOR 's an Earl's daughter. We know what we are, and what CHARLES JAMES may not be!
Papa. Pretty OPHELIA! [*Exit* OPHELIA.

[*A Scene, with young* LAERTES BIGGS,—*who, having never read anything before, has had his fancy tickled by a Tractarian novel, and his eye dazzled by* PUGIN'S *book, and who, being of a dark complexion, thinks a broad-brimmed hat suits his face—here follows.* BIGGS, SENIOR, *is violent, rather, having just had a bill to pay for the youth's mediæval drawings, besides* THREE CASSOCK WAISTCOATS.

* * * * * *

Servants (*within*). Let her come in!
Laertes. What noise is that?
(*Enter* OPHELIA, *fantastically dressed up with ebony beads, and a veil.*)
Oh, heat, dry up my brains!

Oph. (*sings*). They carried a GUY upon a bier,
Hey, JOHN, JOHNNY, JOHNNY, hey nonny!
The mob came dancing in the rear.

Fare you well, old dove!
Laertes. Hadst thou a FABER'S sweetness to persuade,
Thou couldst not move me thus!
Oph. You must sing *Down-a down-a, an you call him a down-a.* It is the false Bishop that turned away his BENNETT. . . . . There 's roses: that 's for NEWMAN! Ah, WISEMAN! you must wear your rue with a difference!

How to make a Summer.

"ONE Swallow doesn't make a Summer"—but we think an exception must be made in favour of the present Summer, which numbers but one Swallow—but then it is a Swallow of the very largest dimensions. It has swallowed up everything else during the season. Theatres, Panoramas, Exhibitions, Parliament included, have all disappeared down its capacious throat. We allude to the Crystal Palace; which may certainly pride itself upon having a Swallow more trrmendous than the whole Court of Aldermen put together!

FERRAND FORGOTTEN.—When the Protectionists met at Tamworth, where was the rejected of Aylesbury? A Protectionist conspiracy over "spirit vaults" with no FERRAND talking lucifers was a huge blunder: a gunpowder plot with GUY FAWKES omitted.

THE SHILLING DAYS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

In being informed on the best American authority that the first shilling day was to be the downfall of the Crystal Palace, we went to the spot, determined to take our chance of being buried in the rubbish, cut down with the glass, or left a miserable survivor to moralise, like MARIUS, over the ruins. Leaving our office at eight o'clock, we expected to find the tide of population already rushing down Fleet Street with fearful impetuosity; but the tide was not up, for scarcely any one was stirring, and we were therefore obliged to tow ourselves, or rather to trust to our heels, in making our way to Knightsbridge. On reaching the doors of the Exhibition, we found massive barriers intended to contain the multitude; but the multitude consisted of so few that they could scarcely contain themselves, for they kept bursting with laughter at the ponderous preparations for resisting their expected violence. It was quite evident that JOHN BULL has no need for barricades in any shape, and on this occasion, the monstrous wooden break-waters, intended to resist the anticipated human torrent, excited only his playful ridicule.

On reaching the interior of the building, we had been led to believe, or rather we should have been lead to believe, that the mob of shilling visitors would at once proceed to a sort of Fine Art distribution by declaring a dividend—among themselves—of all the precious assets within the Crystal Palace.

Communism was to have been put into practice—according to our American informants—on the first of the shilling days; the jewellery was to have been seized by a *coup de main*, while England was to have been declared a Republic under the wings of the United States Eagle. The Koh-i-noor diamond, especially, was to have become the subject of a community of goods; but how this was to be done we know not, unless by breaking it in pieces, grinding it to dust, reducing it to powder, and scattering it over the whole world, with a due regard to the equal rights of all people. As to the clocks and watches, those were to have been dealt with after the same fashion; the principles of Communism being applied, probably, by giving a hand to one, a number to another, a wheel to this one, and a spring to that, for the purpose of carrying out the grand Socialist idea of an equal distribution of property. Even the authorities seem to have been influenced by some such delusion, for the Koh-i-noor was guarded by an extra policeman, whose office was an invidious sinecure; for the intelligence of the shilling visitors caused them to pass with indifference the rather uninteresting object, which attracted the vulgar and stupid gaze of the guinea and five shilling visitors at the opening of the Exhibition. The "superior classes" must begin to look about them, if they would retain the epithet assigned to them; for there is no doubt which class has shown itself to be the superior, in the view taken of the Great Exhibition.

The high-paying portion of the public go to look at each other, and to be looked at, while the shilling visitors go to gain instruction from what they see; and the result is, they are far better behaved than the well-dressed promenaders who push each other about, and stare each other out of countenance on the days of the high price of admission. These people, however, have received a noble lesson from The QUEEN, who, throwing overboard the vulgar prejudice of exclusiveness, has visited the Exhibition on the shilling days, with a graceful reliance on the masses, which their admirable behaviour has well merited. HER MAJESTY has furnished an excellent example, also, by the manner in which she views the contents of the Crystal Palace; looking at every department in its turn with an intelligent eye, and thus setting a fashion which it is a real glory to lead, instead of being merely the royal dummy, or lay-figure, from whose dressing-up the female world may take the shape of a sleeve, the form of a robe, or the colour of a ribbon. The QUEEN and the shilling visitors are actuated by the same rational desire for instruction, and the extremes in the order of society have met on the intellectual ground that has been thrown open to all by the Great Exhibition.

"LEND ME YOUR EARS."

WE were in hopes that affairs of honour had been long ago voted matters of disgrace, that smoke had evaporated, and that lead had found its level. It seems, however, that people still continue to seek the satisfaction of being the perpetrator, or the victim of a murder, and that attempts are still made to clean reputations, like empty decanters, with shot, and preserve characters in saltpetre.

The French papers have given lately some truly appropriate particulars of the still existing practice of duelling. Two people go out to prove their courage. One murders the other, and runs away; two more look on at the murder, and run away; they travel under false names, are guilty of a hundred petty tricks of deception, and are all concerned in what, on the *lucus a non* principle, is designated an affair of honour.

If all the incidents of one of these affairs of honour could be faithfully reported, there is not one which would fail to make any one, with the slightest pretensions to the feelings of a gentleman, most thoroughly ashamed of having anything to do with it. The whole proceeding is a string of falsehood, from the beginning to the end of it. There is, first, the assumption of false names, followed by a series of false pretences, at every step, and constituting a string of unworthy subterfuges quite at variance with every thing worthy of the name of honour. The murderous part of it we leave to the authorities; which, in every civilised country, should deal with the offence with a firm hand, as with any other crime deserving of punishment. It is as an affair of honour, that a duel is such a contemptible piece of imposture. The thing has fallen as low as it can, and must soon go down altogether.

DON'T SLEEP UPON IT.

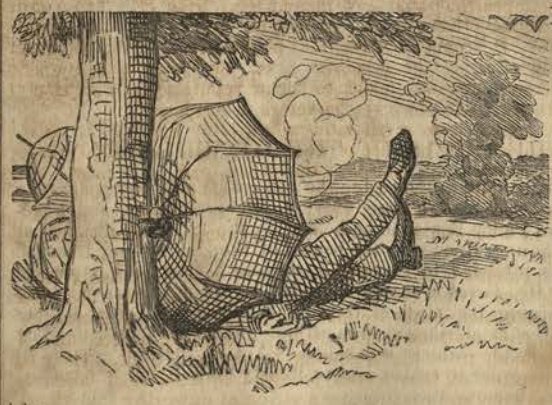
AMONG the wonders of the Exhibition is a Bed that upsets itself by machinery at a certain hour, and thus the adage of "as you make your bed so you may lie," becomes a lie indeed, as far as this bed is concerned; for, after a given time, you cannot lie in it, however much care you may have been at in making it. The bed in question is a sort of *lit de justice*, inflicting appropriate punishment on the slothful, by turning them out of bed, neck and crop, when they have lain long enough.

It occurred to us, that some parties might be pleased to see the principle of this bed applied to the Ministerial benches in Parliament, so that the occupants might be made to turn out whether they liked it or not, after a certain length of occupation. The same machinery might enable the Opposition to turn in, and they, again, would have to turn out, in due course, if the arrangement suggested were brought to bear upon the snug berths of Government. The only inconvenience might be that the candidates for Beds would become very numerous.

The Main Chance.

THE London Gas and Water Companies are in a state of considerable despondency at the prospect of the speedy breaking-up of their monopoly, and they complain that there is a deep-laid conspiracy to put their pipes out. Our own opinion is that we have paid the piper quite long enough on account of the water monopolists; and the high price of Gas has always been a burning shame. Those who interest themselves in the destruction of these impositions, may be said to go through fire and water to serve the public.

THE MARVELLOUS SHILLING.



WE are all of us intimate—through ballads, at least, and fairy-lore—with the potency of fairy groats. We have all heard of the magic of such coin; but what is the fairy fourpenny bit of the old, old times, to the fairy Shilling of 1851? That real, prosaic twelve-penny piece is worth any number of groats struck at the under-ground Mint, wherever it may be, of *King Oberon*. And never did benevolent fairy, with an eccentric yearning towards the aspirations of human folks, put more power into silver than the spirit of the times has conjured into a shilling piece; for therein is a genius that conducts its possessor to all the triumphs of all the world: brings him face to face with the doings—and among them the very choicest doings—of the droll, diversified beings, that make the total of mankind. And this is the work of One Shilling!

Nevertheless, there was great doubt—shrewd suspicions of the decency—the proper behaviour of merely—One Shilling.

Sixty Shillings—sublimed into three golden sovereigns, and then transmuted into season male ticket—considered One Shilling to be inevitably One Mob; insolent, noisy, swaggering Twelve-pence.

Forty Shillings—the female card—shuddered at the bare idea of that low, vulgar, riotous, destructive unit; that revolutionary levelling One Shilling.

And a Dollar—the embodiment of five shillings—made the best haste, and it may be said, the best push in a crowd to see all that was to be seen, before the Crystal was breathed upon, and for ever and for ever dimmed by One Shilling.

Now, as every sovereign has its day, so it seems has every Shilling; and, at length, the Shilling shone; and wonderful was it to the doubters to mark how well Shilling knew its proper value: to observe what self-respect Shilling had for its innate Twelve-pence. Not sixty shillings, transmuted and enshrined in three golden pieces, with all the breeding, all the education, that is a condition of such transmutation, could behave with better courtesy, with more gentleness and good-humour towards one another, than One Shilling towards One Shilling.

And, somehow, One Shilling has appeared more and more in earnest than Three Sovereigns—than even Five Shilling pieces. Sovereigns were wont to cluster about the QUEEN OF SPAIN'S diamonds thickly, anxiously, as though they were all of them Spanish bondholders, and expected—with due waiting—to have those brilliants converted into ready cash for part settlement of their claims.

And what light did the Mountain of Light draw about itself—rings and rings of dazzling lustre—in the fair persons of two sovereigns, and subsequently of Five Shillings?

It must be confessed that One Shilling does not look with such idolatry—does not open its mouth with such wonderment at the Koh-i-noor of the East as, perhaps, at the steel works of Sheffield. The sublimed charcoal, worth two millions—were a purchaser to be found—has, in the shilling mind, a rival in the steel fire-places, those enduring caskets made to hold the black diamonds of Newcastle.

Most interesting—most satisfactory, aye, and most ennobling, are the earnest and simple doings of One Shilling. Think of its representatives.

There is a smock-frocked rustic considering, among other rural matters, a Canadian plough. That quiet, self-instructing peasant is—One Shilling.

There is fustian jacket with a quick, critical eye, examining machinery of every sort; that jacket is—One Shilling.

Sailors and soldiers move tranquilly along the nave; or pause in silent admiration, with others circling the basin of the Crystal Fountain, each—One Shilling.

And there a whole school of parish children, silent—serious with wonder; one and all—One Shilling.

Seeing what the Crystal Palace has revealed since the 26th, never, in all his experience, did *Punch* feel such gratitude for what One Shilling might compass—never such admiration of what One Shilling, in its quiet, self-respect, can assert.

CATHEDRAL EXHIBITIONS OF 1851.

WE are informed, by a paragraph in a morning contemporary, that—

"The ancient Gothic structure, Westminster Abbey, is the daily attraction of thousands; and too much praise cannot be given to the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER for his liberality in opening the whole of the sacred edifice to the public free, (with the exception of HENRY THE SEVENTH'S Chapel, for the present).

We really must question this assertion. It would be quite possible, in our opinion, to give too much praise to the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, for throwing open the whole of "the sacred edifice," HENRY THE SEVENTH'S Chapel inclusive, seeing that the said "sacred edifice" is "sacred" to the worship of the established religion; and to exclude the public from any part of a building belonging to a Church maintained by the nation, is simply a piece of monstrous impudence. In times like these, when the EARL OF ELLESMERE and other noblemen throw open their picture galleries for the gratification of the public, surely it is possible to praise a Dean somewhat more than he deserves, for allowing us a partially gratuitous admission to his Cathedral, when, in common decency, he ought to have rendered it entirely free.

PUNCH'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A SAGE AND A BOY.

Sage. Now, my good boy—for good, I think, you are.
'Tis true, that in the corner of your eye
Low cunning lurks; but in the centre orb
(I mean the pupil) there's straightforwardness.
You look me in the face—that's right, my child.
Say, can you read and write? I'm sure you can;
I read it in your face.
Boy. Then, you can't read,
Or, if you can, my face must tell a lie;
For I have never learn'd to write or read.
Sage. Bless me! That's very odd! Well, I'm mistaken.
Those signs by which I judged are, after all,
But marks of Nature's own intelligence.
'Tis ever thus—Nature asserts herself,
In spite of all the pedagogue's neglect.
Although this boy can neither read nor write,
His speaking face—his intellectual lip—
His chiselled nose—his broad, expansive brow—
Shine out through all the dirt that cumbers them.
The gloss they wear is Nature's own—not soap's.
Ah! poor neglected boy—left all alone,
For the world's rubs to rub him into shape—
Noble, but unlick'd cub!
Boy. No, not unlick'd—
My father's always licking of me, Sir.
Sage. Sagacious lad! nothing is lost on him.
I but soliloquised; yet, when I drop
A philosophic thought, he takes it up,
And to himself applies it. Wonderful!
Here is a sage of Nature—not the schools;
Not on the banks of Isis or of Cam.
He gathers knowledge up by slow degrees;
But o'er the rugged ups and downs of life
He graduates. I'll try a higher theme.
Of course you say your prayers?
Boy. Of course I don't.
Sage. Not say your prayers?—what! never go to church?
Boy. Yes, Sir, I very often go to church.
Sage. What! every Sunday? yet, not say his prayers!
I cannot understand. Ah! now I have it;
'Tis the high instinct of our better nature:—
So, you attend there once in every week?
Boy. I go three times on every Sunday, Sir.
Sage. And never say your prayers? Impossible!
Now, think, my child—Why do you go to church?
That question, I beseech you, ask yourself—
Not once, nor twice—but thrice three hundred times.
Boy. It's no use asking, Sir—because I know.
Sage. You know!—Then tell me!—here's another proof
How nature's higher instincts triumph still
Over the absence of the teacher's art.
He says no prayers—and yet, poor boy, he knows
The reason why he goes each week to church.
Now, my good boy, tell me what makes you go?
Speak loudly.
Boy. Sir, I go to blow the bellows.
Sage (*sinking down, overcome*). Alas! there's no reality in life!
Philosophy's brief candle is blown out
By Truth's rude bellows! What are we ourselves?
What is our choicest wisdom? What are words?
All's nothing—nothing—but a bag of wind,
Quickly inflated—suddenly collapsed—
And shut completely up—as I am now!

Homœopathy.

A COCKNEY, who is still at large, desires to know—"What is the meaning of the motto of the Homœopathists, *Similia similibus curantur?*" The Cockney, in default of other response, makes answer to himself—"Any man (*Hahnemann*) may cure any man!"

ARITHMETIC IN THE UNIVERSITY.

SIGNS OF THE COMMISSION.

"I SAY, FRANK, MY BOY—IF TROUNCER'S AT 5 TO 2, AND NUTSHELL AT 3 TO 1, WHAT'S THE BETTING AGAINST THE PAIR OF THEM?"

"I'M SURE I DONT KNOW—TAKE YOU 6 TO 1."

A CABMAN ON LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT AND CENTRALISATION.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,—Avin lately 'eard a lectur from MR. TOOLMAN SMITH on the subjec of lokal self-guvment and sentrylisation, imbowldens me to call your tention to the sentrylizin moovements of MR. MAIN, Ead Commishuner of Police, wich he may be sed to be a puttin down of the lokal self-guvment of us poore Cabbies by mane force.

"Sir, MR. TOOLMAN SMITH as also rote a book on the same subjeck of his lectur, wich I avent a dout you can get it at the liberies; and lays it hout that lokal self-guvment is the manidgement of things by the gratest number of peple as nows most about it, and has the gratest intirest in it; and that sentrylisation is the manidgement of a thing by the leaste number of peple as nows leaste aboute it, and has the leaste intirest in it; wich I appele to you if this ere an't jist the case with the new Cab regylashuns.

"I arx you wether us Cabbies wasn't a case of lokal self-guvment, wich I'm sure there was a grate many on us, as did pretty much wot we liked in regard of fairs; and hevry stand ad its own rools, and there was the warterman as was mostly an old cabby as we looked hup to in regard of dispewts and such like, and nowed wot was wot; but still he adn't no more authority nor we liked to let im ave; not like a beak or a bloo, or such like harbitry coves, and we guvnd ourselves, and looked out for number von; and, unless we was pulled hup now and then, it was houtanout self-guvment altogether, perticklv as regards fairs, wich depended. But now look ere at this ere sentrylisin guvment ov owrn, wich there's to be a pliceman at hevry stand, and the ead Commishnur isself, that's MAYNE, a bemeanin of isself to print a list of fairs wich it's nown to contane herrors; but in course fairs won't lissen to us; and now all on us is xpected allus to charge the same munney for the same distance, wich ow is a man to pay is way, and not a chance left us with a lushy party, or a greenun, and not to speke of foriners, wich, they may say wot they like, but I'm blest if don't think them foriners is up to hevery think, and fites as hard about a hodd sixpence as the Temple and Westminster fairs, wich it's well nown is no use, bein lawyears, and down upon a poore feller as dead as nales, unless in an urry.

"Now, Sir, I arx you and MR. TOOLMAN SMITH to speke hup for the Cabbies, wich that gent as made hout to evrybody's satisfacshun, as ow this ere country as allus ad lokal self-guvment till the wigs come in, and now sentrylisation is a goin to be our rewin, wich it's safe to be with us poore Cabbies.

"And I say that the Cabbies as a rite to self-guvment, acos there's a grate many on us, and we nows more aboute fairs and distances, and such like, than MR. MAINE any day, and has a stronger interist in the same, wich sentrylisation can't ave, tho' they put two Bobbies to stand centry over a stand insted o' vun. So no more at present from yours to comand,

"JAMES TILTUP + his mark."

THE GULLS OF THE GLOBULES.

MR. PUNCH begs to acknowledge the receipt, from a clergyman, of a polite note, a little book, a large piece of sticking-plaster, and a programme of the Fancy Bazaar to be holden on the 12th and 13th inst. at the Hanover Square Rooms, for the benefit of the Hahnemann Hospital. The epistle is intended to correct, by means of the book, a mistake under which *Mr. Punch* is supposed, by his reverend correspondent, to labour, concerning the mode of treating fractures and other injuries practised at the establishment in question. *Mr. Punch* presumes that the sticking-plaster—which is labelled "Arnica Plaster"—has been sent to him, in order to enable him to satisfy himself, experimentally, of the truth of homœopathy.

Now, *Mr. Punch* is blessed with so sound a constitution, that whenever he has the misfortune to cut his finger, he has only to bring together the edges of the wound, which invariably heals by what his medical attendant calls the "first intention," or as quickly as the necessary process of "adhesive inflammation," as it is termed by the same respectable practitioner, can be naturally accomplished. Since common court-plaster answers this purpose as well as possible, neither Arnica plaster nor any other could possibly answer it better. To test the efficacy of Arnica plaster upon others, *Mr. Punch* would have to try several hundreds of comparative experiments, on as many subjects, with Arnica plaster on the one hand, and ordinary plaster on the other, under similar conditions, carefully ascertained, of general health, diet, regimen, and all other circumstances that could expedite or retard the healing process. This is rather too much trouble for *Mr. Punch* to take: and it seems to have been too much for homœopathists to take themselves. Yet this, he imagines, is the way in which investigations are managed in Inductive philosophy,—which is the philosophy of LORD BACON and *Mr. Punch*, and all who pretend to be scientific men, as homœopathists do, whatever may be thought of the pretence. That "one trial will prove the fact," is the axiom of others than *Punch* and BACON.

The little book which accompanies the sticking-plaster is a treatise on "Arnica and Rhus, with directions for their Use, in Mechanical Injuries, and in other Affections." It simply proves that homœopathists do not profess to reduce dislocations and fractures by means of homœopathic globules. *Punch* does not say they do. All he does say is, that homœopathic globules will as much set a broken bone, re-adjust a displaced one, or reproduce an amputated limb, as remove any disease whatever. Success, no doubt, in many instances, will attend the treatment, thus, in this same little book, recommended for

"DISLOCATIONS.

"Of course the surgeon must reduce the dislocated limb; but Arnica taken internally, and applied as a lotion afterwards, and Rhus after two or three days, a dose internally, and applied as a lotion, greatly facilitate the cure, and prevent the injurious consequences of such an injury."

Of course the surgeon must reduce the dislocation. Yes. A rather important element this in the treatment of dislocations! An equally judicious surgery is recommended by this clever little book in

"FRACTURES.

"In this case the surgeon must set the limb, but Arnica used internally and applied as a lotion," &c., &c., &c.

Cold water—*per se*—is no bad lotion for a limb swollen and inflamed by reason of a fracture: and no evidence has been submitted to *Mr. Punch* at all proving that an infinitesimal quantity of Arnica would render it in any but an infinitesimal degree more efficacious. Infinitesimal globules are much too big for *Mr. Punch* to swallow, or for anybody else endowed with more than an infinitesimal quantity of common sense: however well they may be adapted to the œsophagus of HIS EXCELLENCY CHEVALIER BUNSEN, HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF HAMILTON, K.G., F.R.S., F.S.A., the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY, (who swallowed the "Estatica,") the RIGHT HON. THE LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, M.P., MRS. EPPS, and all the ladies of quality, from the DUCHESS OF KENT downwards, whose names figure in the list of patrons and patronesses of the HAHNEMANN Hospital Fancy Bazaar: a suitable device for raising the wind in behalf of an institution the utility of which is "all fancy."

Manilla Warfare in Rome.

THE Romans have been offering the papal tyranny, under whose yoke they are held by 8000 French bayonets, the passive resistance of abstaining from cigars, in order to impair the POPE'S revenue. For a people trampled upon by foreign invaders to leave off smoking, may be all very well; but it is perhaps a better plan to take to firing.

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THE BULL AND THE SCARLET STOCKINGS.

THERE can be no doubt that on some early day CARDINAL WISEMAN will appear in London streets in his most scarlet stockings: stockings dyed in the blood of the harmless kermes, boiled and beatified for the occasion. Indeed, we should be very sorry did CARDINAL WISEMAN not show himself to the world in his scarlet stockings: we also hope to live to see his scarlet hat carried before him to Westminster, with SIR JAMES GRAHAM, SIDNEY HERBERT, JOHN BRIGHT, and COBDEN—then all of the Cabinet—looking blandly on from Downing Street windows. The daughters of DOCTOR PRIMROSE received the gift of a guinea each on the understanding that they were never to spend it. But surely, not so did POPE PIUS give scarlet stockings to the English DOCTOR WISEMAN: they were given to be worn; and worn they *must* be. Indeed, when we reflect upon the saintly audacity, the pious bravado that stares and fairly crows from WISEMAN'S picture in the Royal Academy, we are certain that ere long—especially stimulated to such exhibition by the advent of the foreigner—we shall have the Cardinal in the streets with all his honours. His scarlet so shown, like the scarlet of a lobster, will be a beautiful evidence of the hot water he has swum in.

And with this assurance, our anxiety is that CARDINAL WISEMAN should walk in peace and safety whenever it shall seem right and fitting to him to walk in scarlet stockings. Now this can hardly be in the face of British bulls.

In the court of Exchequer one MR. HUDSON brings an action against a Hackney cow-keeper, the owner of an evil-disposed bull that did toss and gore the aforesaid MR. HUDSON; the bull—as it was proved—always "running at a person who had anything red." The bull had run at a little girl in a red bonnet; and had shown his indignation at the scarlet collar of a postman!

MR. HAWKINS—with his native eloquence and subtle power of analogy—said, if bulls were to be driven along thoroughfares—

"It might become impossible for a military person to walk with safety along the street. Indeed any lady with any red in her shawl, or dress, or the ribbon of her bonnet, would always be in danger."

MR. BARON PLATT, however, at once put the ladies out of court; avowing, upon his reputation as a student of the female mind, that women were too astute for bulls. Be this as it may; our anxiety is for the safety of CARDINAL WISEMAN, should he, in the full blow of his Cardinalship, brave a bull—JOHN BULL—in his scarlet stockings. How terrible if the Cardinal should be gored or tossed! Yet they do say that there is a man—by no means a milkman, which means a milk-and-water-man—a man who threatens to let loose a bull at the first official appearance of scarlet stockings! This is said. And we have heard a good deal of noise from the bull; yet, if after all, the taurine bellowing should be no more than the voice of a calf?—why, then, great would be the swagger and the triumph of the scarlet stockings.

F. M. WIDDICOMB'S PROCLAMATION ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

"GALLANT SOLDIERS,

"THE anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo has again visited our boards, when it is our annual custom to celebrate that proud event by the engagement of at least a hundred additional hands, in order that the British arms may carry off the Palm of Victory in the most honourable manner, regardless of all expense.

"I am again willing to encounter that expense, or in fact to encounter anything in the defence of my country; but I ask you, my gallant Soldiers, who have never shouted 'NEY!' when I have raised the cry of 'WELLINGTON!' whether it would be fair to carry our triumph right in the teeth of the facts that are pointed this year, like so many cannon, at us.

"It becomes a conqueror to moderate his triumph, and not to trample too long with the iron heel of revenge on the prostrate form of a conquered "Super."—Comrades, remember BLUCHER!

"It is true our vocation is War, and that we live by it. It is a noble calling, and often when I hear the prompter's voice crying "To arms," do I bless the happy moment that made me a soldier. Still, if we are always ready, comrades, to draw our swords, and a shilling a night, in the cause of War, never let it be said that we were too proud to sheathe them again when the same magnificent sum was offered in the holy cause of Peace!

"The Olive is a great plant, but it is a question if the Cabbage is not much more useful!

"Yes, let us strive to be generous as well as brave. We are prepared for action, but we will not rush into it. This is the year of Peace, and the match, that is ready-lighted for our impatient artillery, shall be turned aside for once from its murderous mission, and devoted to the more agreeable pursuit of lighting the Frenchman's pipe, instead of putting it out. We will all sit on the heights of Hougumont, without any fear of being blown up, and drink to the many happy Returns, as we smoke them, of Friendship.

"Comrades, it has been my proud destiny through life never to have taken a step but you have always followed me. Often as I have led you on the Wings of Victory, no matter whether on the O. P. or the P. S. side, you have never disgraced a single board of the noble Theatre of War, of which I glory in being the Hero of (at least) a Thousand Fights. When I allude to the Theatre of War, of course I mean Astley's—a theatre in which conquerors, like myself, delight to come and 'fight their battles o'er again.'

"I am confident, therefore, you will all follow me in the step I am about to take. It is a step that leads to the Temple of Peace—a temple that should always be reflected on the brow of every Conqueror.

"I am sure you will shout with me, when I propose that, in consequence of the number of foreigners now assembled in London (Anno Domini One of Universal Peace!) that

"THERE WILL BE NO BATTLE OF WATERLOO THIS YEAR AT ASTLEY'S!!!

"Surely out of the number of victories, of which the English annals are composed, we can well afford to sacrifice one!

"After all, the highest victory is one gained over human prejudices!—and the cheapest one, too, in the long run.

"On all other occasions, gallant Soldiers, you will always find me at the post of honour, where the danger is the thickest. In matters of danger, I am of opinion that no General can cut it too thick.

"(Signed) F. M. WIDDICOMB,

"*Field of Battle (Astley's Theatre).*"

"*Vivent la France et l'Angleterre!*"

DOWNING STREET PUMP WATER.

THE Government Water Bill seems unlikely to supply us with more water than will moisten flannel enough for a wet blanket to be cast upon our hopes of a proper supply of that necessary fluid. The water companies are still to be purveyors to his Majesty the Public; so that our cisterns will probably continue to be replenished with Thames and New River, or, the draught which fertilises but not purifies. Competition can alone be depended upon for remedying this state of things. Cannot some Company of enterprising teetotallers start a "Temperance Tap, established to Supply the Public with Genuine ADAM'S Ale," in various parts of the metropolis? "MATHEW & Co.'s Entire, drawn Mild, in your own Jugs;" or, "The Noted House for the Celebrated Artesian Stingo," would be tempting announcements, could they be depended on. The liquor could be furnished at prices at least as moderate as the present water rates, which Londoners are now paying for a beverage of such a nature, that, after being ducked in it, any cleanly person would wish to wash himself.

"'Tis but Fancy's Sketch."

THE Americans say, that the reason they have sent nothing to the Exhibition is, that the productions of their industry are, in the first place, too gigantic to be brought over; and in the next place, the reality is so impossible to be understood or described, that the only way to give us any idea of it was to leave it all to our imagination. Certainly, when we visit the United States department of the Crystal Palace, we find ample space for the imagination to revel in. The American *objets de vertù* are, literally speaking, fancy goods.

SKETCH TAKEN AT THE LEVÉE.

"I SAY, JIM, TWICE ROUND THAT COVE'S VAIST, VUNCE ROUND A HEARVIG."

DIAMOND DIALOGUES.

SCENE.—*Crystal Palace, Main Avenue.—Discovered,* POLICEMEN A. 1. *and* B. 2., *on either side of the Golden Cage containing the* KOH-I-NOOR, OR MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. POLICEMEN *speak confidentially and guardedly.*

Policeman A. 1. My detective friend, in the course of your remarkable life, did you ever observe moths about a candle?

Policeman B. 2. Lots. That is, in summer; Clapham Common—'bout bull's-eye.

A. 1. (*with a wan smile, regarding the women, ten rows thick, around the Koh-i-Noor*). Behold them here. Women—moths; diamond—candle!

B. 2. Only what with us, and the cage, and MR. CHUBB'S sensitive lock—as I've heard it called—they can't burn their precious wings, which is fingers.

A. 1. True, my philosophic co-mate: they cannot put out the diamond.

B. 2. Else I'm blessed if there wouldn't be a scrimmage for it. Talk of the Chartists! Why, with none o' the force here, and no CHUBB'S lock, I'm sure on't by the women's looks, the tenth o' April of glorious memory would be nothin' to it.

A. 1. What do you really think of this Mountain of Light, my ingenuous companion?

B. 2. Atween ourselves, I don't think much of it; but my wife takes mighty credit for it. There's no holding her in the court: she says I'm ten times as precious as I was; and from this very diamond bring home light enough about me to go to bed without a candle. The boys in the court call me B. 2. the Glow-worm!

A. 1. Who knows—

B. 2. *I* don't; but you as was once a usher, and can tell—

A. 1. Who knows—I was about to ask—whether a man may not gaze upon a diamond so long, until its transmitted lustre becomes a part of him?

B. 2. As a detective, with some people and no bars atween 'em, I should say, not at all unlikely.

A. 1. My simple friend, do you know what the diamond is made of?

B. 2. It can't be Thames water: tho' I've heard it's nothin' but water o' some sort, out of the springs of the earth; which, with the weight of the mountains upon it, manufactures the diamond by hydraulic power.

A. 1. The diamond, my friend, is charcoal; nothing but charcoal in an intense state of development. Yes, that blazing Koh-i-noor, and a piece of black charcoal, are of the like common stock.

B. 2. Ha! just as they say, we're all the same flesh-and-blood; dukes and chimbley-sweepers: only the duke's the diamond, and the chimbley-sweeper's the charcoal. Well, how the women do stare! —(*Speaks firmly, but mildly.*) Pass on, ladies; pray, pass on—don't scrooge so. (*Aside to* A. 1.) I say, did you ever see a cat, all alone, watching a canary, or a bowl of gold-fish? (A. 1. *nods affirmingly.*) Well, then, just look at that old lady lookin' at the diamond! If her eyes don't turn green and yellow, and if she don't run the tip of her tongue round her mouth as if she was already tastin' the Mountain! (*To the aforesaid Lady.*) Pass on, Madam; pray, pass on. (*Aside.*) Old fool! It wouldn't agree with you, if you could swallow it.

Lady from Battersea. Are you sure, Mr. Policeman, there's no mistake? This can't be the Mountain; it's so very small.

B. 2. Why, yes, Ma'am; Primrose Hill *is* bigger. But you see, it's one o' them Mountains that some folks make out o' mole-hills. (*Despairingly.*) Will you pass on, ladies?

A. 1. (*with mild sarcasm*). Pray, pass on, Madam—*do* cut the diamond!

Male Visitor (*savagely*). I shall report you. You've insulted my wife—and we don't pay p'licemen to insult people and make jokes.

Peckham Lady. Well, I *am* disappointed—it is very small. Isn't it very small, Mr. Policeman? Now, don't you think it very small?

B. 2. Yes, Ma'am; quite below your notice—pass on.

Islington Lady (*with slight disgust*). And is this all? This a mountain!

A. 1. (*satirically*). All at present, Ma'am; come again next week, and it may be bigger. Di'monds are so uncertain.

Islington Lady (*passing on*). Like his impudence. [*A lull ensues.*

B. 2. Do you know where the thing come from, and all about it? What's the di'mond's history, or as you would say, its biography?

A. 1. Well, it can't brag of its company afore it came to us; that is—as I've read. It was found in Golconda and sent to the GREAT MOGUL; stole from him that stole it; the next thief being killed by the next thief; who was again robbed of the Mountain, that was stolen again and again until—

B. 2. Yes—go on.

A. 1. (*with emotion*). Until it became the lawful property of the British Crown.

B. 2. Hallo! What, did we buy and pay for it?

A. 1. Bought it with the brave blood of armies, and the gold of soldiers' pay! Paid I don't know how much in blood, and gold, and gunpowder, and bayonet cold iron.

B. 2. (*scratching his head*). Well, I dare say it's all right. But I say, if there was only a sort of upper P'lice force big enough to tackle 'em, what a lot of kings, and conq'rors, and generals, with their green laurels, would have found themselves in the station-house.

A. 1. My good friend, in all my reading of wars and histories, I never found any Police Court for the strongest.

[*It strikes seven; the Koh-i-noor sets in its iron safe, and Policemen depart.*

GEOMETRY OF HIGH LIFE.

THE PROPERTIES OF THE CIRCLE.

"The August Circle included their Royal Highnesses," &c.—*Court Circular, passim.*

THE Circle is a form of society existing only among the superior classes. The principal varieties of the Circle are the August, the Illustrious, the Distinguished, and the Select; there are no Petty, Obscure, Indiscriminate, or Promiscuous Circles. In reference to the lower ranks, we talk of "sets" and "lots," and "the humbler spheres," but not "circles," are mentioned.

An August Circle is a Circle of which the centre is a monarch, and the radii—or rays of glory and splendour—are also sovereigns or princes.

An Illustrious Circle is a Circle having for centre a royal duke, and for radii peers and nobles of high rank.

A Distinguished Circle is a Circle the centre whereof is formed by some great statesman or warrior; its radii consisting of ambassadors, leading politicians, generals, and bishops.

A Select Circle is a Circle whose centre is some highly aristocratic individual, and whose radii consist of persons of fashionable notoriety, and correct repute.

The radii of the Circles of high life are not all equal. For example, an earl is not equal to a duke. Consequently their centres are not at the same distance from every point of their circumferences.

For examples of the mode of describing a Circle of high life, see the *Court Circular*.

The Quadrature of Distinguished and Select Circles has been attempted, but never accomplished. The Fashionable Square, in many instances, may be demonstrated very nearly to contain the Select or Distinguished Circle; but there are elements in every Square which are incompatible with the definition of any Circle to which Distinction or Selectness can be ascribed with the least degree of accuracy.

"YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT."

HERE will soon be an absolute necessity, my dear *Punch*, for a new dictionary of the English language. The meaning which DR. JOHNSON attached to the words 'faithful,' 'affectionate,' and 'obedient,' was grossly absurd. Daily experience attests his ignorance. 'Yours faithfully' regrets that it is out of his power to serve you; 'Yours truly' has disposed of his patronage elsewhere; 'Yours to command' will not be dictated to under under any circumstances. 'Your attached friend' takes particular pains to detail to you the minutest circumstances connected with events which have tended to lower you in the estimation of your associates; and, in the tone of his communication you detect a pleasant vein of sarcasm, which proves to you that he rather relishes your distresses.

"Inexperienced correspondents are familiar with the harsh determinations of 'Theirs humbly,' and would prefer to receive a letter with almost any other signature; but, of all letter-writers, 'Your obedient servant' is, without doubt, the most terrible and the most unpleasant. 'Your obedient servant' reminds you that you are in his employ, and that, if you do not keep better hours and pay more attention to your books, he will dismiss you. 'Your obedient servant' will be happy to meet yourself and a second on Wimbledon Common, at a particularly early hour, for mutual target-practice, to satisfy his wounded honour. 'Your obedient servant' will not wait another day for his money, but will instantly place the matter in the hands of his lawyer, and leave you to bear the consequences. 'The obedient servant' of MR. NATHANIEL STOKES issued a letter from the Treasury, informing that gentleman that his claim for a Government appointment, in consideration of his father's services as lieutenant of the Limerick Yeomanry, could not be satisfied while so many more pressing and important claimants remained to be provided for. 'Your obedient servant' is truly an unmanageable fellow. There is no wheedling him. He never gives you a day's grace. He refuses you a temporary loan. He dismisses you from your situation. He calls upon you to explain yourself. He begs that you will discontinue your addresses to his daughter. He never gives credit. In short, of all correspondents, he is the most disobedient.

"'Yours humbly' is a bore; but 'Your obedient servant' is a correspondent who is not to be trifled with. Now, Sir, why not write plain unvarnished English? Why should your creditor sign himself 'Your obedient servant,' when the rogue knows very well that you are his slave? Why should a man who never met you but once in his life, sign himself 'Ever faithfully yours,' when he knows that he does not care two pins about you, and would read a notice of your death in the morrow's paper without the least emotion? These, *Mr. Punch*, are little social hypocrisies, which, while they mask the serpent, weaken the meaning of the friend.

"Yours, *Mr. Punch*,

"PENNY LETTERBAG, GENT."

A SHORT STORY FOR SIR ROBERT PEEL.

SIR ROBERT PEEL—(there is a music in the name that attunes *Punch* to tenderness)—SIR ROBERT PEEL, listen to a short story: then lay it to your heart, and cease not to ponder it.

Once upon a time there was a young man whose heritage was the immortal wealth of a great name. This young man was in evil hour tempted by three *Witches*, even as *Macbeth* was tempted, and finally betrayed by the Weird Sisters. But the *Witches* that betrayed our young man were not things animate; nevertheless they were of all betrayers the most subtle, and the most dangerous. And the names of these betrayers were—PEN—INK—PAPER.

Oh, young SIR ROBERT PEEL, take heed how you take them! What an innocent look they have, and yet how they may stab a man's own name—how they may spatter blots upon a man's own reputation. How harmless looks a sheet of paper; yet may not a man make of it the winding-sheet for his self-slain happiness?

CORN IN THE EAR.—The wheat is said to be in a very forward condition. The papers speak of large ears of corn already shown as samples. But, perhaps, at the late Corn Exhibition at Tamworth were shown the very longest ears of all.

BRIEFLESS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP have recently visited the Exhibition, and have displayed a reckless levity, which has excited the worst fears of their friends and relatives. On entering the Refreshment Room, MR. DUNUP called loudly for "a barrister's refresher;" and MR. BRIEFLESS, throwing aside the sobriety becoming his time of life, rushed frantically into the Office of the Executive Committee, and, throwing down sixpence, declared he intended devoting it to the purchase of works of art, inquiring, at the same time, what he could have for the money.

MR. DUNUP, going up to one of the attendants, asked to be shown a windlass, capable of winding up the most hopeless affairs, and MR. BRIEFLESS burst into an agony of tears under the Statue of LORD ELDON. Both of the learned gentlemen left the building, declaring that instead of applying for the coif, they should apply for the oilskin cap and truncheon, not as serjeants at law, but as police serjeants.

THE ALARMIST'S DREAM.

I DREAMT that I stood in the Crystal Halls,
With Chartists and Reds at my side,
And that all who assembled in those glass walls
Came there the contents to divide.
Of riches too great to count it could boast,
And jewels of world-wide fame;
But I found, when I woke, which surprised me most,
They remained there all the same.

I dreamt the swell mob was there in a band
With thieves of every degree,
And with skill that no police could withstand
They picked all the pockets of we.
And I dreamt that one of the scampish host
To grab the Koh-i-Noor came;
But I found when I woke, which surprised me most,
It was safe there all the same.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

"PUNCH, that admirable—that polished reformer of every abuse."—*Manx Cat.*

[*Punch* pinches the *Cat's* ear.]

"That once humorous, but now malignant journal; need we say, *Punch*?"—*Manx Cat.*

"The wit of *Punch* sparkles as brightly, and with the same purity, as the morning dew upon the opening rose."—*Kilkenny Potato.*

[The *Potato* is skinned by *Punch*.]

"The wit of *Punch*—or what the buffoon would pass for wit—is small beer, ten days dead in a tin mug."—*Kilkenny Potato.*

"What we most admire in *Punch* is that cosmopolitan liberality—that enlarged sympathy—that gives a world-wide value to his every page."—*The Pope's Eye.*

[CARDINAL WISEMAN is ruddled into an English Cardinal.]

"The disgusting cant—the loathsome, narrow spirit—of that miserable mountebank, *Punch!* However, his day is approaching its end. The snuff of his farthing candle already flickers on the save-all, and will soon expire in its own filth!"—*The Pope's Eye hit by Punch.*

Sleep (not) at Will.

JOHNSON says of BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, that it is the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. How voluminous would be the catalogue of books that might have sent the lexicographer to sleep two hours before he wished to go to bed!

"DO TRY ANOTHER PIECE!"

ALEXANDRE DUMAS has been producing the fourth piece founded on *Monte Christo*, and the fifth is already underlined. Really, if ALEXANDRE continues at this rate, his piece of *Monte Christo* bids fair to be a rival to the celebrated "Thirty Years' Peace:" after which we should recommend him to take in hand the "Thirty Years' War."

The Colonel's Last.

WHEN the Colonel was informed of the attack by certain "gentlemen" on the Derby Day—an attack in which they pelted the people with eggs—the Colonel emphatically observed, that the only way to punish the offenders would be to make of them "the most terrible eggs-ample."

EPITAPH ON A WAITER.—"Coming, Sir, coming."

THE PROPER MODE OF RIDING IN ROTTEN ROW.

Gallop as hard as you can amongst the Ladies. It creates a sensation!!

A HINT FOR THE AMERICAN NON-EXHIBITORS.

AMERICA continues to represent itself at the Crystal Palace as a large place, that is—to adopt an American word—very sparsely occupied. The country and its products of art are appropriately typified—there being plenty of room, which is illustrative of the one, and there being a poor supply of the other. America, in the Great Exhibition, wants an addition to its inhabitants; and we have a plan for putting an end to the aspect of desolation and barrenness for which the United States—as shown in Hyde Park—are conspicuous. As visitors are now flocking in from abroad, and from the country, we propose that America should be allowed to utilise its empty space by letting it out in lodgings. Why should half-a-dozen families be crowded into one house, several persons into a room, and three or four into a bed, when there is a quantity of waste ground in the Crystal Palace itself which might be profitably occupied? By packing up the American articles a little closer, by displaying COLT'S revolvers over the soap, and piling up the Cincinnati pickles on the top of the Virginian honey, we shall concentrate all the treasures of American art and manufacture into a very few square feet, and beds may be made up to accommodate several hundreds in the space claimed for, but not one quarter filled by, the products of United States industry.

We would propose, therefore, that the Yankee Commissioners be empowered to advertise America as affording accommodation to those who wish to spend a week in visiting the Great Exhibition; and they might describe it as "Eligibly situated within a few minutes' walk of Austria, Russia, France, and Switzerland, commanding an excellent view of the 'Greek Slave,' and immediately opposite the largest looking-glass in the world, by which the process of shaving may be greatly facilitated." By an arrangement with the Commissioners, whose duties must be rather light, breakfast could no doubt be provided for the lodgers before starting on their rounds; and the sign of the Spread Eagle would be an appropriate one to adopt, for the hotel department of the speculation.

Consideration on Cab Reform.

WITH such determination have Cabmen persisted in the endeavour to extort more than their legal fare from the public, that it has been found necessary to reduce their demands by MAYNE force.

BEECH LEAF TEA.

THE papers state that—

"MR. STEVENS, a tradesman, has been fined £250 by the Liverpool Magistrate for manufacturing an article called *tea* from the leaves of beech and plane trees."

And if MR. STEVENS has manufactured English congou from English beeches for any length of time, MR. STEVENS can very well afford to pay the penalty out of the profits of the deceit. But if MR. STEVENS were at this time fulfilling some three months' retirement from the world in Lancaster gaol, dressed in prison grey, and picking prison oakum, MR. STEVENS would not, on his return to society, look so comely, as no doubt he does, in the eyes of his neighbours; neither would his name bear so respectable an odour. All cases of proved adulteration should be punished by imprisonment and hard labour, not by a fine. When mere money—money only—is made the fuller's earth, it is wonderful what dirty work men will do, confident that the said yellow earth can make them clean and respectable as ever.

In Turkey they nail the ear of an unjust baker to his shop-post. This, no doubt, is barbarous and cruel: equally barbarous and shocking would it be to clap a beech-leaf tea-merchant in an iron cage, and for awhile suspend him from a branch of one of his own tea-trees.

CRIMINAL CHRISTIANS.

WE are by no means displeased to learn that, in accordance with a rescript of the POPE, of the 7th ult., in Florence, COUNT GUICCIARDINI, and six other gentlemen, were seized by the police, and have been condemned to various terms of exile. Their crime was this:—The Count had read and expounded to his friends a chapter of the Gospel of ST. JOHN, in DIODATI'S Italian translation. And the POPE, wisely fearing the spread of Christianity in Italy, as destructive of his power, punishes the religionists. The old Pagan cry was, "The Christians to the wild beasts!" The paternal mandate of the holy Fisherman is—"The Christians to the sharks;" *i.e.*, the gensdarmes.

Punch earnestly hopes that MAZZINI will keep his portmanteau in readiness for travel. At every minute the great triumvir may be called for.

THE POUND AND THE SHILLING.

"Whoever Thought of Meeting You Here?"

PUNCH ON CRICKET.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Game of Cricket, though very ancient, is not quite as old as the hills; for the hills are naturally inclined against a sport requiring a level surface. Cricket is a promoter of cheerfulness and hospitality; for it causes one player to open his gate to another, and invite him, in a double sense, to take an innings at his homely wicket. The achievements of the bat are frequently celebrated by a ball; and even enemies who have met as bowlers, have been known to forget in the bowl all their animosity. It is not important to know the precise date at which Cricket was introduced, who set up the earliest wicket, or was the first to stir his stumps in this country.

In a MS. dated 1344, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, a woman is represented in the act of giving a ball to a man; while in the background are several tall and little women trying, as so many long stops and short stops, to catch the ball; but they are all ugly, and there does not seem to be any great catch amongst them.

The game familiar to our eyes, and much too familiar with our heads, known in the streets as Cat, is believed to be the origin of Cricket—which was formerly known as Cat and Dog; but, as the passing stranger, or the pane of glass, forms the wicket aimed at in this case, the game is only popular with the more mischievous portion of the juvenile community.

In modern times Cricket is the favourite game with the soldier, the sailor, and the clergyman; among each of which class there are many who learn the art of long stopping while waiting for promotion or preferment; and who, though they may have often had the ball at their feet, get, somehow or other, bowled out in the long run. For these trials of life, Cricket is an excellent preparative; and it is said, on the authority of CAPTAIN GORDON, that, on the eve of Waterloo, some of the officers were amusing themselves with the bat, while others were dancing at a ball.

It is a curious fact that the antiquarians have not yet tried a turn at Cricket, for though they have groped among the foundations of almost everything, the brick-bat is the only bat they have hitherto taken in hand.

We, in a spirit of deeper veneration for antiquity, have explored a wider field in the hope of finding it a Cricket field, and having taken a walk with old SUIDAS—we fancy we hear the reader asking who is SUIDAS? but let that pass—we have stumbled over a species of Cricket being played under the classical name of Cottabos in a retired corner of Greece. In this game a piece of wood stuck in the ground enabled the Athenians to put up a stump without much expense, and being stumped up to this extent, another piece of wood placed horizontally completed a cheap and effective wicket. A dish hung down from each end, but instead of a ball, the player threw with a vessel full of wine; and thus the game might be termed, to a certain extent, a game of bowls.

Cricket can only be played by men of excellent temper, who are willing, like HAMPDEN, to fall in the field, who can submit cheerfully to the chances of battery from the bat, and of assault from the ball. The game is essentially English; and though our countrymen carry it abroad wherever they go, it is difficult to inoculate or knock it into the foreigner. The Italians are too fat for Cricket, the French too thin, the Dutch too dumpty, the Belgians too bilious, the Flemish too flatulent, the East Indians too peppery, the Laplanders too bowlegged, the Swiss too sentimental, the Greeks too lazy, the Egyptians too long in the neck, and the Germans too short in the wind.

A good Cricketer must have an eye as sharp as a needle, a hand as tough as a thimble, and a leg as light as a bodkin. Russia should be able to produce no leather equal to his lungs, and India should not show a rubber half as elastic as his muscles. He should have an eye as steady as glass, with a frame of iron, and his limbs should be a study to the limner. With these qualifications, we may hope to make him a Cricketer, if he will accompany us into the field we are now entering.

Fresh from America.

THERE is a Quaker in Vermont who is so attached to the principles of the Peace Society, that he will not have a single flower in his garden; for "It's terrible," he says, "to walk out at this time of the year, and to see the flowers in all directions with *shooting pistils*."

A few Sayings founded on "Doings."

A CAB is the madness of many for the gain of one.

Old Time may find plenty of sand for his hour glass in any sugar cask.

Music has barrel organs to make savage the calmest breast.

What is one (sausage) man's (sausage) meat, may be another man's poison.

OH, POOR FARMERS!

As sung by PHILIP PUSEY, ESQ., M.P., *to his Constituents, in the Character of the "Agricultural Serenader."*

AIR—"*Oh, Susannah.*"

WHEN first I went to Parliament,
The Farmers' Friend to be,
I voted for Protection
To British Industry.
At last the people got cheap bread,
You "know the reason why,"
And then Protection's doom was sealed:
Poor Farmers, don't you cry.
Oh, poor Farmers! don't you cry for me
To try and bring the Corn Laws back; for that can never be.

Protection's goose is wholly gone;
The flock has lost its leaders:
LORD STANLEY and DISRAELI too
Declare themselves seceders,
My lord, in language plump and plain,
And BEN, in speeches sly;
Whilst YOUNG and FERRAND spout in vain.
Poor Farmers, don't you cry.
Oh, poor Farmers! &c.

A paltry duty if you got,
Five shillings, let us say,
So small a rise would ne'er suffice
To make your produce pay;
But all attempts upon their food
The people will defy:
Free Trade has triumphed, once for all;
Poor Farmers, don't you cry.
Oh, poor Farmers! &c.

With all the House asleep one night,
Whilst REYNOLDS bored us still,
I dreamt that you had set to work
With energy and skill;
The power of steam you had begun
In farming to apply,
And profit crowned your enterprise:
Poor Farmers, don't you cry.
Oh, poor Farmers! &c.

Now, gentlemen who live by land,
We all must look around;
And with progressive husbandry
Turn to, and till the ground.
On Diligence, by Science ruled,
Alone we can rely:
Protection's dead and buried;
Poor Farmers, don't you cry.
Oh, poor Farmers! &c.

GENTLEMEN FROM THE EGG.

ONE day last week, certain gentlemen—for they were very well drest—were charged at the Southwark police office with throwing foul eggs, in the way of sport, upon the folks returning from the races. JOHN BULL always improves upon the effeminate sports of the Continent. In Carnival time the Italians pelt one another with egg-shells filled with rose-water. The manlier JOHN BULL prefers his eggs as fetid as they may be.

We think the magistrates might, in their judgment, copy the decree of a certain Bey of Tunis; who, on taking captives too old to work, had them—says the story—breeched in feathers, and made them sit upon eggs.

How, if justice at Southwark condemned the Epsom offenders to sit a month upon their own eggs?

What's the Odds so Long as They're Happy?

THE contest between the different countries of the world in the Great Exhibition of Industry may be called, as far as the rivalry between other nations and America is concerned, "all the world to nothing."

THE FROGVERSAZIONE AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

LAST week the LORD MAYOR gave — what was erroneously called—a *Conversazione* to 1500 natives and foreigners in honour of the Exhibition. *Frogversazione* will be found the better word. In default of banquet and loving-cup, and those coarse appeals to the "grosser senses," there was a display of old watches, old MSS., and other curiosities.

"The things, however," (says the *Times*) "which appeared to attract most attention were the feet of spiders, flies, and *frogs*, and the *human skin*, magnified by microscopes, through which the guests had an opportunity of looking."

How much more ennobling to look at flies through a microscope, than to contemplate bees'-wing in a bumper! Calves'-foot jelly has no chance against the feet of spiders: the once lively turtle is beaten even by a tadpole; whilst to see the human skin magnified must be—according to the authority of the Court of Aldermen—infinitely more gratifying to the intellectual citizen than to feel the said human skin expand with the magnifying power of six or seven courses.

Then there was a concert, which, from "the constant buzz of conversation," was rendered a perfect hum!

Everybody was of course delighted with the higher tastes and nobler aspirations manifested by his lordship; and *Punch* congratulates the LORD MAYOR who has shown such an intelligent preference for science in the abstract to SOYER in the gross. Nevertheless, if this innovation grow into a custom, may not the practice be fatal to the honest ambition of many worthy citizens at present looking towards the chair? For instance, science may select her sons for Mayors, instead of custom taking mere aldermen *in rota*. With frogs for fare, we may have a PROFESSOR OWEN chief magistrate as the best exponent of the dainty: whilst the human skin under a microscope will inevitably demand a LORD MAYOR ERASMUS WILSON to expatiate upon the beautiful mystery, the uses and abuses of its web.

With every respect for science, possibly the citizens and visitors at the Mansion House may, on reflection, prefer the human skin under a napkin to the human skin under a thousand power lens; and even a LORD MAYOR—giving up the feet of flies and frogs—may think it better to take the old time-honoured stand on knife and fork.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

LITERATURE and Science have taken a very easterly direction within the last two or three years, since the Lord Mayors have commenced inviting authors and artists to the Mansion House. An attempt has just been made to introduce the *Conversazione* into the City; and, though we give all due praise to the idea, we cannot say much for the execution, in the present instance. The objects of interest submitted to the company were not very *recherché*, and the most conspicuous were "the feet of spiders, flies, and frogs, magnified through microscopes." This sort of amusement had certainly the merit of cheapness and simplicity; and, as flies have only recently "come in," their legs may be classed among the delicacies of the season—at least, for the present. It is quite true that the idea is not new, for the Greenwich pensioners have long been famous for an exhibition of a similar kind; the only difference being, that, while the LORD MAYOR has magnified the legs only of spiders and flies, the Greenwich veterans may be said to have "gone the entire animal," by applying the magnifying process to the full-bodied native cockroach. Among the other curiosities, was "a collection of old watches;" but we are not told whether that interesting article, the "old night watch," since superseded by the new police, formed part of the number. It was difficult to catch all that was said, and particularly in the neighbourhood of the flies' legs, there was a constant buzz that rendered individual remarks inaudible.

The Tol (de rol, lol, d) eration Brigade.

WE understand that it is the intention of those loyal and patriotic gentlemen in the House of Commons whom the *Examiner* aptly terms the "Members for Rome," to form themselves into a Stake Club. The symbol of the Association is to be the Goose and Gridiron.

A BLACK JOB.

THE Protectionists excuse themselves from the charge of indelicacy towards the memory of SIR R. PEEL by declaring, that they are not expected to be particular to a shade.

"PERMANENT HAPPINESS" AT A DISCOUNT.

WE used to think it was impossible to fix a money value on happiness of even the most fleeting description, but an advertisement in the *Times* of last Thursday lets us into the secret that Happiness has fallen to a discount, and that "a small sum" will secure not simply the temporary article, but the permanent commodity. If any of our readers doubt, let them read the following.

A YOUNG LADY, whose permanent happiness would be assured by a small sum of money, makes this APPEAL to such benevolent individuals as may be prompted to aid her. Any subscription will be most gratefully received. Address to

We are curious to know what the "permanent happiness" consists in, that may be secured for a small sum of money. Perhaps, as there is a young lady in the case, a marriage license may be the "permanent happiness" that only waits for fulfilment in consequence of the want of funds to purchase the desired document. We are told, however, that "any subscription will be most gratefully received;" so that any individual who is ambitious of the honour or pleasure of contributing to a young lady's "permanent happiness," has now an opportunity of doing so by an offer of himself.

HISTORICAL PARALLELS; OR, HINTS FOR THE PALACE BALL.

King Charles the Second	MR. SPOONER.
Killigrew, his Jester	MR. G. F. YOUNG.
Charles the First (with his head off) .	COLONEL SIBTHORP.
The Ghost of Cromwell	MR. JOHN BRIGHT.
William Penn	SIR ROBERT PEEL.
The Earl of Rochester	MR. NEWDEGATE.
Nell Gwynne	MR. BENJ. DISRAELI.
Orange Moll (with Maltese oranges) . .	MR. MORE O'FERRALL.
Charles the Second's Puppies . . .	YOUNG ENGLAND.

MR. PUNCH AND TOBY DRESSED FOR THE QUEEN'S FANCY BALL.

Deaf as a Government Post.

A TRADESMAN advertises his "Portable Alarum Bells," which he particularly recommends to the notice of "members of Parliament." We think this satirical dog of a tradesman should be summoned to the bar of the House for contempt of Parliament. Does he mean to imply that members are generally such a sleepy set, that it is more difficult to rouse them than anybody else? Is he anxious to try the effect of his alarum upon LORD JOHN? knowing too well that if it succeeds in making him open his eyes, it cannot fail to make every one else jump up and look about them. The experiment is a bold one; but we are afraid that the alarum must sound from one end of the kingdom to the other before it has any chance of making LORD JOHN RUSSELL sensible that it is high time to be up, and doing something.

"Oh, I beg your Parding, Miss; but would You be so obliging as to show Me the Way to the Queen o' Spain's Jewels?"

WILLIAM AND SARAH;

OR, THE LABOURS OF ROYALTY.

As William and Sarah, one evening in June,
Was a-walking in the meadows, they spied the new moon;
"Lookee, William, up yander's the new moon," says she,
Which I wish and turns my money whenever I see."

"And what dost turn thy money for," cries William, "I pray?"
"Oh! my wish for to obtain, as the old women say."
"And what may thy wish, now," says the young man, "have been?"
"Oh!" says she, "I wished as how I wor Her Majesty the Queen."

"If thee'st wish to be the Queen, then, young woman," said he,
"I hope you wishes also Prince Albert was me.
But tell me what causes thy fancy to range,
So that with the Queen of England thee want'st for to change?"

"I should like never having to labour no more,
No scrubbing the hearth-stone, nor sweeping the floor,
No darning nor stitching, like I've to do now,
Nor rising so early to go and milk the cow.

"I should like for to slumber as long as I'd a mind,
And then to have my breakfast when I was inclined;
To be drest all in silks and in satins so fine,
And to eat the nicest sweetmeats, and drink the best wine.

"I should like to have dances almost every night,
In my Palace, with virgin wax candles alight;
With a beautiful top-knot of feathers to wear,
And diamonds and pearls, too, all over my hair.

"I should like, when it pleased me, my Court for to hold;
To sit on my throne, with a crown on of gold;
And to rule my dominions with sceptre and ball,
And not to have no other trouble at all."

When thus she had ended, said William, and smiled,
"Now bless thee, dear Sarah, thee talk'st like a child!
There's more work for the Queen than thee dream'st of to do:
Read the news, and you'll see what she's got to go through.

"Each morning she rises soon arter the lark,
Excepting in winter, and then it is dark;
And, the weather permitting, Prince Albert and she
Takes their walk on the Slopes, wheresoe'er they may be.

"They breakfastes so early, in wet or in fine,
That they gets about their business most days afore nine;
They've a-gone at half-past, as the papers do say,
To the Palace of Crystial for this month every day.

"No sooner has she swoller'd her coffee or tea,
With her egg or her rasher according as may be,
Than there comes Lord John Russell with something to say,
Or else it is Lord Palminster, or mayhap Sir George Grey.

"Direckly the Ministers have done with the Queen,
There's this or that Ambassador that has to be seen;
Or a Plenipotentiary that is just for to start,
And represent Her Majesty in some foreign part.

"Or else there is warrants and papers to sign,
Which must more or less her attention confine;
Then there's some manufacter she's engaged for to view,
Or inwention as is useful, or wonderful, or new.

"Then perhaps a Privy Council there is to be held,
Whereat to perside she's in duty compelled;
And next she's foreign Princes to receive and entertain,
From Roosher and Proosher, France, Portingal, and Spain.

"Very often to talk their own lingo has she
With Serene and Royal Highnesses from High Germany,
And such conversation for hours to have to find
Must be terrible trying sure-ly to the mind.

"Then, she's drawing-rooms, likewise, and levvies to hold,
Where there's three or four hundred of people, I'm told,
That comes forrards, by turns, for to kiss the Queen's hand,
Which can't be but uncommon fatiguing to stand.

"All these ockipations her dinner makes late,
And over the table she has not long to wait;
She must go and get ready for the guests she has bade
To a grand Fancy Ball for the benefit of Trade.

"Arter sitch a day's work, when thee laid'st down thy head,
Dost n't think, dearest Sarah, thee'st feel nigh half dead,
And would'st own, howsoever thy toil used to tire,
Thee wast out of the fryingpan into the fire?"

"Oh, William, thee'st open'd my eyes," she replied,
"Content with my lot I will henceforth abide;
I'd rather go a-milking in the meadows so green,
Than change my situation with Her Majesty the Queen."

THE COFFEE-HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Two mighty subjects, on Thursday evening last, divided and absorbed the attention of the House of Commons—the Metropolis Water Bill, and the Chicory question. Had the debates on these momentous topics come to a satisfactory issue, the House would have presented us, as the result of a night's work, with the materials for making a good cup of coffee; but, as the Water Bill was read a second time, and Mr. T. Baring's anti-chicory motion rejected, the end of all that legislative labour is, the decision that we are still to be deprived of the two principal conditions to the goodness of the beverage in question. We are to continue taking the mixture as before, having bad coffee and impure water to make it with. It is to be regretted that Mr. Baring's motion miscarried, for though it did not materially involve the destinies of the Empire, yet everybody who knows the nature of coffee grounds, must allow it to have been well grounded.

Change of Entertainment at the Mansion House.

The *Conversazione* given the other evening at the Mansion House is an innovation in the style of civic entertainment, which has caused many worthy citizens to tremble for the interests of the Corporation. It is feared that the banyan feast of reason and the teetotal flow of soul will supersede the banquet of turtle and venison, and the circulation of the loving-cup and milk-punch bottle.

QUESTION FOR OUR COLONEL.

Why should anybody abuse the Crystal Palace when he is continually making a Great Exhibition of himself?

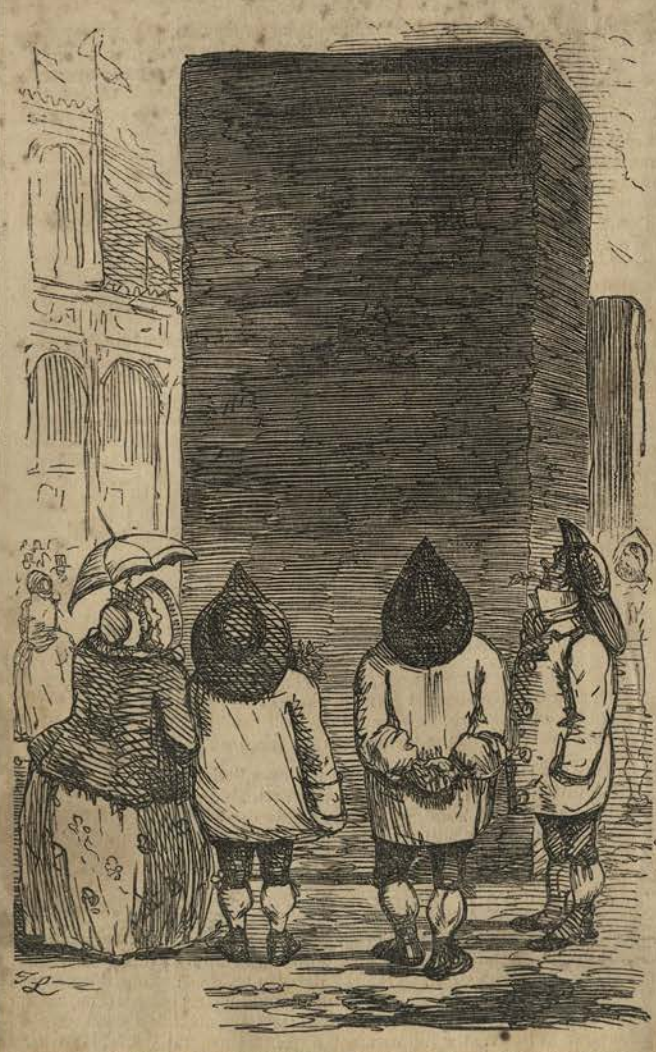
RESTORATION BALL.

Moses Aaron Abrahams, of Holywell Street, having been appointed by the Agricultural Protectionists *costumier* to that small but very select party, begs leave to assure those Patriots who would lead back a deluded people to the wisdom of their ancestors, that—

He has on hand every kind of dress of the seventeenth century: a variety of costume so beautifully illustrative of the time, and having such a "magic in the web," that it is impossible for any gentleman to don doublet or jerkin from the establishment of M. A. A. without immediately going backwards at least two centuries.

Moses Aaron Abrahams confidently refers to His Grace the Duke of Richmond, Messrs. Spooner, Newdegate, Ferrand, and others too small to mention.

*** N. B. Protection Masks in every variety constantly on hand.



THE BLACK DIAMOND—THE REAL MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT!!

THE SLANDERED CHURCH IN TUSCANY.

To Mr. Punch.

"My very dear Sir,

"Of course you are aware of the latest deception which, in order to discredit the only genuine hierarchy, has been practised by the Enemy of Mankind upon the British public. I allude to the fiction published, last Saturday, by the Evil One, through the medium of the *Examiner*, that Count Piero Guicciardini, and six other persons, after having been confined ten days, have been sentenced, by the Florentine Court of Prefecture, to forced residence in the Tuscan Maremme; the Count for having read and expounded a chapter in the Gospel of St. John, as translated by Diodati; and his companions for having listened to him: his reading and comment having, in the words of the judicial decree,

"Had no other purpose than mutually to insinuate into the parties religious sentiments and principles contrary to those prescribed by the Roman Catholic Apostolic Religion."

"To be sure, the Prince of Darkness, to render this hoax a little less transparent, affects to admit that

"Six of the condemned have been since permitted to leave Tuscany, instead of undergoing the penalty of compulsory residence in the unwholesome Maremme."

"But I need hardly say that the story is quite as absurd as that of the tyrannical conduct of the Church in Sardinia, or of the intolerant concordat which the Pope is pretended to have made with Spain, or any other of the falsehoods which, in support of the persecuting Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill, the arch deceiver is craftily putting forth every week or so.

"You know, and I know, my very dear Sir, that all these fabrications are particularly calculated to excite indignation and contempt against Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Keogh, Mr. Moore, and the rest of those moderate, reasonable, honest, loyal, patriotic, and consistently liberal gentlemen, who constitute what is derisively termed the Irish Brigade in the House of Commons. To exhibit them, with professions of zeal for religious liberty on their lips, pertinaciously contending day by day for the supremacy of that very papal power, which, almost as often, manifests its determined hostility to freedom of conscience, is necessarily to place them before the eyes of Protestant heretics in as utterly despicable and odious a light as a band of shameless hypocrites can possibly be regarded with. But, Sir, the Adversary is not quite so clever as he thinks himself. I will take him by the horns. I will suppose that his Guicciardini story is true; nay, that the heretical Count has been burnt alive, instead of having been sent to die of fever in the Maremme. It is needless to repeat that the supposition is most extravagant—that the Church never opposed heresy with aught warmer than eloquence: let us entertain it, for the sake of argument. I maintain that in having burnt Guicciardini, or any other heretic, the Church would not have been guilty of persecution in the least.

"Persecution is the opposition of power to religion. Any other creed than the true religion is no religion at all. Consequently, the opposition of power to such creed is not persecution. The Roman Catholic religion is the only true one; and there is no such thing as persecution, except opposition to that only true religion.

"It is not persecution to put down Thuggism, or to prohibit the worship of Juggernaut. All heresy, in its ultimate consequences, is equally pernicious, and to invoke the sword of the magistrate against Protestantism, is no more persecution on the part of the Roman Church, than it would be on that of the British Legislature to interdict the sanguinary practices of Indian superstition.

"Nay, further, since the final misery of any one heretic will be as intense in degree as infinite in duration, it will indefinitely exceed any amount of suffering that can possibly be inflicted on any limited, however large, numbers of human beings, in any given time, however long. Therefore, the very largest holocaust of heretics imaginable, roasted by the slowest of conceivable fires—the heresy of the victims being supposed to be desperate—must, if it should deter but one of the faithful from falling into error—be an immeasurable economy of pain: and thus a proportionate act of mercy. To rescue one soul from the snares of heresy, it were a charity to burn all the rest of mankind alive; and if this proceeding were necessary, the only persecution there could be in the case, would be the prevention of a consistent Church from developing its system of beneficence, and carrying out its theory of love. Believe me, my very dear Sir,

"Yours truthfully,
"Verax."

"Dooced Gratifying, ain't it, Charles, to see sa much In-dastry?"

Greatness of Mind.—"His Lordship said he had a great mind to commit the prisoner."—*From an "Irish Blackstone."*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, June 14th, 1851.

Young Rapid. "YOU ARE QUITE SURE THIS IS THE CORRECT DRESS FOR A YOUNG FELLOW OF THAT PERIOD, EH?"

Mr. Noses. "OH PERFECTLY CORRECT, SIR; AND REALLY LOOKS SPLENDID ON YER!"

CHICORY AND CHICANERY.

MAWWORM loved "to be despised;" and, if we are to believe certain specimens of the "British tradesman," the "British public" loves to be imposed upon. Thanks to the investigation pursued by MR. WAKLEY, the discovery is now made that we have been drinking a concoction and decoction of chicory, corn, and potatoes; or, in other words, marigold, wheat, and vegetables, instead of coffee; and that, in fact, our "fine old delicious Mocha" has been, to use an obvious, if not an aged pun, a fine old delicious mockery.

In a little work on "Coffee and its Adulterations," published at the *Lancet* Office, we have what we might appropriately term "a Coffee Dictionary," in which we get the real meaning, as tested by examination, of the stuff sold under the various denominations of coffee in London. We give an extract from this interesting piece of commercial lexicography:—

Delicious Coffee. Roasted beans and chicory forming one-third of the article.

Finest Berbice Coffee. About one half coffee, much chicory, and some wheat.

Splendid Turkey Coffee. About one half coffee, the rest chicory.

Fine Plantation Coffee. One-third coffee, the rest chicory, with a little roasted corn.

Parisian Coffee. Principally chicory and corn; very little coffee.

Rich Drinking Coffee. One-third coffee, the rest chicory, with some roasted corn.

Delicious Family Coffee. One-fourth coffee, three-fourths chicory.

Fine Java Coffee. Much chicory, and some roasted potato; very little coffee.

Coffee as in France. Principally chicory.

The above definitions will supply a key to those highly-figurative labels which greet our eyes in the shop-windows of the grocers; and we shall know in future that when we are invited to try the "Fine Java" at 1*s.* 11¾*d.*, we are simply asked to purchase some roasted potatoes and marigolds, at nearly 2*s.* a pound, when potatoes are dull at ¾*d.*, and marigolds may be had in the fields for the trouble of picking them. When we observe an announcement, that "This is the noted shop for the DELICIOUS COFFEE at twenty pence," we shall henceforth feel assured that for our twenty pence we shall get upwards of half-a-pound of beans, and other less valuable commodities, with about one-third of the article we are supposed to be purchasing.

It seems, however, that use has become such a second nature with the public, who are accustomed to drink all sorts of trash under the name of coffee, that, out-eeling the eels, they are not only accustomed to be skinned, but insist on having the process applied to them. Tradesmen write to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, declaring they have been serving chicory so long, that they have educated their customers up to it; and if the latter are supplied with genuine coffee at two shillings a pound, they send it back, indignantly demanding the old stuff they have been accustomed to.

We presume that the success of the Chicory chicanery, will encourage other tradesmen to come out equally strong; and we shall have the sausage-dealers openly announcing that the sausage-consumer will not be satisfied without a good smack of the feline flavour in his sausages. The milkman will renounce all pretence to the keeping of a cow, and will inform the world unblushingly, that if he were to send out anything else than horse-brains, chalk, and water, he should have the article thrown back upon his hands by his indignant customers.

The water companies, too, will protest against any interference with their present monopoly of the rich unctuous wash that the public will insist on paying for under the guise of water; and we shall be told, no doubt, that, having been accustomed to a full-bodied fluid—full of the bodies of animalcules—they would not be satisfied with the purer element. It is, at all events, a step in the right direction, that things are beginning to be called by their proper names, and all we ask is, that if the public like chicory instead of coffee, it should be sold as chicory; that, if sausage-eaters will be dogmatic in their tastes, the sausages should be sold under their right appellation; and that, if the community like to drink Thames wash, it should be classed under the head of Sewer's Rate, instead of Water Rate.

STANZAS ON THE INCOME-TAX QUESTION.

To the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER *and others.*

AH! why inquiry wouldst thou shirk
On Industry's unjust taxation?
Wherefore so anxious, WOOD, to burke
The Income-Tax investigation?
That tax, which, under Schedule D.,
Is so atrocious an infliction,
That—if we can't evade it—we
All pay it with a malediction.

And GLADSTONE, CARDWELL, HERRIES, GRAHAM,
Oh! tell a class that claims your pity,
On what account, in Goodness' name,
You will not serve on HUME's Committee?
Sure you, at least, SIR JAMES, might try,
If equal justice can't be meted,
To let us "know the reason why"
We must continue to be cheated.

What, are there, men of property,
You who have fixed the tax on Income,
Facts which you're not inclined to see,
And therefore are resolved to blink 'em?
Think you the inquest would declare
The simple truth to all beholders,
The burden which you ought to bear,
That you have clapp'd on others' shoulders?

A CHEERFUL DWELLING.

MANY persons entertain curious notions of cheerfulness. A house-agent advertises in the *Times* a "cheerful Dwelling," which of all cheerful places is situate in Newgate Street. Now the cheerfulness of Newgate Street must be on a par with that of Greenwich Fair on a Whit- or rather a Wet-Monday. The prospect of the Old Bailey from the drawing-room windows must be most delightful to the mind that is fond of cheerful associations! But we imagine, after all, that the cheerfulness must be especially intended for the class of LORD TOM NODDIES, who are fond of capital punishments. The sight of an execution is, we know, to them a capital joke, and possesses charms which the same persons would in vain look for on the Surrey Hills, or any other standing feature of cheerfulness in lodging advertisements. Viewed in this light, a balcony in Newgate Street must rank higher than the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, and could only be equalled in cheerfulness by the banks of the South-Western Railway when an express-train of prize-fighters is dodging up and down the line all day in search of a retired spot where they can establish a "pretty little mill." On a Monday especially, with the Gibbet standing out boldly in the foreground, there can be no place out of the Agapemone half so "cheerful" as Newgate Street. We wonder what the rent is?

THE PICK LOCK QUESTION.

NDOUBTEDLY, ingenuity and science are all very well, but we do not like to see them taking the direction of skill in housebreaking. MESSRS. BRAMAH AND CHUBB are inviting all the world to pick—and choose—their Locks; and as art always invites imitation, we have no doubt that the taste for lock-picking—which is already quite common enough—will extend among a class where perfection in the operation is not at all to be desired. It is said that an American gentleman is now in town for the purpose of picking MR. BRAMAH'S celebrated Piccadilly Lock, and we have good authority for stating, that several less respectable individuals are also now "in town" for lock-picking purposes. Among the arrivals by the railway last week was BILL DOWNEY, the celebrated Lancashire cracksman, who purposes a series of experiments on all sorts of locks during the present season; while all the principal Metropolitan artists in the same line are, of course, upon their metal—that is to say, upon the metal of the locksmiths.

As lock-picking is now being cultivated as a science, we begin to fear that the police may hesitate to interfere, when they see an individual engaged in an ingenious operation on a street-door; and who, if interrupted by the force, may protest against any obstruction being thrown in the way of an artistic experiment. Juries may hesitate to commit, and judges may be reluctant to sentence, an individual who, having been taken in the act of picking a lock and entering a house, may plead that they were worked up by the pick-lock controversy now going on in the newspapers, to try their own hands at an achievement, which, from the high characters of the persons engaged in it, ought to be thoroughly respectable. To be found with skeleton keys in one's possession has, hitherto, been deemed an offence; but those implements may, henceforth, be quite as characteristic of the man of science as of the housebreaker.

A VOICE FROM THE JEWEL CAGE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"STONES are allowed to cry out, on great provocation. As a precious stone, I avail myself of that privilege. The French have an opera called *Les Diamans de la Couronne;* and some persons, whether or not, after the too common fashion of English dramatists, in imitation of their neighbours, I do not know, have been getting up a farce which may be entitled *The Crown Diamonds.* Of this facetious production I find myself made the hero, to my great annoyance. Some get up one fine morning and find themselves famous. The other day, I rose from out my safe, and discovered myself to have lost my reputation; I, who till lately was the cynosure of all the brightest eyes in the Exhibition, am now a mark for the finger of scorn. It is said aloud, in my hearing, that I am a hoax, a hum, no Mountain of Light, but a lump of glass—punsters call me a transparent imposture. After having passed from throne to throne, from dynasty to dynasty, unsullied for a moment by the breath of suspicion, to have my pretensions called in question by the populace in Hyde Park, is too much. I fondly hoped I had taken the shine out of the prerogative of mercy itself, and was regularly installed as the brightest jewel of the British Crown.

"I was grievously treated in my cutting, for which I was avenged; but, alas! for European justice, there is nobody to be impaled, or hanged, or even beheaded, for inflicting on me this unkindest cut of all. Steps, it is true, are to be taken to vindicate my good name, which is the immediate jewel of my soul—or essence as a gem. I am to be lighted up with gas, in order that my coruscations may proclaim me to be veritable crystallised carbon. This is treating me with indignity, *Mr. Punch;* no meaner radiance than the flashes of your wit can I allow to be worthy to illuminate

"THE KOH-I-NOOR.

"P. S. Would you believe it? I have just been termed, by a grinning wretch, the Knave of Diamonds."

Charles the Second's Ball.

HISTORICAL CHARACTER FOR CARDINAL WISEMAN.—The Great Plague of London.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN TO HIS FLOCK.

A Ballad of the Exhibition, founded on (very creditable) Fact.

See the *Times* of June 13th.

TUNE.—"*Gee ho, Dobbin.*"

COME, put on the best gown, and the cleanest smock frock,
And we 'll make an excursion, both Parson and Flock;
A day of your labour each master will spare,
And we 'll go up together to see the World's Fair—
Lads and lasses,
Labouring classes,
You, my good folks, its enjoyment shall share.

One-and-sixpence apiece will be all you 've to pay,
Your wealthier neighbours the rest will defray;
You 've saved up the money, I 'm happy to hear,
By giving up smoking, and guzzle, and beer.
All so steady;
You 've the "ready,"
Stored for the Show of this wonderful year.

By the train in the morning, betimes, we 'll take flight,
And return the same way to the village ere night;
For we now rather faster are able to go
Than your forefathers' pace, on the turnpike, so slow;
Forced to drag on,
By their waggon,
Whistling, and crying Gee up! and Gee oh!

From hedging and ditching they never could budge,
And all their lives long they did nothing but drudge
At the tail of the plough, or the side of the cart;
But you 'll visit the great Crystal Palace of Art,—
View its treasures,
Taste its pleasures,
Charming the eye and expanding the heart.

Some foreigners there you may happen to note,
Looking each with his beard like an old Billy-goat;
We shall learn from the strangers, whose works we 're to view,
And our friends with the beards we shall teach something too,
Man and Master,
Flock and Pastor,
Farmer and Ploughman; your Parson and you.

The lesson they 'll learn will be taught by the sight
How, on true social principles, Britons unite,—
Where the rich help the poor, and all make common cause,
They will see there is no need of Communist laws.
Best of preaching
Is the teaching
Showing the wherefore, and why, and because.

And, my brethren in sables and lily-white stocks,
I believe, if we all gain the hearts of our flocks,
That the POPE, or the DEUCE, we may safely defy;
So—although it is latish—let all of us try.
Thus beginning,
Affections winning,
Our reward is sure—somewhere, at least—by-and-by.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

WE are happy to be able to record an extraordinary instance of liberality on the part of MR. DUNUP, who seems to have entered completely into the current of benevolence that has had its source in the Great Exhibition. Having heard that employers generally are enabling those in their service to visit the Crystal Palace, MR. DUNUP called for his laundress's account up to quarter-day last, and finding a balance due to her of ten pounds three, he liberally paid off the odd shillings—as an instalment—to enable her to visit the Great Exhibition.

MR. BRIEFLESS has in view a financial operation of some intricacy, that will allow him to give his clerk the advantage of seeing the World's Fair in a day or two. It would be premature, perhaps, to explain the nature of the arrangement proposed, but we can say with confidence that it will be on the basis of mutual accommodation. MR. BRIEFLESS, following the example of the Government with regard to colonial Judges, who during leave of absence forfeit half their salaries, will possibly call upon his clerk to forfeit half his week's salary during a week's holiday, which will place half-a-crown at the disposal of MR. BRIEFLESS. Out of this fund the learned gentleman will call upon his clerk to hand over one shilling only in ready cash, leaving him one-and-sixpence for himself, which will enable him to spend a day at the Crystal Palace.

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF H.M.S. "PRINCE OF WALES."

(Flag Ship on the Serpentine Station.)

The Gallant Admiral Benbow Hazy continues still in excellent health. His nautical operations have been pursued with extraordinary activity. He recently invited several officers of his own standing to inspect the Fleet under his command. There assembled on the interesting occasion, Higsby, Lyer de Maine, Ransford Grigg, &c. Soon after their arrival, a signal was made for the fleet to weigh and stand towards Knightsbridge. The *Prince of Wales* took the lead, and was followed in line by the various punts and dingeys of the squadron. At 11.15 the signal was made by Admiral Hazy to "tack together." In performing this manœuvre, however, the punt *Snob* missed stays, and falling athwart the bows of the dingey *Lubber*, carried away her jib-boom. Here arose (says our own correspondent) "a scene of indescribable confusion." Of course, he goes on to describe it, accordingly; but all we gather from his account is, that there was a general scene of "backing" and "hauling;" that something was "carried away," which does not appear to have been brought back again; that one vessel "wore, to take the strain off her fore-mast, having lost her bobstays;" with other particulars only suited to boatswains, and the learned civilians of the Admiralty Court. Admiral Hazy severely reprimanded everybody concerned; and soon after the fleet came to an anchor, and the Admiral and his friends went to lunch.

It would be in vain to conceal that this great and good officer, however, was not long in his command before he wanted to go on shore. At first stern sentiments of duty kept him on the bosom of the Serpentine, which bounded beneath him "like a" certain animal "that knows its rider," as Byron says. Presently, he began to find that duty required him to visit land. Circumstances didn't render it at all necessary that he should fire on anybody, as he had first anticipated. For some time, he dosed at night, in imitation of Collingwood, on a carronade slide; but this enthusiasm wore away (to say nothing of his paletot's doing the same from the effects of it), and he began to ensconce himself snugly in his berth. At his first visit to the shore, he was pleased to express himself highly gratified with the Crystal Palace. He was induced to visit "Malta" by old associations; and, curiously enough, the particular old association, known as Paolo and Tickio, a firm in Strada Detto, met the gallant officer wandering there. The eye which had never quailed in battle was here, for an instant, discomposed; but he soon, we understand, "recovered;" which Messrs. P. and T., however, have not yet succeeded in doing.

Since the above was written, we have received an account of a Court Martial which was held on the captain and officers of H.M. Punt *Snob*, for the loss of that vessel in a gale of wind on the coast of Kensington. She struck about 10 p.m. It was a subject of inquiry whether the lead had been kept going. The Court met on board the *Prince of Wales*, with all due formalities, each member wearing his largest cocked hat. A four-pounder was fired (at a cost of fourpence), at 8 a.m., and a Union Jack hoisted at the peak. It appeared from the evidence that there was nobody in the chains at the time the vessel grounded; that the captain and master were of opinion that the vessel was then in deep water, and acted accordingly; while the Admiralty charts distinctly announced "deep water, dead dogs, and old hats," as descriptive of the spot. One witness was of opinion that the accident was attributable to the captain's having mistaken the light from the bull's eye of a policeman for the well-known red light of Knightsbridge Point. This witness, however, going against high functionaries, was warned to be "very careful," and soon contradicted himself accordingly. Soon after (in conformity with naval precedents) the captain and master were "honourably acquitted," while the inferiors generally were severely reprimanded.

Premium on Imposition.

Omitting the appropriate heading of "Singular Infatuation," the *Times* announced the other day that

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer has received from 'H. J.' the first halves of Bank notes for £50 and £20 due for Income-Tax."

It may be all very well to pay the Chancellor of the Exchequer his due; but all other creditors should be satisfied first. Every person liable to Income-Tax owes a debt to the public, which is, to pay no more of that monstrous impost than he is forced to pay, until its inequalities have been adjusted, or at least till Ministers have made that inquiry as to the possibility of such adjustment which they are trying to shirk. To send the Chancellor of the Exchequer the halves of Bank notes for [£70 due for Income-Tax, is, at this juncture, to encourage him in the attempt to stifle the investigation.

Modern Method of Dying for Love.—Turning Red Hair into Black.

ODALISQUES IN THE WEST.

Just now there is a revolution taking place in America—which is, certainly, more pleasant to contemplate than that of the revolving pistol, so frequent in the model republic. The change consists in the adoption of Eastern Institutions; not, however, in politics, but with respect to costume, and only as regards the ladies. We understand that the beauties of Washington and New York, discarding all and sundry frocks, gowns, furbelows, flounces, and all other parts of dress to those garments, adornments, and decorations appertaining, have taken to go about in green and scarlet vests, muslin trousers, jewelled anklets, and embroidered buskins, as commonly worn by the ladies of Constantinople. It has been suggested that perhaps this Mahometan fashion of embellishing the outward woman will be followed by the adoption of a corresponding style by Jonathan himself.

Fancy can readily depict that gentleman enjoying his favourite weed after the Oriental fashion, both as to pipe and habiliments; and the legs doubled under the body would certainly look better than the heels on the table. But should Mr. Jonathan turn Turk, the American ladies must be prepared to submit to the consequence of taking to Turkish trousers; which, considered as female wear, are by no means the tokens of woman's ascendancy that nether garments are supposed to be in Occidental families. They will find themselves to have been geese in adopting Turkey's fashions, if he, to carry out the notion in genuine style, should legalise polygamy, and incarcerate his wives in a seraglio.

Nursery Rhymes for Wood.

Chicory, Chicory, dock,
The Grocer took in stock,
Hawthorn and sloe,
Plantation, Pekoe,
Souchong and Mocha mock.

STATE OF FARMS FOR MAY.

(From "Punch's" own Protectionist Reporter.)

Throughout the length, and breadth, and depth of the land, farms are every day being thrown up: cast back to the hands of the bewildered landlords.

In Surrey, last week, a wild pigeon's nest was taken in the deserted chimney of a farm-house that had been in the same family for two centuries.

The white owl has, in more than half-a-dozen instances, been heard hooting from the cupboards and pantries of deserted homesteads.

A hare, with a litter of ten leverets, was a few days since discovered in the kitchen range of a farm-house in Sussex.

Nothing is now more common than to find foxes on the hearth-stones of bankrupt, houseless yeomen; whilst more than one pole-cat has been scented in what was once the smiling and abundant dairy of the British milkmaid.

In one morning's ride not less than twenty farms were counted by the present writer as in the undisturbed possession of gipsies and trampers.

Nothing can equal the aspect of desolation throughout the country. A few enthusiasts, in the insane endeavour to compete with the foreigner, have laid a few acres under cultivation; but the general appearance of the land is that of weeds—weeds—weeds.

Where the corn was wont to spring, there is now couch-grass—where barley would begin blithely to bristle, chickweed and groundsel usurp the ground—where oats would promise to wave, the insidious dandelion threatens to over-run the soil.

Should any beneficial change occur—though it would be worse than madness, it would be treason to hold out any hope of improvement—it will with gladness be recorded by your present reporter; who may confidentially state, that no less than five hundred farmers with their families may, in the course of the summer, be expected to be "spoken with" in their way from England to America.

Can Mr. Cobden sleep of nights? Can Lord John slumber?

JOHN BULL

AT THE FOUNTAIN IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

With a mixture of pain and pleasure, *Punch* read in the *Times*, that the country folk who visited the Exhibition on Whit-Monday, having carried provisions with them, were seen in various parts of the building taking their food out of their baskets, eating it with avidity, and washing it down with copious draughts of water from the nearest fountain. This half-and-half feeling in the mind of *Punch* is excited by the reflection that whilst enjoying their solid cheer, the good people had nothing to drink but water. Could not the fountains be made to run beer? The Exhibition is abundantly paying, and might well defray the expenses of laying down mains to some of the principal breweries, which would make the thousand and one triumphs of British Industry in 1851 a thousand and two.

To consult different tastes, let there be a supply of as many varieties of malt liquor as there are fountains. Only let the largest fountain play the prime of beer—of course Barclay and Perkins's—which is the one thing wanting to complete the entirety of the Exhibition. *Punch* would add the suggestion that this principal fountain should be dedicated to Prince Albert, who perhaps would not mind standing the liquor requisite for its supply. Some alteration in its design and construction would be advisable—it might be supported, for instance, by figures of Barclay and Perkins's draymen. Were this liberal proposal carried out, the great World's Fair would go down to Posterity stamped as the XXX Exhibition of 1851.

Mr. Br—gs (*We suppress the Gentleman's name for obvious reasons*) thinks he will go to Hampton Races.

On his Return from the Races, he assures his Man that he's a most "ekshellent Servant"—that the Mare never carried him better. He also tells him to make the Mare quite "comf-able," and to be "very caref-l of hish Candle" because there's so much Straw about!

Irish Progress.

Mr. Reynolds is always moving that the Chairman should report *progress* on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The Chairman would be happy to oblige the honourable gentleman if he could, no doubt. But the Member for Dublin has—for a Liberal—peculiar notions about progress. His "progress" is that sort of advancement which is promoted by Popery—and exemplified in Ireland.

His Last Joke.

Mr. Briefless recommends the gentlemen who were pelted on the Derby Day with eggs and flour, not only to bring an action for assault, but also one of assault and battery. He contends, that as eggs and flour make batter, so an assault committed with such materials, must clearly be one of assault and battery. We decline offering an opinion.

DESIGN FOR A FOUNTAIN

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